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THE CRISIS AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES

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THE time I write—mid-July—would seem appropriate for leisurely taking stock of our political parties and their relation to the great issue. Lest some suspicious person see a sea serpent in this article, let me say at once that most public men fight for reelection to office only because they are not quitters. If the voters are good enough to relieve them, there comes in time a great sense of gratitude for freedom and a determination to hold on to that blessed state. And this state develops objectivity. But objectivity in these hours does not imply neutrality.

My concern with political parties to-day is that they perform their prime responsibility. That is, they should align themselves with intellectual honesty and present to the people the opportunity to express their will as to the real issue of our times—possibly the greatest issue of one hundred and sixty years. The essence of the real political contest of to-day is personal liberty, which includes the rights of minorities. To-day that issue is confused in both parties. It is obscured by indecision, by phrases, denials, contradictions, and evasion.

There is a certain obviousness in the statement that political parties are necessary to the functioning of a democracy. Also it is obvious that they must be systematically organized and constructively led. Otherwise the ballot box cannot perform its function of replacing violence or exploding feelings or advancing the welfare of the people. It is equally plain that there cannot be more than two major parties, or the result is government by minority or by negation, which is frustration of democracy. It is likewise obvious that the party out of power has a public responsibility to oppose extreme and irrational action and to oppose it vigorously.

These are times of a new advance in humane concepts and of great social and economic restlessness. Political parties must be more than the 'ins' and 'outs' seeking the public jobs. They also must be more than 'against.' They must have affirmative purposes.

Parties can, of course, for a time avoid the real issues, or can elaborate petty issues, or carry intellectually dishonest proposals or the dodges of group appeals. But in times when the waters of the deep

in human emotions are stirring, the people will sooner or later discard any such party. That is history.

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The first political party in the United States in its Declaration adopted as part of its platform the demand for 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' The Fathers were intellectually honest. They did not promise happiness. They only asserted that for pursuers of happiness freedom would be safeguarded.

With all our modern problems of industrial life, the miseries from war and its depression aftermath, with some who get too much and some who get too little, this method of securing happiness is being questioned in the world. That question is whether happiness is to be attained through liberty of men or whether government can take over the pursuit and deliver the happiness by coercing people into what some bureaucrat thinks should make them happy. The issue may be stated in another way. Shall coercion be limited to criminals and men of ill-will who would encroach upon the freedom of others? Or shall centralized personal government undertake to plan the lives of upright men and coerce and compel them to comply?

Despite the belief of the Fathers that they had expelled this latter concept of government, it is back again. It is not back in America with the open avowal of any political party, and of course it has new verbal clothes. It is no coincidence that the same sugar-coated phrase is used in Moscow, Berlin, Rome, and Washington — 'planned economy.' The American mind is confused. And there are two other problems which add to the confusion. Both bear upon the responsibilities of liberty.

The first arises mainly from our enormously increased capacity to produce. That gives rise to hopes of security to everybody. And our expanding humanitarian sense demands further action through government that those

who are the most economically successful shall carry a larger burden in the promotion of the common welfare.

The second problem arises from an accumulation of hidden abuses of the capitalistic system which exploded with the depression.

The provision of greater security and comfort in life for all and the cure of abuse are objectives upon which there is no disagreement among thinking people. What we are here concerned with is the philosophy and method — for it is in these that loss of personal liberty emerges.

The question for Americans is whether or not we conceive that our system of free men is valid. If so, the current problems of social security, capitalistic abuse, or what not, are marginal problems around the preponderant honesty or preponderant security of the great free majority, and are to be cured within the framework of this American system.

The alternative has three aspects.

The first is whether individuals and a nation can make spiritual and intellectual progress unless upright men may be free to think, to speak, to worship, to assemble, and to pursue their own callings in their own way, provided they respect the rights of others.

The second is whether they can produce more goods and material happiness, and distribute them with as much justice, if they be free or if they be directed by the state.

The third is whether, if men be directed and coerced in economic life, we can at the same time maintain the spiritual and intellectual freedom of a people.

We have before our eyes in Europe the ultimates of 'planned economy' and its promises of delivered happiness. The two schools of Socialism and Fascism differ from each other mostly in execution. Russian Socialism murdered the economic middle class as a preliminary, while Fascism constituted the leaders of the middle class deputies of the state to assist in the subjugation of all the laborers, farmers, and small business people.

These leaders are obviously more comfortable under Fascism.

In any event there is one common result of 'planned economy' and its promises of delivered happiness. That is, it cannot continue without personal government, without suppression of spiritual and intellectual freedom and the other guarantees of life and liberty. Those are the nettles of economic coercion. These European experiments have certainly failed to produce either economic security or spiritual progress.

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The New Dealers have conceived that they can adapt a part of the European systems of coercive planned economy and at the same time preserve our spiritual and intellectual liberties and allow us the moral stature of free men. They assert that this is the only humanitarian road and the only road to cure of abuse and greater security for the less fortunate groups.

The trouble is that coercive, planned economy, with its necessary accompaniment of personal government, does not and cannot remain half and half. It spawns daily new compulsions in order to make it work. Like all drugs, it requires increasing doses.

Congress was coerced by 'must' legislation and the abuse of patronage and the use of expenditures. Every session sees more and more coercive measures with further pyramiding of personal government.

The Supreme Court is now to be coerced by packing its membership.

Communities have been intimidated and beguiled by threats and promises of pork from lump-sum appropriations.

The three major guards of the Bill of Rights — the independence of the Congress, the independence of the Judiciary, and the balance of local government — are now fast being thrown into the discard in this deal.

The whole gamut of New Deal philosophy — price fixing, wage fixing, man-

aged production in farm and shop, managed currency, managed credit, managed interest — depends on increasing coercion of the individual and new limitations of personal liberty. Upright individuals and business are increasingly coerced not only by planned economy but by putting regulatory laws for much-needed cure of abuse in forms whereby bureaucracy is given wide discretion in the control of men and affairs. This is the New Deal substitution for specific law which all men may read and the courts decide.

The results are not academic. Men and women in every community can bear witness to personal coercion and intimidation such as this country has never before seen.

And coercion is infectious. We have an outbreak of coercion when employers use spies and thugs to prevent their employees from joining unions. The very basis of liberty requires that to be stopped. But there is equal coercion in sit-down strikes and the use of 'beef-squads' against thousands of workmen. And this now has tacit approval as a part of the strategy of planned economy — even the courts are flouted and disorder allowed to run riot. Then comes the equally terrible coercion of vigilante committees hot on the trail.

The deliberate fanning of class antagonism in a country which is more nearly classless than humanity has ever before seen is building for a Babel of coercion.

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I am not here analyzing the New Deal except in one major particular. Nor is it my purpose to enter a discussion upon the inevitable economic effect of 'planned economy.' When the destruction of the spirit of enterprise, when the results of inflation, of restricted production, of debts, and of taxes, catch up to recovery and show in dropping standards of living and less security — then these morals will point themselves. In optimistic or even artificially happy times every eco-

conomic warning is from a Jeremiah. And Jeremiah may have been the one especially referred to as being without honor in his own country. Whether the economic consequences be for good or evil, they are of far less importance to the life of a great people than this major issue.

I am aware that the questions of personal liberty may be called academic abstractions; that it will be said they are beyond the grasp of the people. In about 1776 the people fought and many died for exactly this abstraction. And they understood what they were dying for.

There is no greater abstraction in the setup of government than the independence of the judiciary. In the last one hundred days the people have risen to that.

II

The last national campaign was greatly confused. The public mind, and consequently the minds of both parties, were confused.

The reality of the issue was glossed over by the inevitable upward trend of the business cycle and the stimulants which had been introduced into an economic system still partly free. The people clung to growing recovery. The majority of them believed that the material benefits of the New Deal were comforting and lasting.

Both parties campaigned largely with bait to particular groups and sections. In this confused situation the Republican Party attempted to outdo some of the New Deal baits. As one cynic overstated it, 'it promised every measure of the New Deal but said it would do it cheaper.'

Both parties used the same phrases of Constitution, freedom, liberalism, and so forth, but to mean different things. The New Deal obscured coercion. The Republicans did not clear the issue.

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Public understanding has also been confused upon this issue by slogans and

the use of old political labels imported from Europe.

We chatter to-day of reactionaries, conservatives, liberals, and radicals. It is true that mental attitudes can be classified on this gamut, but in their application as political labels in the United States they have been wholly distorted.

For instance, the term 'liberal' flows from the word 'liberty'; it does not come from the word 'coercion.' Yet the New Deal has camouflaged itself with this honored term.

Of course the dictionary also gives a definition of 'liberal' which connotes giving generously and spending freely. This attracts many people, but the dictionary means liberality with one's own money.

A 'reactionary' in ordinary times is a gentleman who wants to reestablish the *status quo ante*. The New Deal wants to do precisely that — as a matter of fact it is *status quo George III or Diocletian*. This process has now attained the label of 'liberal.'

These and other phrases are used for eulogy, for defamation, and as refuges for intellectual dishonesty. They are set up as pigeonholes for men and groups to imply that they are righteous, stingy, malevolent, or generally sinful. They are dumdummy words used to assassinate men and then to plant bitter onions on their graves.

Users of such phrases should be called upon to define precisely what they mean and what they advocate, or these words mean nothing. It would be serviceable to clarity in public thinking and intellectual honesty if the Bureau of Standards could get out a definition of each of these terms. Bureau tests of the New Deal across the genuine spectrum from reaction to radicalism would probably find its acts to be one-sixth radical, one-sixth liberal, one-third reactionary, and one-third fantastic.

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Incidentally there are many blots that need to be scrubbed out if real liberty is

to survive. Much of this laundry needs to be done by the cities to clean up vicious political machines. Much needs to be done nationally to stop the use of public funds to influence voters. Some of it needs to be done by the parties on methods by which private money is obtained to carry on campaigns. I have no doubt these humiliate the majority members of each party.

For instance, the Democratic Party is selling books autographed by the President at \$250 each to corporations, and advising them that in merely buying books they are not violating the law against corporate funds in politics. Also in taking more than half a million dollars from one labor union the New Deal took as formidable a liability to serve special interest as if such funds had come from a group of corporation heads.

This has a counterpart in the Republican Party, which abandoned its rule of 1924 to 1932 of limited personal subscriptions and in 1936 secured nearly half a million dollars from the individual members of one large industrial firm.

Here is also illustrated the fluidity of principle in some political money. Prominent members of that industrial group were the largest subscribers to the Democratic campaign in 1928; to the Democratic smear propaganda between 1928 and 1932; to the New Deal campaign in 1932, to the Liberty League, and finally to the Republican campaign in 1936.

Another trouble in political parties is that perennial, 'Predatory Interests' — that being a label which also needs definition by the Bureau of Standards.

The legitimate action of any government affects private interests of firms, groups, and communities whether they be corporations, or workers, or farmers, or local governments. It is the duty of free men to defend their rights. The spirit of the Bill of Rights does not include special privilege. Every administration is under pressure for some privilege from somewhere. The New Deal is

not free from such share-croppers, as it has indeed opened new and green fields.

The list of such suspicious groups is about the same in both parties. As a matter of fact, these forces are more a spirit than specific individuals. They shift with the times and the issues. They have little if any party fealty. They certainly serve both parties for political ammunition. The spirits of special privilege and abuse will always be with us and need constantly to be exorcised. They exist even in Socialist or Fascist governments. But democracies exorcise these spirits with much more free speech, and microphones.

Be it said at once that only a small number of our business men possess such a spirit. Universal denunciation of business men is one of the most cruel and destructive tendencies in our politics. There is no more expert group of industrialists and merchants in the world than those who are piloting the production of America to-day. We could no more do without them for twenty-four hours than we could do without workmen or farmers.

And there are the Old Guards of both parties. They also serve as magnificent oratorical targets to prove the political purity of the orator. They again are more of a spirit than a constant group and they are not often of the predatory species. Most of them are patriotic, but slow in the uptake. They are hard political fighters and they carry their grudges, as those of us who have fought them have reason to know.

And there are the lunatic fringes in both parties who flutter with every wind of emotion. They naturally fluttered to the New Deal at the start.

As a matter of fact, when new social problems began to arise a half century or more ago the individual members of both parties divided in thought on these questions somewhat along the scale from true conservatism to true liberalism. We secured fairly progressive government over many years, because each party

compromised fairly near the middle and the middles were not far apart. However, at that time both parties held to the fundamentals of the American system.

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If we look over the present scene of political parties we find the New Deal throned on the prestige of an enormous victory. Its political strength rests upon the upward swing of the business cycle, upon the belief of many that the philosophy of liberty is exhausted, and upon the promise of the simple and quick delivery of happiness. Many of its proponents are imbued with a zeal and a faith that they are saving America, and with a high conviction that all who differ with their methods are wicked and selfish.

The strength of the party also rests upon the patronage which through Federal, state, and municipal offices reaches into nearly 2,000,000 families, and through Federal disbursements to unemployed and farmers reaches another 6,000,000 families — nearly one third of the whole people. Furthermore, it controls nearly all the big city political machines.

Its political weakness lies in the fact that many members of the Democratic Party, including some of its greatest leaders, still believe in freedom, and are daily growing in their opposition to the whole philosophy of personal government, planned economy, and coercion.

It is true that the incipient revolt from its ranks by the Liberty League failed, but that revolt was based on the concept that liberty sprang from liberty for big business and not from spiritual and intellectual liberty.

The other great weakness of the Democratic Party is that sooner or later there will be the inevitable swing of dissatisfied voters away from the party in power.

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If we explore the present situation in the Republican Party we find a good deal of latent strength. The sweeping defeat

left it a much smaller proportion of conspicuous offices — governors and members of Congress — than any minority party since 1870. In consequence its natural broadcasting timber is limited.

Despite the fact that in 1936 it held few great public offices and no consequential patronage, its Presidential vote was about 17,000,000. Its real strength is greater than this, for the aggregate vote for the leading Republican state candidates was over 19,000,000. This constitutes numerically the strongest minority party the country has ever seen. Even on the Presidential vote the Republican minority exceeds the Democratic minority of 1924 by 9,000,000, of 1928 by 2,000,000. Carrying the brunt of world depression, the party commanded 42 per cent of the vote outside the Solid South in 1932, and, if we take the state vote mentioned above, it commanded about the same percentage in 1936.

It has other vitalities. It has an organization in more than 150,000 precincts, 3000 counties, and the 48 states, with innumerable clubs, the vast majority of which, nationally as well as locally, are led by sincere, loyal, and determined men and women. It holds elective office in many more counties than its state defeats would indicate. It thus has a moving mechanism.

The real strength of the Republican Party lies in the faith of the majority of its membership. They believe in it with a devotion second only to their religion.

It has made mistakes. It was too conservative in certain reforms during the post-war years of prosperity. Yet it was the people themselves who reflected into their government an attitude of complacency despite repeated warnings. The people were like the householder who would not allow the repair of the roof in good weather and could not repair it in a hurricane.

Republicans rightly take pride in the vast national service of their party. It was born in the defense of human liberty.

The party was consecrated to that purpose in a great war. From its first day in office in 1861 to its last day in 1933 it upheld our system of personal liberty. It never deviated from the Constitution in letter or in spirit. It has at all times been a party of Americanism.

When mass production and big corporations entered national life it was the Republican Party which inaugurated the policy of regulating business to prevent monopoly and exploitation. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the present Federal Power Commission, the Radio Commission, the regulation of many other interstate business activities, and the state regulatory commissions were Republican concepts. It has destroyed a multitude of would-be monopolies and upheld the principle of honest competition.

It was the Republican Party which initiated the constitutional amendment authorizing income, corporation, and inheritance taxes, that the burdens of government should be distributed more justly.

Through the whole period from 1861 to 1933 it has been a party of prudent fiscal finance. Every Republican administration, except in the emergency of war and the World War depression, has balanced the budget and reduced the national debt. Its last administration, even though dealing with the worst years of falling revenues, and against opposition, kept the debt rise down to less than 7 per cent after deducting recoverable loans.

During its whole life after the Civil War it fought for and sustained a stable, convertible gold currency right down to 1933. At every step of the party life it upheld the fidelity of the government to its obligations, and denied repudiation. All Republican administrations have contributed to and supported Federal regulation of banking. When the Federal Reserve System failed to meet expectations in the crisis of 1929, the Republican administration proposed and supported vigorous banking reform. And as sus-

taining agencies pending these reforms it set up the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Home Loan Banks, the Agricultural Credit Banks, and brought the strength of the government to protect the people from the weak banking system.

It maintained tariff protection from foreign labor and foreign farmers. It was the party that protected American workmen by first restricting and finally in 1931 abolishing immigration. It largely established and in every administration strengthened civil service, an essential to economical and honest government.

In devotion to public improvement it initiated Federal highways, the modernization of the waterways and harbors, the reclamation service, the construction of the Panama Canal, the Colorado Dam, and the flood control of the Mississippi River.

Fortunately our foreign affairs have not been party matters. Every Republican administration has builded peace.

When the growth of humanitarianism began to press upon government it was Republican state administrations that originated the limitation of hours for women, that started the abolition of child labor, that initiated workmen's compensation acts, state old-age pensions, mothers' pensions, and a score of other social reforms. It was a Republican national administration which proposed the Federal amendment to abolish child labor. It was a Republican administration which in 1930 first announced the national obligation that no American should go hungry or cold, and first organized nation-wide relief for the unemployed. And it organized relief in a fashion which excluded politics, waste, and demoralization of community responsibility. It was a Republican administration which initiated Federal aid in support of a distressed agriculture and protection to homes.

With an honorable record and its spirit of Americanism, there is little wonder that the party has attached deep and

lasting loyalties to its banner and its name. The proof is that 17,000,000 people adhere to it even in adversity.

One weakness of the party is that it has not stood up for its substantial record of service and repelled the flood of calumny.

Another weakness in Republican organization is that it has not incorporated enough youth. Easy victories over years automatically made for much deadwood. If every one of its thousands of committees had increased its numbers to include a third of the men and women under thirty-five, it would have given that stir of energy and openness of view which youth alone can instill and which the youth of the party deserved.

The special weakness in the Republican Party is its failure to crystallize an affirmative and consistent body of principle in the face of this new situation.

It is in part from these weaknesses that there is some discussion over the country of new party alignment.

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There is also some discussion among Democrats. There is certainly discontent in the Democratic Party with the New Deal. But that movement did not reach a great burning of bridges in the last election. Some prophets believe that the party must split into wings representing the older Democratic tradition and the New Dealers, and that the latter will become a class party representing labor. Those who base higher hopes on the recent cleavage from the Supreme Court controversy may underestimate the adhesiveness of party solidarity when it comes to the practical question of winning the public offices.

Who knows what may happen by 1940? Among other things it is certain that American labor will not be unanimous on the idea that a class party will serve either their own interests or the interests of America.

Nevertheless, with this incipient Democratic schism there is bound to be more discussion of a new alignment that will

bring a better junction of Republicans and so-called Jeffersonian Democrats. Indeed, in the light of the fundamental issue to-day the differences between the two groups are not very great. Common action devoted to the cause of free men is certainly devoutly to be wished.

Such discussion is also fanned by the desire for something more effective than the futile attempts at common action in the last campaign. It is supported by a desire to shed the vicious elements of both parties.

Discussion on realignment falls into three categories. One is to create a new party. One is to change the name of the Republican Party. One is to bring about a working coalition between the two groups into a national ticket. Such political evolution in any democracy is bound to be slow, and it presents unusual difficulties in the United States.

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We may explore the proposal of a new party. It may be said at once that amendment to the laws of a score of states would be required to introduce the new party to the primaries or to get its candidates upon the ballot. This would not be likely to be accomplished by 1940.

Moreover, a new party cannot be built upon a national ticket alone. To succeed and be a permanent party, it must be built upon state, municipal, county, and precinct leaders and committees, with nomination of candidates for state, county, and local offices as well as national offices.

A new party would need to reset the entire present organization of 48 state, 3000 county, and over 150,000 precinct committees so as to incorporate both old Republican and Jeffersonian Democratic personnel. It would require not only that nationally known leaders from both parties cooperate, but that state, county, and precinct leaders consolidate and many of them retire. I could dwell upon the human nature in committee reor-

ganization at great length. Moreover, Republicans hold the offices in many counties. Jeffersonian Democrats may hold some others. Either would see little reason to 'share the work.' And even could all this be overcome, it would cost five or ten millions for organizers, offices, staffs, and educational expenses, and the recruiting of such money in itself would be objectionable.

But of more importance still, no such movement could wholly envelop the Republican Party. The faith in that party is too deeply implanted in the hearts of millions of people. A large part would see no reason to abandon their loyalties or banners. Such a movement for a new party, if it got under way, would no doubt develop a schism in the Republican Party and divide the front against the New Deal.

The party has withstood a number of major attempts to convert it into another party. Horace Greeley and Senator La Follette tried it. Even Theodore Roosevelt at the height of his influence, supplied with an ample sum of money, could not accomplish it. Republican leaders to-day, to be victorious in changing the Republican Party into a new party, would have to be far more powerful than Theodore Roosevelt's group and able to command more men and money.

Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Party expected to break up the Solid South with a new national party. Aside from Democratic solidarity, there is a special impediment to new organization in the South which proved fatal then and still exists. Their state and local Democratic Party organizations have the proprietorship of an unexpressed but overwhelming issue — white domination. Any new party would not be credited without assurances on this question; nor is any new party likely to make such an assurance.

And finally, did the whole Republican Party machinery acquiesce, it must be borne in mind that many million Republicans, once their own banners were

changed, would be broken from their sentimental and intellectual moorings and just as open to conviction from the enemy as by the new party.

It may be conceivable that all these difficulties could in time be overcome and a new party might be built if there were two or three national elections within which to build it. But our great issue must be determined in 1940.

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The second suggestion is that the Republican Party completely change its name. The idea is that it would attract more Democrats, especially in the Solid South, where the very considerable hang-over of feeling from the Civil War and the reconstruction period still remains. But the deeper emotion exists that defeated this purpose in the Progressive Party. The opposition would obviously denounce a changed name as another suit of sheep's clothing for the same bad wolf.

A change of name would encounter many of the same obstacles as the attempts at a new party — the same amendments to state laws, the assent of the national, state, and county organizations.

And again there are the Republicans who vote from faith and inheritance and loyalty, who would resist and divide the party. And there are those whose moorings would be loosened by a change of name and who would become salvage for the opposition.

Such strategies, of a new party or change of name, might bring disaster to America by dividing the major party and thereby preventing any unity of opposition. It was disunity in the opposition which aided in opening the doors to Fascism in Italy and Germany.

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The third proposal is coalition. The coalition ideas take various forms, one of them being limited to coincident nomination of the same candidates for President and Vice President by the Republi-

can Party and some yet undefined wing of the Democratic Party under the name 'Republican' linked to some additional informal word or label. This idea has the purpose of avoiding the difficulties of a new party or a change of name and at the same time preserving the identity and organization of the two groups. Coalition, however, presupposes responsible groups and leaders to agree upon something. And this presupposes that a wing of the Democratic Party develops into a definite entity with leaders of national standing influencing large constituencies who can make agreements. What is wanted is constituencies. There is no real coalition by incorporating a few leaders. That was tried in the last campaign and failed to bring a handful of Democrats when it came to the vote. As a matter of fact, the Republican vote in the Solid South was 29 per cent in 1932 and decreased to 26 per cent in 1936.

The present influential leaders of the opposition Democrats in the Congress obviously hope to recapture their party from the New Deal or to modify its courses. It is certain that they would repudiate — and understandably so — any suggestion of leaving their party unless forced. Therefore there is no effective group with which to make agreement. No one can say that the evolution of the situation might not lead in this direction, but in any event no such proposal to Democratic leaders would get anywhere at the present time.

III

But all these discussions of new parties, changes of name, or coalition are at best merely political strategies. They place too much emphasis on politics. There is something far bigger in this situation.

The real question is, what do the parties represent? What do they stand for? The clarification of that is far more important to America.

The nation needs a party which will

clearly and courageously and constructively set out the affirmative alternative to the coercive direction of the New Deal. If the word 'liberalism' is derived from the word 'liberty,' that alternative should be the party of Historic Liberalism. If the connotation of 'liberalism' is to continue to be coercion, then that alternative party may be dubbed 'conservative' without disturbing my sleep.

It is important that there be given to the American people the clear opportunity to vote on this issue.

Personal liberty will live only so long as a people wants it to live. The phrases, the forms, and even the documents of liberty may continue and liberty die — if it is dead in the spirit of a people. If the people want a government of personal liberty they will declare for the party which declares for it.

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Our forefathers fought from Lexington to Yorktown not alone for severance from the British Empire. That was an afterthought, born of desperation. They fought for certain freedoms which they subsequently enumerated in the Bill of Rights. Those were freedoms of mind and soul. And economic freedom was to them the incident of the other and far more precious freedoms. They had a new idea — unique in the history of government. They held that these freedoms were beyond the power of any government. Here is the distinction between Americanism and other conceptions of life and government.

Within the American concept there can be no real class division and therefore no substantial class conflict.

These ideals lie deep in our American heritage. The Italian collapse from a system of personal liberty was partially due to the fact that Italy's tradition of liberalism (meaning personal liberty) was not really more than half a century old, and had never overcome the Roman tradition. Liberalism in Germany in the true sense had its roots in scarcely a

score of troubled years, and the tradition of German regimentation was still strong. But there has never been any other political tradition on our soil. Americanism has its roots in one hundred and sixty years—the whole of our national life—and its vitality still throbs.

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The changing national scene does not change the principles of liberty. It changes the setting in which liberty is to be served. The responsibilities of liberty increase with rising standards of human relations.

No doubt others could frame a present-day creed more eloquently than I. I may, however, restate the essentials of this creed as it guides me.

I believe in the Bill of Rights—freedom of worship, of speech, of press, of assembly, that men shall not be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. These rights rest in the individual and are denied to the power of any government. These freedoms are not possible under government without the independence of the Congress, the Supreme Court, and the Executive, and without the division of Federal and state powers with their assurance of popular government and liberty.

I believe in the preservation of order under law as the first function of government. I believe that justice is inseparable from liberty. And justice requires government by specific law and not according to the whims of men.

I believe in peace as the first security of freedom, and peace cannot be had without preparation for defense in the current world.

I believe that economic freedom cannot be suppressed without suppressing also spiritual and intellectual freedom. Therefore, my creed holds for private enterprise. But freedom of men to-day requires that private enterprise must be regulated to prevent tyranny or exploitation. Otherwise freedom is destroyed. Government must not enter business in

competition with its citizens, for that equally creates coercion and bureaucratic tyranny.

I believe in economy in government, balanced budgets, convertible gold currency, and honor in government obligations as a basic protection of the individual from government oppression.

I believe our national striving must be to open opportunity, to maintain equal opportunity. It must be to increase economic and social security to every individual. That security comes from increased standards of living for the whole people. That in turn can arise only from the maximum production within the limits of health and proper leisure, together with the stimulation to new methods, new inventions, and new enterprise which result alone from the intellectual freedom of men. These increases in production and these economies in costs, passed on to workers, consumers, and savers of capital, alone lead to higher wages, lower prices, increased consumption, full employment, and margins for old age.

I believe we should drive to put more and more of the wage group on to an annual earning basis and thus add greatly to their security and freedom from fear of to-morrow. I believe freedom requires that swollen fortunes must be diffused and the descent of great economic power prevented by taxes on inheritance.

I believe that if we pursue these courses we shall produce well-being for a rapidly increasing majority. Then our social problems will resolve themselves into those of marginal groups of diminishing numbers who are the victims of misfortune and of the ebb and flow of economic life.

I believe in a creed of economic fair play wherein the economically more successful must through taxes or otherwise help bear the burdens of these marginal groups in providing for old age, unemployment, better homes, and health, whether they be in the city or on the farm.

I believe our problems of abuse are also marginal problems. Child labor, the exploitation of labor, the abuses of competition, industrial conflict, and crime can be isolated and cured by law without regimenting a nation.

I believe coöperation among free men can solve many problems more effectively than government.

And finally I do not believe in any form of government or law or private action which coerces, intimidates, or regiments upright men.

This is but a part of a creed. It could be expanded. Its bare bones could be clothed with the flesh of emotion. But, however it be shaped, only the American freedoms of mind and spirit and the obligations of liberty must give it life.

IV

This is an individual creed, not a political platform, but I shall end this discussion in support of a political proposal.

The Republican Party makes a platform each four years, under the pressures of conventions called primarily for selection of candidates. In a time of confused public mind the last platform, as also the Democratic platform, was a

mixture of conflicting ideas and grab-bag offerings.

It is the view of Republican leaders in more than a score of states that the Republican Party should meet officially in convention during the next year. That this meeting should be representative, that it should comprise youth as well as maturity, women as well as men. That it should not confuse its vision with candidates or attempts to solve group or sectional problems the character of which can be known only three years hence. That it meet not to form a creed, or the usual platform, but a declaration. That it should, with adequate prior preparation by able and open minds, fully debate and then declare a conviction on constructive national principles. That it should declare this with intellectual and moral integrity, with human sympathy, with idealism and emotion.

Should its declaration rise to the national need, it would infuse a renewed fighting courage in the party's own ranks; it would inspire an organization with which free men could join in coalition; it would lift the hearts of free men and women.

America needs a new and flaming declaration of the rights and responsibilities of free men.

DWIGHT L. MOODY

A Family Picture

BY PAUL D. MOODY

I

MY father used to tell the following story with great delight. He and I were driving about the streets of Northfield when I was at a very tender age; he was amusing himself by asking me who lived in the various houses, and when I informed him, according to my limited knowledge, he pressed me for information as to their occupations. When our own familiar house appeared, he asked who lived there, and I am afraid I said not too respectfully, 'D. L. Moody,' and on being asked his occupation I replied, 'He is sort of a preacher'—a reply which pleased my father very much. He declared it described him very aptly.

It is at Northfield I remember him first most distinctly. He was an ideal companion for a very small boy. The interest he took in the affairs of his son would have flattered the son had he been old enough to appreciate it. The fact that ten years separated me from my brother (and my sister was older than my brother) left me in the position almost of belonging to a second family. I see now, far more clearly than I saw then, that my father tried to make up to me for the lack of children at home of my age. He had a most engaging way of treating a child; he never, to my recollection, talked down to me, but flattered me with the constant assumption that my opinion was sought and that he was interested in what I thought or had to say.

It was part of my father's plan to accustom us to horses. My sister had hers

and my brother his, and I my pony. Many people have commented on my father's love for horses and his marked preference for those with speed. Before I was born, General Julius J. Estey, one of his closest friends, either purchased for him or presented him with a gray mare, 'Nellie Gray,' which many remember well. She lived to a good old age and served my father well and presented him with three colts, one, like herself, a mare of speed and dependability, the two others the most awkward and unmanageable pieces of horseflesh I ever knew.

On one occasion I recall, including the colts, there were fourteen horses tied in the old barn—all driving horses, for we did no regular farming. Father was, despite his fondness for horses, no acute judge of them and could easily be imposed upon. He once purchased three at the same time. We watched them brought in the drive, two men hanging at each horse's head, and the horses on their hind legs. We were warned about driving them. But we did not need the warning, for it soon transpired that they had all been doped in some way and were far from being either spirited or energetic. Until Father died, he always kept two pairs, one usually steady and the other with more life and action. He preferred to drive the latter pair and he preferred to do the driving. No sitting in a carriage for him while someone else held the reins! He had only one rule about horses. They, like everyone else,

should have one day of rest. It did not need to be Sunday, but there must be one day of absolute rest. He used a horse as he used himself, driving with speed.

A drive with him, particularly in a buggy, was an experience. The buggy seat was narrow. He was stout and he used to declare that I took up 'more than half my share.' He disregarded roads and drove cross-lots or over fields in the most carefree way, and he would drive without a qualm on side hills on which you expected momentarily to see him spilled. And you would be laughed at as foolishly timid if you protested. His favorite hour for driving was early in the morning in the summer, and when the rest of us arrived at breakfast we usually knew he had been up, sometimes working in his study but more often just driving about, for two or three hours.

His fondness for animals was by no means confined to horses. John Wanamaker once gave him a pair of English mastiffs. When things were busiest, the female would have a litter of pups, and they were large litters. Then would begin the work of distributing the puppies. Years afterwards evidence of mastiff blood could still be seen in mongrels on the neighboring farms. When I was a small boy my father kept deer in a high, enclosed paddock behind the house. These disappeared when a buck attacked me and threw me down. Once he had pheasants, and a special house was built for them; and I have dim recollections of peacocks. My memory of the swans is not so dim. He thought they would lend distinction to a near-by pond and he ordered a pair. They were forever escaping to the river, thus necessitating a concentrated drive by everyone he could commandeer to recapture them. In the winter he built a long hut for them over a brook, a mile from the house. In order that they might swim in water free from ice, for one long winter my brother and I stoked a fire in that hut. It really was n't practical. To all our remon-

strances he would chuckle, thinking that we were getting too soft.

Nor should our donkeys be forgotten. When he returned from Palestine, where donkeys were common, Father conceived the idea that they would be equally picturesque in Northfield, which they certainly were. He bought one which soon foaled, and we had two. He thought they might be useful dragging the lawn mower, but this was not a happy idea and the donkey protested with braying which could be heard half a mile. For some unearthly reason my father seemed to enjoy this, or perhaps he enjoyed the effect it had on other people.

Swans and peacocks, pheasants and donkeys, were nothing, however, to his hens. Now a hen always seemed to me one of the least responsive of all created things. But Father loved them, not individually but in the mass, and he had hundreds of them, fortunately at least a mile from the house. Two or more men had to give their entire time to the hen-houses. It may have been the very unresponsiveness of the chickens that appealed to him after a winter of crowded meetings. He loved to get into an old pair of rubber boots, an utterly disreputable hat, and a brown velveteen jacket and go to feed more corn to his overfed hens. His family called this outfit the 'bumblebee suit,' and it was a welcome escape from the more formal dark suits he wore the rest of the time. It is the fastidious man who tastes to the full the pleasure of letting go. And this my father did.

He liked to lure members of the family into riding with him to the henyard. We displayed a regrettable reluctance. After one or two trips we discovered that our function was to hold the horse while he held endless, wordless communication with his hens. Occasionally he would sell some hens or some eggs, and when that happened he could rarely avoid the temptation to boast of how much he had made. Then the secret was to look at my mother, who paid all the bills. Her

face would be a study. She had early abandoned the attempt to argue with him or point out that she was paying out money for labor and grain which must have brought the price of those eggs up to siege value. The most practical of men, he reveled in being as utterly impractical as he wanted to be at play. It was an escape, a release, and he made the most of it.

II

The henyards were surrounded by vegetable gardens. Now a good-sized family can be comfortably provided for from a garden plot well tended and not more than one hundred feet square. I hope the size of our family will not be judged by the fact that we usually had four acres at least under cultivation. Father liked to see things grow. We could have gone into market gardening had we chosen. An asparagus patch was maintained which could have fed a hundred, and the same thing was true of the strawberry bed. And as he could not bear to see things wasted, these strawberries would be picked and the asparagus cut and given away. To this end he usually drove about in gardening time in the most uncomfortable of express wagons and dispensed his crop at back doors over a radius of three or four miles. As most of this work was done by hired labor and the garden truck was given away, there was nothing in it but fun. And not much of that for me. I said most of the work was done by hired labor. Not all. Mindful of his own barefooted youth, Father would be visited now and again by a theory that I ought to get closer to the soil, so he would ordain that I put in an hour or two hours a day weeding, and add to this order — which was an order — his powers of persuasion that I should do it barefooted. This I would not do. Usually, as the summer wore on, he would forget about this established discipline and it would be overlooked till the following spring. But not always. He overheard me once say,

as I marched off for the garden, that he had one of his work fits on but he would recover. He chuckled away, and was a long time forgetting the discipline that year.

If he liked to raise hens and vegetables on a large scale, it was because he liked to do everything on a large scale. And it was quite impossible to foretell at what point this predilection would break out. On one occasion he became aware — or thought he did — that the china in the house was inadequate. He placed so large an order that barrels of it arrived and we have some of it still. In the same manner his attention was once caught by some Oriental rugs. They were good rugs and he apparently could n't decide which he liked best, so he bought them all — and we could have gone into the retail rug business. On another occasion, out West, he saw some paintings, and fully a dozen must have been shipped on. Our home and my brother's and sister's houses were equipped with oil paintings. Three still hang on the walls of my home; one of Mount Hood, one of Multnomah Falls, and another of Point Loma. Apparently he could n't be bothered selecting, and he cut the Gordian knot by taking the lot. I shall be stretching the credulity of my readers, I know, but it is a fact that once he bought a gross of suspenders. He found he was short of suspenders, and he could not bear to be out of anything or to bother to replenish his wardrobe at frequent intervals. This was n't going to happen again, and it did n't. One hundred and forty-four pairs of suspenders, large size, all white, would last a considerable number of men a considerable time. Of course, long before he could wear a tenth of them the rubber in the rest had rotted. But he never ran out of suspenders again.

His neckties, the old-fashioned flat Ascot which he had made to order, he also bought by the gross — which was more understandable, for he would wear one only a few times. He bought his shoes with the same largess. By reason

of his build he could not buy shoes ready-made, his foot being both short and wide, and he would order many pairs. His early days in the wholesale shoe business had given him a knowledge of leather, and he always enjoyed buying them. As he grew stout he adopted elastic-sided shoes. Once in a misguided moment, hating the looks of them, I persuaded him to buy laced shoes. This was a very, very serious mistake, for I had to lace them and he would chuckle at my lack of appreciation of the privilege.

The way in which he came into possession of our house at Northfield, which remained his home until he died, is interesting. His mother had a neighbor with whom there was some difficulty over a line fence. This was in 1875, at the time my father was resting from his campaigns in Great Britain, living with my mother, brother, and sister at his birthplace. Disputes of this sort always distressed him, and his solution was short and direct. He made an impulsive offer for the neighbor's farm. It was immediately accepted and the line-fence dispute was settled.

The house was a typical New England farmhouse of that period, and four main rooms remain unchanged to this day. The year that Alaska was purchased by the government, a wing was added to the north in the upper part of which Father had his own study, bedroom, and bath. This addition was nicknamed Alaska, in honor of the event of that year — and highly appropriately so, for, having no cellar under it, it was extremely cold, and indeed uninhabitable except in summer.

The house was connected with the barns in the accepted fashion of New England; the place was surrounded by an apple orchard, never scientifically tended, and meadows, and behind it, to the east, low, rolling hills. On one of them he is buried.

The view from this home was always a favorite with him. The house faces the west, and from the small front porch

there is a splendid panorama of the Connecticut River, with the lower hills of New Hampshire and Vermont in the background. He particularly delighted in this view at sunset, as the sun sank behind the rolling wooded slopes across the river, and every evening when he could he watched the fading day as long as possible. The Northfield Seminary bordered on our property, and its presence increased his pleasure. When he was away during the winter, his letters were pathetic in their expressions of genuine homesickness, and with the return of spring he would count the weeks and days until he could get back, lay off his dark clothes, and give full rein to his absorbing passion for watching things grow.

III

It was during vacation that I saw most of my father. But they were hardly vacations in the usual sense. Father rose early and retreated to his upstairs study, where he worked preparing new sermons, writing outlines, and reading in preparation of his notes. I do not believe he ever wrote out a sermon, and it is certain he never used a written one. He was not a reader. I do not believe he ever wrote out a paragraph of what he was going to say. His mind worked much too fast for his hand; he contented himself with notes, great sprawling words which connoted something to him but to no one else.

There hangs on my study wall a framed outline of a sermon by Henry Drummond on 'The Ideal Life.' Drummond wrote a highly legible and beautiful hand, and this sermon is a model of arrangement. I remember distinctly my father showing it to me once when we were out driving. He had seen it in Drummond's hands after an address, and it was such a marvelous contrast to his own scrawls that he had begged for it. He admired it greatly as a work of art, and then, to my surprise, gave it to me. His own notes were strikingly different,

and in such large letters did he write that they would cover all four sides of folded writing paper, and there would be six or eight or more of these, folded into elastic bands, placed in his Bible. Some of his morning went into the preparation of these notes.

But not the entire morning, for, as I have said, he would be out driving, feeding his chickens, or distributing vegetables before the family were down. In the vacation he liked to have people about him, and the house would be full (too full, I often thought, as I surrendered successively one room after another to guests who were not always too fascinating to my boyish fancy). Some were welcome, like Drummond, or George Adam Smith, others less so. There were also a few nieces and nephews for good measure. Dinner was in the middle of the day. It was a waste of good time to be long at supper: supper interfered with watching the sunset over his favorite hills. Some of my clearest memories are connected with the gradual gathering about noontime in the library in anticipation of the noonday dinner. The mail would have recently come in and it was invariably large. He would sit in a huge chair he had had made, at the very desk at which I now write, the chair pushed back from the desk, his glasses on the end of his nose, opening and glancing at letter after letter. If the family and guests were gathered about, he would delight in thrusting the letter back in the envelope, flipping it at one or another with a brusque 'Answer that.' If the unfortunate recipient of the letter presumed to ask what he or she was to say in answer, he would playfully snort, 'I gave it to *you* to answer! I don't intend to hire a dog and do the barking.'

Father spent a great deal of time, not only in vacation, but when away on preaching missions, signing by hand hundreds and thousands of begging letters for the Schools. For as long as he lived he carried this burden of solicitation. He sought funds in large gifts

where possible, but he spent more time in soliciting small gifts from large numbers of people. An endowment for the Schools might have been raised, but he was not so anxious for this as to secure a wide host of friends who would contribute so that the total of their gifts would equal the income from the endowment of a large amount.

I never remember seeing my father dictate a letter. My brother-in-law-to-be was asked to this country as his secretary, but, strictly speaking, he never had what we to-day would call a secretary. Later my brother answered many letters for him. But Father himself wrote in answer to many; others he turned over to my mother, who in addition to attending largely to his mail, particularly when he was away, looked after all business matters. Here again he could not be bothered. The house was hers and everything he had. I never saw his name at the bottom of a check and he had no bank account. If he went out of town he asked her for the money to go. It was she who paid the bills and the taxes and sent money to us at college and looked after the needy. He put everything into her hands without stopping to see or caring how much it was; and it was she who, with amused irony, paid the bills for his innocent but expensive hobbies, his swans and hens and garden.

My mother's care of the household, her oversight of everything connected with my father, was the most perfect thing I have ever known. Her retiring and reserved nature and her marked preference for staying quietly in the background concealed the value of her service. That she, so markedly his contrast, should have thrown in her lot with him seemed to him, I believe to the end of his days, little short of miraculous. Mother was better-educated than he, and with more early advantages than he had had; thus he was accustomed to look upon her as being everything which in his humility he thought he was not. Their life together was idyllic, and to the

end of the chapter he was a gallant, chivalrous lover. If in his innate love of teasing he sometimes liked to rally her, it was always gentle and affectionate. So perfect were the sympathy and understanding, and so completely was she wrapped up in him, that the mainspring of her life broke when he died, and while for her children's sake she did the best she could, so absolute had been her absorption in him that life was practically over. All who knew her felt this; never in too robust health, she had been watched over by her husband and idolized, and with this loving care removed the world was a chill and empty place for her. Those closest to Father and Mother know the very large part she played as a balance wheel and what a great factor she was in his life and work.

IV

Once, when we were staying at the Murray Hill Hotel, I pointed out Richard Croker. He immediately went up and introduced himself and had a ten- or fifteen-minute talk. When he rejoined me I asked what in the world he had to talk to Richard Croker about. This was in the days of Croker's power. He replied he had asked Croker to use his influence against a bill in the New York Legislature providing for the opening of theatres on Sunday. Croker was noncommittal. I have often wondered since whether it was really Father's interest in the defeat of this bill (which was certainly sincere) or his curiosity to meet the great Tammany chieftain that prompted him; for he had, it may be said, a veiled admiration for men who came to the top in almost any line of activity. He never attended a prize fight, but when the papers recorded the defeat of John L. Sullivan by Corbett he repeatedly referred to the matter, expressing his sympathy for one, long the champion, who had been overthrown. I think he felt genuinely sorry for the famous old John L.

He was once staying in Portland, Maine, when William Jennings Bryan on his first campaign came to that city, and, sitting at the open window of his hotel room, my father heard him. While he revolted strongly from all Bryan's policies and platform, he was immensely impressed by the Boy Orator's eloquence and persuasiveness and obvious sincerity, and remarked that it was fortunate he did not hear him more often. He redoubled his own personal efforts then in behalf of McKinley without actually taking the stump, and it was at this time he lectured one of his associates who remarked that, his citizenship being in Heaven, he was not going to vote. No matter where Father was, he always returned home to vote; and the exercise of the franchise he considered a Christian duty, as well as to be informed on all political matters. He was a Republican all his days, to the deep disgust of some of his prohibitionist friends who felt he might have been a tower of strength to their party. But, while a rigid teetotaler himself, he felt the control of liquor was a state or local matter and not a Federal one; and I have often heard him defend his position by saying that no law was stronger than the local sentiment. Local option was, in his view, the only way to handle the liquor question. He had among his friends anti-tobacconists, teetotalers, and one with whom secret societies had become an obsession. He tolerated these people, feeling that while they meant well they were getting the cart before the horse and letting their phobias run away with them.

Some can recall how on one occasion a movement was launched at Northfield to supplement the work of the Mission Boards. He was not on hand to quash it before it got started. But when it came to his attention his action was direct. He sent for all the hotheads and enthusiasts who had started the move. They came in the evening and were fed ice cream. He was unusually silent. After the refreshments he seized a lamp

(we had no electricity) and led the now bewildered group into another room. It was a long time before they came out, chastened and subdued. On occasions like this he could be very grim. The Kingdom of God was sacred to him and was not advanced by nonsense, however sanctified, or solemn hocus-pocus. He often affirmed that dignity was never mentioned as one of the fruits of the spirit. In his judgment a man who had to stand on his dignity must be a very short man indeed to need so cumbersome a soap box. With all extremes, sensationalism or pomposity, he had scant sympathy.

If a thing needed to be done, it was a distinction to be able to do it. He never waited to see if anyone else would. Sitting, on one of those rare Sundays when he was home, at the end of his pew in church, he noticed that the deacons were passing the elements in a very haphazard way and in danger of overlooking some communicants. In an instant he had gone to the Communion table, taken the bread and the wine, passed them to some at the side of the church, and returned to his seat. It never occurred to him that he happened to have on rubber boots, as he did. Something needed to be done. He did it. A favorite adage of his was not to wait for something to turn up: go and turn something up. And he loved to say that any fool could eat soup with a spoon: it required brains to do it with a one-tined fork.

In matters of this kind he had what has been called 'the gamy flavor of a bookless man.' The pithy sayings of the countryside he had heard as a boy he used till his dying day with all the elisions—'Quick'n chain lightnin',' 'drier'n Gideon's fleece.' Sir Alexander Simpson declared he always pronounced 'Jerusalem' in two syllables. He just could n't be bothered about unimportant details—just as when he had written enough letters of a word to signify its import he let the rest go. I never heard him say 'Daniel' or 'Samuel' and I

doubt if he ever did. It was 'Dan'l' and 'Sam'l.' 'Drier'n Gideon's fleece' was a very favorite figure, particularly applied to sententious sermons or dull discourses. The famous dodge by which he cut off a man who was killing a meeting by a long prayer and caught the attention of Doctor Grenfell was quite typical of him. Grenfell has always loved to tell my students of this.

We loved his quick comments on dull or foolish addresses. Once he was inveigled into inviting a man to speak at Northfield who was pretty egotistical. To tease him afterwards we inquired if he was going to have the address printed. 'Are n't enough capital I's in the printing press,' he grunted. On several occasions he asked me what I had thought of a rather dull address. I sparred for time. I did not want to admit I did n't understand it and made some commonplace remark. 'Shamed of you,' he said. 'Ought to had more sense. He did n't say anything.' On another occasion, when I remarked I had not known what a well-known speaker was talking about, 'Neither did he,' Father shot out.

One of his latest friends was Doctor Henry Weston of Crozer Seminary. He had never encountered my father, and someone persuaded him to come to Northfield. He laid aside certain prejudices and came. Father invited him to speak, but he refused, on the ground that he was a Greek scholar and not a preacher. They compromised on an afternoon service. It was my father's custom after presiding to take a chair down off the platform and sit where he could hear better as well as see the speaker. Doctor Weston had barely got started when my father remarked, 'There goes one of my sermons.' Weston turned on the interruption to ask what my father meant, and was told that a sermon on that text had been shown by Doctor Weston's remarks to be falsely based. Doctor Weston was delighted, for, said he, 'The students at Crozer have justified much

faulty exegesis on the ground that D. L. Moody preached on this or that text with great effect.' Now he could answer them. The warmest sort of friendship grew out of the encounter, and Northfield had no better supporter than Doctor Weston till he died. It was perfectly typical of Father that when he knew a passage of Scripture did not mean what he had supposed it did he could not be so dishonest as to use it as he once had.

V

I was forced to spend a good part of the summer of 1892 in a nursing home in London. Almost daily my father came to see me. His own robust health made it difficult for him to understand sickness, but he was so sympathetic and so eager to show sympathy that even his heavy and naturally warm hand placed on your forehead, where it felt like a wet dictionary, was endurable. I saw recently the simile of a hippopotamus attempting to pick up a pea. His presence in a sickroom was of this order, but his evident distress and desire to help discounted his unfitness for the duties of a nurse. Once when one of his children was ill he perched on the edge of the bed and broke it down. In the language of New England, he was not handy about a sickroom. But let him know that the sickness was no ordinary thing — that there was no chance of recovery — and no one could have been more thoughtful or tender or understanding. When in his last year of life death twice invaded his home and robbed him of loved grandchildren, his own grief was great, but he entered completely into the sorrows of the parents.

My father had at least one characteristic of genius. He was unpredictable. Only a boy who has longed for a bicycle in that motorless age can understand just how much I was obsessed by the desire to have one. While this ambition was at its height I ran across a paper edition of his sermons. One was on

prayer. In it he said that if a child of his wanted something he would prefer to be asked for it once and not nagged. This extract I cut out, prefaced it by the statement that I wanted a bicycle, then mentioned the date of my birthday some weeks hence, and remarked that such was my faith that I was thanking him in advance for it. There was no acknowledgment. But a little later he invited me to spend Easter vacation with him in Richmond, where he was preaching. I went. Neither of us alluded to the bicycle. Wild horses would not have dragged a reference from me. My birthday fell in this period, but no reference was made to it. But on my return I found the bicycle awaiting me at home. I am under the impression that had I been so indiscreet as to allude to it I might have defeated my own ends.

Four years later, on my nineteenth birthday, I received a telegram from him. 'Thank God for the past nineteen years. The — house is your birthday present.' And the house he presented me was a dwelling in Northfield which he and my mother owned, and which remained in my possession until long after I left Northfield. On another occasion, when I was younger, he presented me with a driving horse, a granddaughter of his own favorite Nellie Gray. This was to replace the pony which I had by this time outgrown.

His satisfaction in doing things of this sort was always great. His gifts, whatever they were, afforded him more satisfaction than they did the recipient, whatever they meant to the recipient. He seems to me in retrospect the most generous man I ever knew, taking more delight in giving than anyone else I ever met.

When his grandchildren arrived, his delight knew no bounds. The most grotesque things he proudly bore off to them — an unusually large cabbage on one occasion to an unweaned infant. When they were older and able to be about, he was seldom without one on his

drives about town, and his prejudice against being photographed gave way completely, his picture being taken again and again in company with his grandchildren and his own mother and the children's parents. He affirmed repeatedly what many grandparents have discovered, that grandchildren have all the endearing qualities of one's own children minus the care and responsibilities, and it is safe to presume that had he lived he would have delighted in overriding parental authority and spoiling them. He wrote them delicious nonsense letters when away from them and renewed his youth. When his own children were young I gather, from all I have been told, that he was too often away from home, and too busy, to extract from them all the pleasure he had from his grandchildren.

VI

As I look back to the figure of my father, it is never the narrowness of his point of view which impresses me, but the liberality of it. If liberality is a matter of doctrine, he was not liberal. If liberality is a matter of the spirit, he was one of the most liberal of men. He died before the term 'fundamentalist' came to have its present connotation. He accepted most of the tenets of the Fundamentalists, it is true; but not in their spirit. He believed in the Virgin Birth, the Physical Resurrection, the Second Coming, the Atonement, and the Inspiration of the Scripture. They were not separatist doctrines with him. Some of the Plymouth Brethren broke with him. He was too liberal for them. Some of his followers at Northfield worried about the men he asked to speak there. They would have had credal tests; he would not. I have heard Fundamentalists preach on the text, 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his,' and do it in a separatist spirit. My father would have used that text, keeping close to its meaning by

dropping the negatives. If a man had the spirit of Jesus Christ, he was one of His. And that would have been enough for my father.

From many talks with him, I am persuaded that he came to distinguish in his own mind between prejudices and principles. He preached his principles. He observed his prejudices. He lived in a day when a great deal was said about 'doubtful amusements.' Then the doubtfulness applied to their being amusements. In all these things he was *of course* a Victorian. But my point is this: that he became increasingly less inclined to be critical of those who did not agree with him in a great many of these lesser matters. In other words, his tolerance increased. There was a time, from all I can judge, when he would have said there were things a person could not do and be a Christian. When I knew him his attitude would rather have been that while you might, for example, smoke or play cards, dance or go to the theatre, and be a Christian, you probably would n't be the most efficient sort. In other words, just as Saint Paul refused to identify legality and expediency, saying some things were lawful but were not expedient, so my father distinguished more and more. But for himself the most exacting standards were those by which he proposed to govern himself.

It is very unfortunate that for nearly forty years the attempt has been made to attach tags or labels to him. In the present sense of the word, he most certainly was not a liberal. And equally certainly he was not a Fundamentalist. Unquestionably he believed each and every one of the main tenets of the Fundamentalists, but in no separatist spirit, and such men as Lyman Abbott and Washington Gladden were not only highly esteemed but warm personal friends. If he did not invite them to Northfield, for example, it was not for any lack of sympathy, but rather because every time he did invite a liberal many of those who rallied about him

would make it unpleasant for his guest — and often for him. He loved peace and hated dissension, and in his mind there was no issue at stake. If he was unafraid, and I think he was, just as certainly he would not go out of his way for useless bickerings with his painfully orthodox friends.

His founding of the schools at Northfield and the diverting of even more energy to these, and his oft-repeated statement that he would rather awaken to active service one dormant Christian than secure the conversion of the 'unsaved,' his conviction for me that I should not think of going into evangelistic work but into teaching, are indications to me that he saw the changing day and the need for changing emphasis to meet this changing day.

The man who is perhaps the best-informed student of his life, who has made a painstaking study of the smallest details, and who has done much patient research in dust-covered reference books, is never tired of saying that he was 'a mountain of rectitude.'

It is in illustration of this that I tell the following. When I was a small boy, perhaps seven or eight, he once found me sitting up beyond my usual bedtime and very properly told me to go to bed. But I was visiting with a little friend who had come in, and supposed that he meant I was to go to bed as soon as my

friend had gone, so I did not obey immediately. A few minutes later he discovered this and then he was sufficiently explicit. I retreated in tears, not stopping to explain I had not meant to disobey; for it was unusual to have him speak as abruptly or emphatically as he had, and I felt he was angry. I had barely time to get into bed, however, before I became conscious of his huge figure kneeling beside my bed. Tears were streaming down his face, and in the most unabashed manner he was suing for my forgiveness for having spoken harshly to me. He never, he said, intended to speak crossly to any child of his.

This is by no means the earliest of my recollections, but it is the most vivid — the room in twilight, his great shoulders and head bending over me, and the tones of his voice, and his obvious remorse and regret and desire that I should say it was all right. This is the picture of him I have carried all my life, and it has influenced me more than any event in the years since. I have seen him before large audiences commanding attention and receiving the admiration of thousands, but to me this was the real man, greater far than the evangelist. And in that boyhood room that evening he showed me a father's love and care which have made real to me the love of God, the Father. I think I owe to this the beginnings of my belief in God.

SECOND MIRACLE

BY ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

I

WORDSWORTH was wrong on that matter of splendor in the grass. Something *can* bring it back. I make this contradiction flatly, aggressively. I make it from experience: from experience in a well-known hospital in a city on our eastern seaboard — a hospital where most of the surgical staff deal lightly with the letter *r*, and most of their voices are agreeable, and the urbanities are such that the patient's fear of being badly hurt passes speedily into the fear of failing to match the manners that surround him.

'You did n't know you had blind spots all over your eyes, did you?' said the oculist affably. The oculist was an excellently tailored yet rather picturesque young man, black-haired, black-eyed, and smooth as a cat in his motions; he really should have been dressed in doublet and hose, crimson or perhaps murrey, with a quilled cap tilted sharply on one temple, and a workmanlike little dagger in his belt. 'You will be ready for the first operation,' he said after a further exploration, silent and rather long, 'in about a year.'

During the months of marking time that followed, a world already more than a little odd to look upon became odder and odder. I do not know whether our normality or only our conservatism is proved by the fact that we do not like to see familiar sights becoming strange. But certainly one crisp crescent of moon has more charm than a cluster of curled silver slivers, and one honest full moon

is better than nine or ten rowdy disks overlapping. When a boy strides by in the sunshine on his way to the tennis courts, it is definitely displeasing that he should have three pairs of dazzling white legs, or, more accurately, 'one and one with a shadowy third.' That electric signs should go into a madness of superimposed layers of light is vastly irritating. But in my own experience the worst phenomenon by far was the endless procession of silver deer at night.

This procession sprang into being at the hour when drivers of cars turn on their lights. On and on they came, the countless pairs of silver deer, unnaturally tall, narrow, highly stylized deer, all horns and legs, gliding along as smoothly and smugly as if they had every right to look as they did. But we like our earth as it is. Our recoil from abnormal apparitions is a violent one. To my thinking, Macbeth is not, so to speak, licked in Act Five. He is already licked in Act Four, when he gasps, 'But no more sights!' And I affirm that even silver deer fail to please, to put it temperately, when they really are not there at all.

II

Probably it is not in the least an uncommon thing to remember the moment, far back in childhood, in which one became aware of beauty. I do not mean the beauty of, say, the red glass pin tray that ravished our infant souls and seemed the sum of desirability, a treasure

that must be ours or we could not endure. I mean the beauty of the earth, to which, till then, we had been blind in our pursuit of our so urgent personal affairs. To me, for one, that moment of the unsealed eyes comes back with the utmost vividness. Alone and content and idle, — for the pre-school child in those days remained quite unorganized, — I was sitting one morning in a rope swing dependent from a companionable apple tree near the kitchen door. I think the month must have been May. The sunshine was brilliant; the grass was extraordinarily green, and dandelions blazed in it. At one bright disk I remember staring with the hypnotized stare of childhood; doubtless with a mind quite vacant. Suddenly, not far away, a rooster crowed ringingly. In that instant, magic was wrought. A quite unremarkable child awoke to a marvel — the delight of the eye in the world about it, and the sense of some mystery beyond the green and the gold.

A miracle in childhood is a dreamy wonder, but a miracle in maturity is a wild, incredulous awakening. More glorious than that back-yard transfiguration when the rooster crowed were the hairs, the clear, separate hairs on the head of the chauffeur that afternoon when, the hospital an experience long past, we drove away from the optician's; more glorious the clean lines between the bricks of the houses on our way; and glorious beyond all telling the vigorous or delicate winter branches, the tracery of twigs, against the gray sky. Not far from the seaboard city is a beautiful old town, 'the home,' as modern advertising would put it, of a famous school, and the home as well of magnificent trees. In this town I paid a visit not long after that dizzy, exultant progress from the optician's. Within an hour, '*Stop talking about the trees!*' my hostess, kindest of friends, passionately shrieked. That was many months ago; branches have been in leaf and are bare again, but pæans are as yet no easier to repress.

III

No affectation is more irritating than an overdone cheerfulness. Of this I would not be guilty. I would not deny the existence, for many months before the crisis, of a recurring spectre: the possibility of bringing a weighty burden, and with it inevitably an increasing exasperation, into other lives. I would not deny the occasional sudden physical fear of perpetual darkness — a fear that still growled and muttered for a little when kicked into a corner. I am mindful that memory has her kind and flattering chicaneries, and inclines to shuffle an odious thing out of sight and to proffer a tidbit over and over. She blurs the hours of dread, of pain, of dragging tedium; and with charming and indefatigable tact she sends past in review, again and again, the countless kindnesses of which one was the grateful and astonished and almost prostrated object; with perhaps, straggling along here and there, a bad moment or two in which one had managed to behave not quite so faint-heartedly as one had dreaded.

A very old joke is the childish pride, the simple zest of the surgical patient in recounting if not the physiological details at least the dramatic aspects of his operation. This joke is solidly founded. The patient who denies himself this small indemnity is an exceptional creature. Much rarer, I am sure, is the patient who pushes austerity still further, who from the first forbids himself not only the indulgence of recounting but also the indulgence of inwardly rehearsing. Him I believe not only a rare creature but also a foolish one. For smug reverie is a curative thing. A crisp commendation from a surgeon — very likely a conventional, even a routine, formula — may be turned over and over, relishingly, in the slack consciousness of the prostrate one. If the prostrate one is also sightless for the time being, and a little short of diversion, the

savory bit will serve him almost indefinitely without losing its savor.

But I am not testifying, let me repeat, that during the time of imprisonment the sweets outweighed the sour. On this point I am unable to take oath. I can only say that the balls tossed up by the juggler memory are mostly of pleasing colors.

IV

Sympathy for those who hear not at all, or only with effort, — for the cruel strain of their nerves, for their isolation, for the depression that only the bravest of them can dissemble, — is not always given generously. I believe that few people pay sufficient tribute of admiration to deafness gallantly borne. But the blind, even the partially or the temporarily blind, receive such an abundance of solicitude and kindness as must bow them down with humility unless they are arrogant indeed. Some black hours are no great price to pay for the extraordinary heightening of living that such a revelation of friendship brings.

Without having given up the world of beauty for lost, it is possible to have wondered a good deal whether it would ever again emerge from its disguises and its clownings. It is a pleasant thing to owe to the kindness of someone particularly near and dear one's first astonished sight of some special loveliness restored. On a morning in late winter I was driven down to the sea by a young epicure in beauty. (Naturally I so rate him, since his taste is my own.) There had been a rather heavy snowfall. The day was gray and luminous; there was no dazzle, but a perfect clearness. We drove out on a little peninsula, once sacred to the tread of distinguished feet, now in great part a checkerboard of narrow little streets and plain little houses, but on that morning lovely as a fine etching. Very beautiful on the background of snow were the sharp black lines of some small, wind-twisted trees. Beautiful was the gray sea, with one great patch of

shifting green and blue. Beautiful and amazing were the visible, the identifiable, wild duck riding in the trough of the waves; and beautiful beyond all telling were the gulls weaving their free pattern against the sky. For these were honest gulls, with clear bodies, clear wings: not those hateful, harsh compositions of three straight lines that for two years or more had been flying over the seaboard city where the excellent hospital stands.

I am glad that it was with the same epicure in beauty that I visited, months later, an inland exhibit — my exhibit this time: a magnificent group of beech trees, as fine as any I have seen on this side of the ocean. What is wrong (pure dementia, to my thinking) with those who do not rank beeches the loveliest of trees — first, if not in beauty, certainly in a subtle quality of enchantment? If the gathering dusk blurred those wonderful lines a little, it called out the essential mystery that belongs to a beech grove. There was no hope of paying in full my debt for that hour of marvel and ecstasy by the sea; but there was an immense though entirely ungrounded pride of proprietorship in showing those magical gray trees, with their grandly towering trunks and the streaming sweep of their branches. — But here, I see, is King Charles's head once more. Not another mention of trees, I swear.

But I shall see, clearly outlined, the blue of scilla, the blue of chicory, this year, and long grasses running in the wind.

V

Next to the excitement of being set free again in the world of beauty was the excitement of being set free in the world of books. This I say in no ingratitude for the countless hours full of relish in which kind friends read aloud. I remember as one might remember the savor of a particularly genial cocktail one hilarious morning in the hospital — so hilarious that in mercy I had to ask that

my door be closed — when one of the best of companions, lively and just sufficiently malicious, read me a wicked article on a literary critic of immense popularity but to us not dear. But oh, the savor of the first book read with one's own eyes after long abstinence!

The fact of being severely rationed strengthens the savor tenfold. Fifteen precious minutes are a sustained intoxication. In my case, this glorious first fare was *High Wind in Jamaica* — as grim a tale as could well be chanced upon by a convalescent, but to me delectable beyond all telling. The thought of that cheap little edition — the heartening bright red covers, the sturdy clear type, the fair wide spaces between the lines — will always bring back a greedy gusto almost physical. This book is as horrible as it is original. If there is a mother in the world who thoroughly enjoys it, I should like to see her; or no, I prefer not to see her, for she must be a bit of a monster. But the zest of those greedy rationed swallowings!

And when in the course of time the last crumb was gone, there remained the gluttonous thought: there will be more such feasts, more and more and more; and longer, and still longer. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! And praise too the quietly speaking, smoothly moving surgeon who ought to have been equipped with a little dagger instead of a little scalpel.

VI

Such a retrospect as this must end soberly if it is to be honest. Life is a corrective old creature. She does not like to see us too much above ourselves. She may work us our little individual miracle, but she will exact her fee. For deliverance from even the briefest eclipse we must pay a tax for the rest of our days: a new pain — a far deeper ache of pity than we had known before for those whose miracle has failed to come off like ours.

But — to be yet more scrupulously honest — the clear new world is very good, and the elation of it endures.

NATIONAL SECURITY AND THE FARM

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

SOUND agricultural policy has far more to do with maintaining national security than nine out of ten city people realize. All philosophers and statesmen who have ever concerned themselves with the long-time welfare of a nation have placed foremost in their thinking the soil and the people who live on it. If this solid foundation is not kept continually in repair, any superstructure, however glorious it may appear, must inevitably crumble. More than any administration in the recent past, the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt has been aware of this problem, largely because the President himself has vivid first-hand knowledge of the soil, the things which grow on it, and the people who work it. The visions of the older Roosevelt with regard to soil conservation and country life have been a guide to action by the present Roosevelt.

There are a number of outstanding objectives in a sound agricultural policy: —

- (1) Soil conservation;
- (2) More uniform supplies and prices of farm products from year to year to take care of variability in the weather;
- (3) Sufficient stability of income to farmers so that they can buy from the cities their fair share of the good things of life, but without the development of a speculative land boom;
- (4) Greater stability of tenure, so that the same farm families can live in the same community year after year and thus build up better churches, better schools, and better coöperatives;

(5) Better diets and better training for farm children, recognizing that one half of the farm children move to town and that one hundred years hence two thirds of the people in the United States will be descended from those who to-day are living on farms.

Soil Conservation

We have been terribly slow in developing an effective soil-conservation policy in the United States. As long as we were a debtor nation with frontiers to the west, we overploughed our arable land, overgrazed our pasture land, and overcut our forest land, endeavoring by this vast exploitation to pay the interest on the money which had been lent by the capitalists in the cities of eastern United States and western Europe. No one had any concern about building a stable soil fertility in the United States. Everyone was busy skimming cream. The fertile top soil was skimmed off fifty million acres and sent into the rivers and oceans; another fifty million acres were eroded almost to the point of ruination; and still another one hundred million acres have been seriously damaged.

It is not customarily appreciated in the United States that, in every one hundred acres of our crop land, we expose to the weather two and one-half times as many acres in row crops as is the case in Europe. Corn and cotton are the two outstanding sinners in this country. Our heaviest rains come during May, June, and July, when corn and cotton land lies most loose and open for

the rains to carry it away. Western Europe has a great advantage over the United States when it comes to the problem of maintaining stable soil fertility century after century. She puts only about 40 per cent as much of her crop land into erosion-provoking row crops as we do, and her summer rains are far less torrential in character.

In eastern United States, winter wheat on land which is only moderately rolling is far better than corn, from the standpoint of preventing erosion. But in the Great Plains area there are many soil types on which wheat leads to wind erosion of the most destructive nature. The wind picks up the finer particles of soil and leaves the sand behind.

Overgrazing also plays its part in bringing on wind destruction in the Dust Bowl. Already wind erosion has ruined four million acres and is active over an area three times as large as the State of New York. To meet the Dust Bowl problem, the Department of Agriculture has recently begun a coördinated, carefully integrated attack to eliminate as soon as possible the overgrazing and overploughing which to-day are so rapidly cutting the physical base out from under the farms and towns of the Great Plains area.

In the year 1936, the AAA carried on a vast soil-conservation programme on 68 per cent of all the crop land of the United States. Thirty million acres of soil-depleting crops were diverted to soil-conserving crops or practices. Special soil-conserving practices were carried out on fifty-three million acres. New seedings of legumes and other soil-conserving crops were made on thirty-four million acres. Seven million acres were planted to green manure crops. Limestone, phosphate, or other fertilizers were spread on two million acres.

This programme cost the government more than \$400,000,000. Some people criticized the programme, saying that the government paid farmers to do what the best farmers had been doing right

along anyway. It was said that some of the best farmers resented receiving checks for doing that which they claimed they would have done anyway. The criticism of the soil-conservation work as encouraged by the government is somewhat similar to the criticisms which were heard of the public school system when it was first started. 'Why should public education be furnished for the children of rich people as well as for the children of poor people? Haven't the rich people been educating their children right along anyway?' And so it is with our soil-conservation programme. It is available to good and poor farmers alike.

For the first time we are taking hold of the problem with sufficient vigor to stop the waste. For a generation the colleges, the experiment stations, the farm papers, and the Department of Agriculture have been preaching soil conservation, but four out of five farmers paid no attention, simply because they could not afford to do so. They had to pay interest on their debts and either rent or taxes on their land. Therefore they went ahead year after year overploughing, overgrazing, sending their land into the sea or whirling into the air, and producing ghost farms and ghost towns. Last year the government did as much toward making the farmers of the nation actively soil-conscious as was done by all the preaching and printers' ink of the previous twenty years. If we had not suffered in 1936 from one of the worst droughts in the past one hundred years, our soil-conservation programme would have been even more successful.

An interesting feature of the soil-conservation programme as we are now conducting it is that, from an international point of view, it is no longer necessary for this nation to send the product of fifty million acres of land overseas in order to pay interest on the debt which we owe to Europe. Now that we are no longer a pioneer debtor nation, but, on the contrary, have become a creditor nation with a very serious soil

problem, with at least thirty-five million acres of crop land which should never have been ploughed, yet trying to produce exportable crops, it would seem definitely the part of wisdom for the sake of both the nation and the family of nations for us to proceed resolutely on the path toward making those long-time internal readjustments which long-time national security requires.

Stability of Supplies and Prices of Farm Products

During the past eight years there has been an ever-increasing interest in stabilizing supplies and prices of farm products. This interest was enormously increased by the events of the years 1932 and 1934. In 1932 wheat and cotton carry-overs were nearly three times the normal, and prices were so low as to bring ruin to farmers and those city people who depended on farmers. The superabundance of farm products increased the number of ragged and hungry city people. In 1934 we had one of the most serious droughts in the history of our nation and the shortest wheat crop in thirty-eight years. The drought was so serious that early in June of that year I suggested the idea of the Ever Normal Granary, designed to stabilize in a practical way supplies and prices for the benefit of both farmers and consumers. The Ever Normal Granary proposal is as old as Joseph and has been tried in China in one form or another for two thousand years. Grain speculators do not like the idea and will put out a vast amount of propaganda designed to prove that it is impractical. Business men who perform useful functions in the processing or distribution of farm products like the idea of increasing stability of supplies and prices. When farm products are two or three times as high one year as they are two or three years later, business men are exposed to disastrous inventory losses.

The weather has been unusually vari-

able during the past eight years, and no one in a position of governmental responsibility for agriculture can avoid pointing out to consumers the desirability of a mechanism which will avoid shortage if there are several years of drought. The farmer and the government owe a duty to consumers to see that they are fed, no matter how severe the drought. But this duty carries with it a reciprocal obligation on the part of the government and the consumers to the farmer to see that his prices do not go to ruinously low levels if there are several years of good weather. The corn farmers of the Middle West saw a practical demonstration of the Ever Normal Granary when, in the fall of 1933, the government lent money on 250,000,000 bushels of corn which was held over into the drought year of 1934. This action benefited corn farmers by holding corn prices up in the spring of 1934, and livestock farmers by holding corn prices down during the late summer of 1934.

All of the great farm organizations and many of the smaller ones are on record in favor of the principles of the Ever Normal Granary. The President has repeatedly indicated his belief in the plan. When it came to drafting a bill, however, the farm organizations found many difficulties. They insisted that any legislation should assure the farmer parity income. They were afraid that, after sufficient supplies had been stored to protect the consumers, farm-product prices would go down to a point which would leave the average farmer with less income, in proportion to that of city people, than he had before the war. When the farmers presented their bill to Congress, it appeared that it might cost the government a very large sum of money, especially if there were several years of favorable weather. It was asked whether the Treasury would write a blank check for the farmers. Some workable compromise is certain to be found.

But it is fundamental that any compromise should assure such stability in

supplies and prices of farm products as would on the one hand give consumers an abundant supply of food and fibre no matter how severe the drought, and would on the other hand maintain the income of farmers even though several years of favorable weather came in succession. The Commodity Credit Corporation could furnish the money to carry supplies from the good years to the poor years even as it did with corn in 1933 and 1934. To avoid losses in case there are several years of good weather, it is essential, of course, that definite power be available to divert land from soil-depleting to soil-building crops. If the granary is full to overflowing, there is no point in farmers wasting their land and their labor in producing for a market which no longer exists. When the granaries are overflowing, there is, of course, the question whether embarrassment to the government on the loans already made should better be avoided by compulsory control of farm production or by voluntary compliance in return for government money as under the old AAA programmes.

In so far as government money is used, it is obvious that a definite limit must be set. This limit, however, might not be high enough to give the farmers that parity of income which they seek. In such case, it would seem that any money available would have to be divided among the farmers producing the crops involved according to their interests. In other words, if the total amount of money available were sufficient to cover only one half the difference between current income and parity income, then the cotton, wheat, corn, tobacco, and rice farmers would share pro rata.

It seems essential that any Ever Normal Granary bill of this sort should include not more than the five crops mentioned, because they are the leading crops which directly or indirectly are on the foreign market in years of ordinary weather. They are the crops the supply of which fluctuates more violently from

year to year as a result of weather. The first four are the key crops in our national economy. If corn supplies and prices are stabilized from year to year, livestock and dairy products will also be largely stabilized in price from year to year.

The principle of the Ever Normal Granary can be, and is being, applied to dairy products, fruits, and vegetables by means of the marketing agreements and surplus-removal programmes of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. In the case of perishables, storage from year to year is not practical. It is practical, however, to keep producers of perishables from being ruined in times of excess production. Millions of pounds of products can be purchased when prices are ruinously low and distributed to the poor people of the nation through relief agencies. The Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation has in this way distributed during the past three years over \$200,000,000 worth of agricultural products free of charge to the relief agencies. By keeping prices from going too low, the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation has maintained in business thousands of dairy, fruit, and vegetable farmers who might otherwise have been ruined. Extreme fluctuations in price have been prevented. The operations of this corporation have very definitely been of benefit both to producers of dairy products, fruits, and vegetables on the one hand and to consumers on the other.

Stability of Farm Income

From the standpoint of the general welfare, farmers are entitled to that share in the national income which over a period of years has best promoted stability in the national income. In the fifty years before the war, agriculture's contribution to the national income was about 60 per cent as large as its contribution to the nation's man power. For example, in 1880, when farmers comprised 45 per cent of the working

population, agriculture received about 28 per cent of the national income. In 1910, when farm workers comprised 31 per cent of the working population, agriculture's share of the national income amounted to 18 per cent. On this basis we might say that to-day, when farmers account for over 21 per cent of the total working population, agriculture's share of the national income should amount to about 13 per cent. Actually, agriculture's share last year was about 10.3 per cent. Had the farm portion been up to its historic share of the national income, or 13 per cent, the gross income of agriculture would have been eleven billion instead of only nine billion dollars.

I wish to take sharp issue with those who would promote policies tending to lower the farmers' per capita share of the national income. A reduced relative per capita income for the farmer might conceivably be brought about in case industry and labor should effect controls in the towns and cities of such a nature as to end migration of surplus farm population from the land. An increase in farm population of the United States would mean smaller and poorer farms and a reduced income per farm. It would also mean that the efficiency of average farmers would go down to a point which would reduce the farmers' per capita share in the national income. The same thing would also happen if farmers of the United States continued to produce an excess of commodities for a market which has been curtailed by the fact that we are now a creditor nation with a high-tariff policy.

Certain farm leaders believe that agriculture last year should have received an income twice as great as it actually got. They feel that the year 1919 was the only year in which agriculture received a fair share in the national income. From the standpoint of abstract justice, they may perhaps be right; but, believing in the doctrine of 'gradualism,' I am almost as fearful of their point of view as of the view of those city men

who preach doctrines that tend to give the farmers a smaller and smaller share of the national income. The reason I fear the doctrine of these extreme farm leaders is that my memory goes back to the land boom of 1919 and 1920 and the misery of hundreds of thousands of farm families which followed thereafter. I want to see the farmers' per capita share in the national income gradually increase, but I should feel that a great disaster had overtaken agriculture if the increase were of such a nature as to produce a 1920 land boom. It is right and proper that farm land values should reflect farm income. The precise point of the argument, therefore, seems to be, 'What is the farmers' relative share per capita in the national income which can be maintained year after year without reaction?'

The high 1919 income was full of terrible menace because it was based on a European market which was sure to disappear. It distorted the judgment of the farmers as to the nature of the future. If they had used the profits of that income to buy government bonds or build up their soil fertility, there might have been no disaster. But unfortunately all too many farmers used the high profits of 1919 to buy fake stocks and to bid up land values against each other.

It is important for both farmers and laboring men to realize the exceedingly close relationship which exists between total farm income and labor income. On a yearly basis, farm income and labor income go up and down with almost perfect sympathy. This is true particularly for the farm products consumed chiefly in the domestic markets, such as livestock products and fruits and vegetables. On a monthly basis, it often happens that the payrolls of labor will lead for a few months and then the income of agriculture will lead for a few months. The income of cattle and dairy farmers depends very largely on factory payrolls and labor income.

On the other hand, a large part of city

labor depends on the income farmers get from the products that are on the international market. If the income of cotton, tobacco, wheat, and hog farmers goes up, they buy more machinery and the payrolls of labor in machinery factories go up. This labor then buys more meat, poultry, dairy, and vegetable products. We may say, therefore, that instability in the export branches of agriculture means instability in much of our economic activity, and that this instability is eventually communicated by the payrolls of labor to those branches of agriculture which are on the domestic market.

Government has responsibility for stability of farm income because of the way in which tariff policies, monetary policies, and international policies affect the market for our exportable farm crops. If governmental policies along these broad lines bring damage to farmers, it may be necessary for the government to take direct action in bringing about agricultural adjustment designed to promote stability of farm income. We have taken such direct action during the past four years.

Stability of Farm Tenure

The average farm family in the United States remains on the same farm for only five or six years. Many tenant farmers remain on the same farm for only one or two years. Nearly one half of the farmers of the United States are now tenants. Nearly one half of the farmers who own the farms they operate are so burdened with interest and taxes, or are farming such small and such poor farms, that they are very little better off than tenants. In all fairness, it should be said also that many of the tenants are related to the landlord and are better off than many owners. But after all the allowances are made both pro and con, the net situation is great instability of farm tenure in the United States. Both owners and tenants move around too much for the good of the

land. It is difficult to build up a stable soil fertility unless a family believes it is going to stay on the same land year after year. For the same reason it is difficult to build a stable school, church, coöperative, or other community institution.

Last summer the President appointed a Tenancy Commission, of which I was Chairman. A report was made, and the House Committee on Agriculture held hearings; a tenancy programme just now has been enacted into law.

I hope the government does not put very much money into a tenancy programme unless it is prepared to conduct also an educational programme which will result in an improvement in the managing ability of the tenants and an increased likelihood of their staying on the same land year after year. It would be a serious mistake for the government to develop a tenancy policy which would foster a speculative land boom or which would in effect again grant unrestricted freedom of exploitation, as was the case under the old homestead policy.

The Resettlement Administration during the past two years has lent more than one hundred million dollars to tenants in the United States on a basis which has enabled it to check up on and improve farm practices among the tenants. The methods used have been a sort of combination of those used by the small-town country banker in the old days and the methods used by the county agents in recent times. I am convinced that something of this sort is necessary and that it will not do merely to turn a tenant loose with a land title and a government mortgage. If this problem is handled in a superficial manner, the result will be a political drive several years hence to compel the government to forgive the debts which the tenants owe. I am certain that we must have a system which will cause the tenants to have a high sense of obligation toward the government for its help. The land-purchase

part of the programme should be self-liquidating, although the interest rates may justifiably be low.

Food and Training for Farm Children

In view of the fact that nearly one half of the farm children eventually come to the town or the city, towns and cities have a very real interest in the way in which such a large segment of their future population gets started in life. The largest farm families are in those sections of the country where the diet and the schools are poor. These children do not get enough milk, oranges, tomatoes, and green vegetables. In recent years this has been somewhat changed. But even yet in the southeastern United States there are hundreds of thousands of children who do not get in their diets enough calcium and vitamins A, B, and C. In the poorer parts of the United States, the rural children fall far short of full-time attendance, and the teachers under whom they study are paid only forty to fifty dollars a month. In 1934 the average salary of supervisors, principals, and teachers in rural schools was less than half of that in urban schools, and in some of the Southern states the average yearly salary for one teacher, rural white schools, was less than three hundred dollars. The average annual cost of schooling a child in the rural sections of these states is only a fourth of what it is in some of the Northern states. Schools are conducted by teachers who themselves should be schooled. The blind are leading the blind. The 50 per cent of the farm children who are going to stay on the land are not properly trained for developing efficient agriculture; and the others, who will move to town, are not properly trained for efficient functioning there.

We may well raise the question whether or not the cities in these poorer farm states might furnish part of the cost of educating farm children who are

later to move to town. The Federal Government is furnishing part of the cost of educating these farm children through the Smith-Hughes vocational agricultural work in the high schools and through the 4-H Clubs. Eventually it may be wise for the Federal Government to go much further in this direction.

In conclusion, it seems to me that both farmers and city people should be interested in an agricultural policy which will serve the general welfare by promoting stability of the soil, stability and improvement in the products which come from the soil, stability of farm income, stability of farm tenure, and stability in the economic condition of the people who move from the soil to town. The days of careless exploitation have come to an end. The people in the cities cannot pursue policies indefinitely that tend to suck the lifeblood out of the soil and the people on the soil. Such policies would definitely bring the end of the United States as a nation.

I believe it is possible for the city people of the United States, during the next twenty-five years, to have the maximum of prosperity by planning with farmers to bring about an economy of gradually increasing balanced abundance. To bring this to pass may require somewhat higher Federal expenditures than before 1930, but I believe that if we do have such expenditures, supported by adequate taxes, the net income in the hands of the average business man after he has paid his income tax will be greater over a period of years than over a period without such expenditures. It is necessary, of course, that Federal expenditures be for purposes definitely increasing the general welfare, especially for conserving our soil fertility and other natural resources, for leveling out the business cycle, and for bringing about a more stable purchasing power and a somewhat more even distribution of the national income among all our people.

THE GREAT FORESTS

BY IVAN SANDERSON

[IVAN SANDERSON is now in his late twenties. In 1928 he was a member of an expedition to the Dutch Indies, collecting specimens for the British Museum. In 1932 he set forth on a second invasion of the Animal Kingdom, this time as leader of the Percy Sladen Expedition to British Cameroons, West Africa, where for the better part of two years he collected the zoölogical specimens and encountered the beasts he has described in the following pages. — THE EDITORS]

I

THE world of the great forests is a veritable paradise on earth for those who will take the trouble to read its mysteries. Enveloped by towering walls of greenery, like a microbe in a pile carpet, I found never-ending restfulness and comfort in this safe retreat from the glare of the outside world. Perhaps these unconventional reactions to an environment hated and feared by the majority who penetrate there were in some respects connected with my upbringing as a town dweller. Life in great cities is not unlike that in the primeval forests. One passes from one burrow to another along canyons that are only a little lighter, and breadth of vision is everywhere excluded by towering battlements palpitating with the lives hidden behind them. Always there is life around one, but it is hardly visible, so that the imagination must work overtime to formulate its progress, lest one pass forever through the dense crowds utterly alone.

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When the sun shines upon the roof of the forest, vistas of indescribable beauty spring into existence below. Golden lights fall upon shady tunnels of riotous greenery. We used to sit by little crystal-clear streams, where pools of sunlight fell upon the moss-covered rocks like spotlights on a stage, and bask in the silent stillness of the day. Here would rise a feathery palm, its roots in the dim recesses of the forest, its fronds extended motionless into the shimmering sunlight with countless slender fingers of delicate jade; there would pass a dancing sapphire insect, while beyond and below and above rose billowing waves of foliage, chartreuse-green and delicate, bottle-green and shimmering or blending hither and thither in colors and textures indefinable.

To dwell amidst this endless foliage is akin to life amongst the gods of old. Past, present, and future have no meaning; the eternity of nature becomes something real. To sit alone in the mid-day silence of the jungle and try to visualize the machinations of civilized life is an impossibility. All the acts and histories of men become so futile and ephemeral before the grandiose stature of nature that it seems somehow unaccountable and altogether crazy to imagine little humans believing that their comic and futile efforts count for anything at all.

Gradually one learns the sociology of the forest; slowly, day by day, one becomes more attuned to the organization of the life around; piece by piece the

camouflage beneath which everything is concealed is lifted. There is revealed a world of endless variety, of never-ending beauty and interest.

One of the first laws revealed to us was the unsuspected fact that the life of the jungle is like that of the ocean floor. This has never been observed or remarked upon before. Everything drifts slowly hither and thither as if wafted forward by currents and crosscurrents. To stand still is to arouse suspicion — just as a diver, who can actually handle fish and other sea creatures provided he drifts with them across the bed of the sea, becomes an object to be feared and shunned as soon as he remains immobile and anchored.

When hunting, my colleague George Russell and I adopted two entirely different methods. George concealed himself at some vantage point and waited for the waves of forest life to drift by him; I drifted and eddied with the animals themselves. Doing this, I learned many things, and so did he. The speed at which I drifted, I learned, must vary with the weather. Bright, fine days brought life almost to a standstill. In a hurricane I had to run to keep pace with things. Sometimes terrestrial animals would be drifting one way while all arboreal creatures above me would be passing in quite another direction.

Then we perceived that certain animals and types of animals followed quite definite roads through the trees and upon the ground, and, further, that they had times at which they passed to and fro as regularly as machines. Some animals betrayed the presence of others, certain fruits drove others away when they should have attracted them, and so on; the laws and rules were never-ending in their variety.

Drifting thus across the floor of the forest, I once approached a little dell into which flowed a small stream. The ground was boggy and covered with lush vegetation so that the waters spread far and wide, forming a small marsh. As

I slid noiselessly along following the tracks of a small squirrel, a murmuring and rumbling came to my ears, dim and faint at first, a mere ghost of a sound. Gradually it gained in volume until it seemed to be all around me. I moved slowly forward, as I had learned I must do if I were to gain a glimpse of the animals that were causing all this 'talk.'

Abruptly I came upon them, a veritable herd of the weirdest animals I have ever seen. Rich orange in color, with monstrous heads, they formed a vivid contrast to the sombre greens of the water weeds. It seemed, in fact, as if they were more than half head, since their short legs were sunk deep in the morass that they were busily creating in the soft earth. On their heads they bore tall crests of spotless white which passed backward into a long white mane falling this way or that over their shoulders. Their ears were long and pointed, terminated by a long white plume, which they constantly flicked and twitched as they ploughed up the ground in long, even furrows. All the while they grunted and grumbled contentedly.

A herd of river hogs (*Potamochoerus porcus*) is an unusual sight; they seem as contented and lazy as ordinary farmyard pigs, and yet their vivid coloration and their grotesque form make one pause and consider whether one's sight is playing a trick. In the wilds they don't look like pigs at all. They are, in fact, unlike any other animal, with their great heads, long, tapering, plumed ears, and tall, narrow bodies.

Having drifted right in among them and been scrutinized by a large, dangerous-looking hog and apparently found quite welcome, I allowed myself to move gently forward. I had read of people in East Africa approaching to within a few feet of perfectly wild lions at the midday siesta, — in fact, my own father was one of the first to show that this was possible provided one moved slowly enough, — but I never suspected that these tactics

were applicable to such wily and arrogant animals as the red river hog of the forests. Nevertheless, I soon found myself right in the centre of the herd, noticed but unfearred by them. Perhaps the fact that I carried nothing smelling strange, like a gun or camera or other oily metal instrument, reassured them. Gently they moved around me, as we were all drifting in the same direction; sometimes four would be in view at once, sometimes all would vanish amid the foliage so that I knew of their presence only by their ceaseless, moaning grunts.

For ages, it seemed, this unique contact went on undisturbed, during which time I was favored with the priceless opportunity of watching these rare and obscure animals carrying on their everyday existence in perfect harmony with their surroundings. They are indeed peculiar hunters. I had always supposed them to be herbivorous, and yet I saw one large sow unearth a cluster of huge snails and set to work cracking the shells and munching up the juicy contents. In this she was assisted by three small hogs who tussled and bit each other in an effort to get at the morsels. The tactics consisted of flying tackles in which they threw their whole weight into their shoulders and banged their opponents, one of whom was sent sprawling into the muddy bog. The sight of a wild animal floundering on its back was really most remarkable and gave me the impression of watching a group of school children at play.

One old hog, who kept looking at me as if realizing that I might be potentially dangerous, made a most comical misjudgment. He was rooting along the edge of the marsh, stopping now and then with his long snout several inches in the mud to crunch up some hidden root, when he inadvertently pushed under a particularly tough root extending from a large tree on the solid ground near by. It appeared that he had small tusches (as I saw later), and these must have got

locked under the root, for he suddenly set up the most terrific racket, dancing about with his back legs and giving little hops like a ballet dancer, heaving, pulling, and squealing as if caught by the nose. At first I thought he was fighting something on the ground, since his nose was out of view behind a small plant, and I stupidly moved to see what it was all about.

This worried the others, who began to move off hurriedly, but I got a good view of the hog as he writhed in fury, tugging at the root. Then my attention was drawn to one of the loveliest sights I have ever seen. As the herd moved past me with ever-increasing speed, out trotted some individuals I had not seen before. Among them was a positive swarm of tiny piglets, each immaculately striped with gold on its little, otherwise naked body. They trotted along in line, uttering high-pitched grunts and herded from behind by an agitated mother, who kept prodding their delicate little hind legs as if to say, 'Go on! Hurry up or the bogeyman will get you.' The whole scene was so perfect that I stood spell-bound at the sight of it.

Just then a young animal, whether male or female I know not, trotted by and I instantly determined to try to capture it. It came so close that I had a vision of this amazingly colorful creature in the zoo, the centre of surprised and wondering crowds of holiday makers, and I made a dive for it. Although I moved with lightning speed, and actually touched its hard, bristly haunches, it leaped aside and plunged off into the undergrowth, yelling like a human. The old hog must have made a super-porcine effort at that moment and got free, for I heard him crash off at high speed into the distance.

Dusk was falling as I waded back across the swamp, now churned up like a ploughed field by the sharp snouts of the hogs. The way in which they can overturn a plot of ground is really unbelievable.

II

Besides the squirrels that inhabit the trees of the forest, there are others that live exclusively on the ground. These are quite different in appearance, and, being more difficult to obtain, are of more importance for study. We managed to collect a few in traps set for rats, but when a live example was brought to the camp by a small African boy I felt that our chance had come. These animals (*Funisciurus leucostygma*) make a peculiar ticking-clocking sound as if the tongue were being flicked down between the lower teeth, and from this fact I inferred that they could call each other together to partake of the food they unearthed or for other reasons.

We therefore took this little squirrel and placed him in a cage that had previously been sterilized of all human smell by being buried in the leaf mould of the forest floor. This was transported to a remote part of the forest without being touched, and suspended on a crooked stick. We concealed ourselves near the decoy and awaited developments.

The sun was shining brightly when we 'went to earth,' but after half an hour or so, during which the little animal kept up an excited 'clocking,' it clouded over. A stiffling hot wind like a blast from a furnace flue blew up, and the sky got darker and darker. The few tiny patches of sky that could be seen through the leafy roof turned to a foreboding purplish gray like the night sky above a great city, and the trees began to sigh and murmur. It got darker and darker every minute, and all the sounds of the jungle ceased except the plaintive call of the little squirrel.

All at once a noise like an express train started far away to the east. The effect was most peculiar and eerie, because down below in the gloom of the jungle only its echo could be heard, the main volume of the sound passing by overhead, above the foliage. The trees began

to sway with ever-increasing violence until even the giants were bending towards the east, a tearing, roaring hurricane searing through their summits. We remained in a terrible, ominous calm, the daylight faded to a portentous pinkish half-light, while above us the whole world seemed filled with a host of screaming, demented devils, so that the jungle, usually so solid and stable, was bent at a frightening angle. The roaring came rushing onwards, mounting in volume every second until we had to shout with all our might to hear each other.

Then suddenly it came. The hot wind came to a halt, the trees quivered at the shock of it, and without warning the whole floor of the forest rose up with one accord and was blasted upwards into the upper branches of the trees. Leaves, branches, clods of mould, and even logs swirled past us, ripping away our camouflage and hurrying across the turbulent forest floor like live things, then suddenly and unaccountably leaving the solid earth and soaring into the air with ever-increasing speed, only to be whisked out of sight above. Blinding flares of lightning shot and flickered through the crazy bedlam, and huge branches and a cascade of heavy things crashed all about us, only to be caught up in the general headlong flight as soon as they reached the ground and again be projected into the upper air.

Even buried as we were at the bottom of the dense jungle, we had to cling to roots and gasp for breath in the swirling tornado of dust and leaves. Choking and buffeted, we saw an awe-inspiring change. The flying rubbish of this primeval world suddenly paused, quivering in the electric air, and then, as if at a given word, reversed screaming in the direction from which it had so recently bolted. Things tore past us again, colliding with tree trunks and exploding with reports like pistol shots. A new wind, icy-cold and cruel, dived into the forest, the giant trees bowed groaningly away from the terror, and amid vivid electrical dis-

charges solid water came spewing down to earth with the force of miniature bombs.

In two seconds we were drenched to the skin, and water poured off us as if we were in a shower bath. I struggled to my feet and staggered forward through the blinding cascade towards the cage that housed our precious squirrel. The water was falling so compactly that I could see very little, but I soon discovered that the cage had gone. We then began a search and eventually stumbled across the string that had held it. Ben and I advanced again towards an immense tree base formed of towering flanges.

As we entered one of the cubicles formed by these flanges, a curious sight met our eyes. Right in the angle at the junction of the flanges with the base of the tree and the ground, a silvery-white animal with a long bushy tail and tall slim black legs was worrying the cage containing a now terrified and screaming squirrel, just as a terrier would worry a rat. At our approach, this amazing animal jumped round, dropped the cage, and barked at us.

We took up our stand at the mouth of this natural pen and began a cautious advance. The animal growled menacingly, just like a dog, and then made a rush at Ben's naked legs. Being thoroughly surprised, he countered the attack, but the agile animal leaped back again. We continued to advance upon our quarry, but instead of attempting flight, it crouched menacingly behind the cage and bared its fangs at us. I told Ben to take off his singlet and try to put this over its head so that he could effect a capture. I meanwhile stood back ready to dive at it should Ben miss.

This he did completely, because at that moment a large rotten log that must have been lodged up among the branches far above for many months was released by the tornado and crashed down between us. It landed with a sickening thud

not two feet away from us and burst into a thousand small pieces. The nimble mongoose leapt aside, circumnavigated the startled Ben, and bounded past my equally unnerved self. I raised my gun to fire and a stream of water poured out of the barrels, but I let go both charges in quick succession at the fleeing animal. It fell dead after a few paces.

This was the first white mongoose (*Galeriscus nigripes*) we obtained, but later on we managed to film one of these obscure animals in the act of stalking its evening meal.

III

One evening we were busily occupied completing catalogues and other written work. The camp was very still and Ben and Bassi had long since departed into the blackness of the night with the shot-guns and the torch.

A shot rang out some distance away and was followed almost immediately by a quick left and right. After a short pause there came further firing. Suddenly I developed a keen desire to see the spoils and decided to slip out of camp and join the hunt.

Taking the spare torch, I crept away unobserved and was soon weaving my way among the trees and creepers in the direction from which the occasional shots still rang out.

When I was some distance from the position of the last shot fired, I entered an area where a considerable number of animals were noisily moving through the trees above me, apparently shifting from the centre of danger. I shone the beams of the torch upwards in the hope of catching a glimpse of them.

When I did so my whole inside gave a clutch with excitement and delight as I gazed upward, for suspended from a branch almost directly above me was an animal of the most curious though unaccountably lovable appearance. This statement may sound mad, but to those whose childhood was spent among Teddy

bears it may perhaps be intelligible. It was upside down, with an eager little round face peering down over its back at me. So low down was it, indeed, that I could only watch fascinated while it licked its pink nose with a tiny pink tongue to match. The rest of the body was compact, brown and woolly. It blinked at me in the glaring light and then began laboriously clambering forward in the direction of the tree trunk, still suspended upside down like a sloth. A presumably natural urge prompted me to attempt a climb so that I could come to closer quarters with this adorable little toy of the forest and perhaps even capture it.

The climb was not an easy one, though it was a miracle that there were any branches at all to allow of an ascent. This was difficult, as I had to keep the torch beam on the animal all the time so that it would not disappear among the tangled foliage, and the whole procedure evolved into a race between myself and the potto (for that was what it was) to reach the angle between the branch and the trunk. Most unfortunately I got there first.

As I arrived astride the branch the little animal realized the folly of its manœuvre and appeared on the upper side, where it stood on all fours just like any ordinary animal. Here it looked more awkward and not nearly so lovable. Its large feet and hands were turned outward like those of a very old, rheumatic human, and its head hung down in exactly the attitude adopted by a ferocious bear. Being only a few feet distant, I could see plainly the parting in the hairs on its back and the row of spines projecting from its neck. These I knew to be the bony processes of its neck vertebrae, which protrude right through the flesh and appear as a row of naked bony spines. What I did not know, however, until that moment was that the animal could control the fur around them, opening or shutting it so that the spines could be revealed or hidden at will. Nor had I

ever suspected the animal capable of what I subsequently witnessed.

The potto stood up on its hind legs with its forepaws clenched as if in prayer, and then all at once doubled up so that its head disappeared between its crouching hind legs. If an attacker had been advancing to seize its throat at that instant he would have been rent and pinned to the branch by the formidable row of spines.

After this remarkable performance had been repeated two or three times, during which I had been cautiously advancing, the wise little animal turned about, swung on to the underside of the branch, and retreated towards outer space with a rapidity of which I had not suspected him capable. Although only about the size of a small cat, he was able to cling to a branch thicker than a man's torso from underneath and hasten along without any apparent difficulty.

Holding the torch in my mouth, I went after him.

Before I got near my goal, however, I found that I was suspended precariously among a number of branches that seemed by their feel to be far too slender. The time for succor seemed to be at hand, and I let out a piercing and as nearly falsetto yell as I could muster without projecting myself into the outer darkness.

In reply a prodigious cackling, chirruping, and crashing arose all about me. Hooking my arms over some branches, I fumbled for the torch and presently illuminated my surroundings. My predicament was worse than I had suspected, for I soon saw shapes moving around me and discovered that I was in the midst of a very sleepy troop of monkeys. Nearly every day we had seen these animals passing by like ghosts, scampering along their elevated roads, forever out of reach and completely immune from the attacks of all landlubbers. Yet here they were quite dumb and hopeless, blinking in the torchlight and apparently less susceptible to being awakened than a livery clubman.

These animals were quite helpless in the dark. They fell about, whimpered and whined; mothers clutched babies and the larger males crashed around as if they knew the troop should move but were completely devoid of any sense of direction. Many of them bounced about on the branches, suddenly lowering their heads to their forepaws, chattering at me and pulling their scalp and ears backward so that their whole face took on a most frightening though ridiculous countenance. They were putty-nosed guenons (*Cercopithecus nictitans*), and, although I was deeply interested in their habits, our association was not of long duration because things began to give way beneath me. I had to put the torch back into my mouth and look to myself.

One whole branch gave way with both my hands upon it, but by some freak I arrived upside down suspended by my legs with a strong creeper wrapped round my chest. This creeper was my salvation, because I was so long getting unraveled from it that my eyes became accustomed to the dim light (the torch had fallen to the ground) and I eventually swarmed along it until I reached other woody ropes that descended directly to the ground.

I arrived below covered with irritating scratches, with my clothes torn, and quite devoid of any sense of balance, so that I staggered about in the hope of finding the torch. By some miracle again, and with the help of matches, I did so and set out for the camp, which I completely missed. Eventually I struck the narrow forest path and followed it back to our front door.

IV

'Ago'i a-go'i ago-oma
Eanagbo,
A-go'i a-go'i etinko
Eanagbo
Agoi, agoi — MBUI'

The interior of the jungle echoed as if it were a cave and the trees carved in stone. Anongo's yelling voice rang out

far ahead, 'A-go'i' again and again, and a long thin trail of falsetto and bass 'Eanagbos' answered from above our heads and below our feet. We all roared 'Agoi, agoi MBUI' together. Then the world became quiet for a few moments, and only the incessant drip of great blobs of water spattering on broad leaves and an occasional cough from a sweating carrier broke the deathly silence.

Slowly but surely all our possessions, the whole of our little cosmos, crept skyward as tiny insects must do when they fight their way up to the air and the light of day from the depths of the soil. The path was a giant's stairway of huge boulders piled one upon another, moss-covered, cold and quiet in the perpetual gloom — the turbulent floor of an ageless, changeless canopy of steaming greenery. A few paces forward and a man's naked heels appeared on a level with one's eyes. Then came a long pause while some heavy load was hoisted over an obstacle farther up the line, and at last one moved forward again. Would the top never come, like the mountain to Mohammed? Should we, like the insects, never reach the summit and the fresh air?

Then all at once we came to it. The rocky stairway gave place to sticky red clay; the trees rolled back, festooned with waxy, crimson blooms, and we slid blinking out into the blazing sun.

There before us lay a tremendous valley stretching as far as the eye could see. To the right and left rose tier upon tier of softly moulded mountains basking placidly in the still, clear air, bathed in sunlight and clad in tall waving grass, with the wind eddying silently across their face in endless parallel billows. Far up near the powdered sky, little ravines upholstered in dark green forest clung to the face of the grassy mountains or filled in the interstices between the monstrous natural pyramids. The forest ended like a wall to left and right of us, and from our feet the ground dropped right away down to an immense

amphitheatre. The air was crystal clear, and the tiniest sounds — a tinkling, bell-like drum, the bark of a dog, the call of some strange bird — came clear and undiluted from the utmost limits of vision.

Stupefied by the startling beauty into which we had stepped, we began to descend towards the village of Tinta, which we saw lying far below us.

When we were still some distance from the cluster of circular houses, we met a deputation headed by Chief Ekumaw, surrounded by the other notables of this wonderful little tribe of unknown mountain people. With them we entered the compound which was to be our future home, and after a great deal of palaver, exchange of greetings, and our respective renderings of jazz music, they departed, leaving us to set up house.

When all was straight we sat down to a hard-earned dinner. Just as the 'palm-oil chop' was being reverently placed before us, we heard a loud report somewhere far up among the mountains in the direction from which we had come that afternoon from the world beyond. We remarked upon its loudness and its lonesomeness, but soon forgot all about it amid the fragrant aroma of well-peppered palm oil. We sat in silence until neither the food nor our tummies could hold out any longer, and then we fell to smoking in silence.

Then out of the night and the cries of animals came a burble that grew louder and louder. Through a hole in the mud wall of the house I could see tiny lanterns approaching. The chimpanzees — Mary and 'The Oaf' — began whimpering and complaining from the darkness of their cage on the mud platform behind the house, and people stirred around the cook's domains, but the burble passed by to the village below, where a still greater commotion began. Soon a small army was advancing towards the house from that direction.

I was surprised to see among them the princely Chief Ekumaw, surround-

ed by many tall wiry men clad only in leather loincloths and bearing immense long Dane guns. Ety'i, the preposterous official court messenger who had been kindly lent to us by the political officer as interpreter for this particular trip, was also with the company. There were others too, in strange masks.

'Do they bring medicine?' I asked — which means music, a dance, or magic, as all these three, together with medicine proper, are part of one and the same thing in the mind of the African.

'No, masters,' replied Ety'i with a positively pyrotechnic display of gestures. Then everybody began to talk at once, until we became equally excited.

'Ben, what the devil is it all about?'

'Tick — ehn, I no savvy how they talk, master.'

'Well, ask Ety'i, then.'

'He say they bring story of a great beef.'

'Well, which man fit tell story, make you find out one time.'

'Master, this old man he speak English better than Ety'i.'

'Let this man talk, then,' I commanded, and he talked thus.

'This man,' the old fellow began, pointing to a tall muscular African with a savage, insolent face, 'do walker-walker for bush high for up,' pointing to the hills behind the house. 'He hear much animal talk. He be great hunter for these parts [loud grunts of assent from all quarters], so he walker softly-softly for side of small banana farm and, *whough!* — there for him very eye he see huge beef.'

At this juncture the old gentleman, whom we subsequently learned was a great-great-grandfather, became so enthusiastic that he leaped off the floor in an endeavor to reach the top of the animal's stature in his mind's eye. As he continued he leaped about, groaned, burbled, grimaced, and acted every detail and endless extemporizations on the whole story.

'Which kind of beef this be?' I asked by way of encouragement, but there was no need. After staring at me wide-eyed for a second, the old chap was off again.

'He no be beef, he be so-so man; but he no be man, he be big too much,' and he flung out his arms. 'He black all, he 'trong like plenty-plenty man.' Then he fell to a literal demonstration of the appearance and behavior of this fantastic beast.

'Yes, but what the hunter make?' I urged.

'Ah-haaaa!' everybody agreed.

'Arrrr!' shouted the centenarian, rushing to the far corner of the compound. 'The beef he holler, he holler too much — *bluooer-bluooer* — he COME so!' and he rushed bellowing towards us, sweeping everything within his reach into his arms. 'The hunter he shoot, *bang!* — then he run, he run, he run come for tell chief!' And our raconteur fell, exhausted.

We held a hurried conference. Could it be a gorilla? We looked at each other and then commenced questioning the local inhabitants. Yes, they knew the 'man-beef'; there were many of them about. This animal was indeed one. I sent for a picture of a gorilla and showed it to the chief. The place was filled with 'ah-hurrs' of assent.

Was the beef dead, we inquired. The hunter did n't know. He had not waited to find out! If it was not dead, would it still be there? Were there others? Could we go and see? How far away did it happen? And a hundred other questions we asked. Eventually it was decided that it was probably wounded, and, as it was the father, the family would doubtless hang about; therefore it would be best to start before dawn in search of it. After some further talk they all went away.

By the time we had breakfasted and got out the guns, a little knot of hunters had collected outside the house. We were far up the side of the mountain before dawn began to light up the sky.

From then on the world began to take on a very grim appearance, at least to us. I had imagined that we were going up a mountain to look for a gorilla, but apparently the hunter who was leading us, and whose face I had always suspected, had other ideas. He seemed bent on showing us how many mountains there were in Assumbo, and how straight and tall and fine they were. First we marched up the road by which we had descended into this country, and when we got to the very summit, where the tall forest ended, he suddenly dived to the left among the dense undergrowth. We followed, only to be confronted by his heels. Then began a perpendicular ascent, which he and the other Assumbos tackled at a steady four miles an hour — in fact at the same speed that they would a stretch of perfectly level ground. We scrambled up behind them as best we could, clawing hold of anything we could lay our hands, our feet, or even our teeth and chins on to gain a hold.

Soon we were buried deep in a more or less solid mass of intimately woven and interwoven creepers covered with long moss and branches festooned with lichens like old men's beards.

But we went on up forever into the cold mists at the same hectic rate. Perspiration burst out all over me, saturating my clothes from within as the dripping vegetation was doing from without. This was no ordinary sweat — it was icy cold.

Then matters got even worse. The plexus of wiry creepers descended in one great mass to the very ground and even the hunters were brought up sharp. We fell on our stomachs and began squirming forward. Progress was naturally rather slow because all these creepers in this part of the forest were armed with long thorns. At last the hunter in front of me beckoned and pointed out some small plants about six inches tall. These looked like tiny saplings having a woody stem and only about half a dozen large leaves. Some of these leaves he showed

me had semicircular pieces bitten neatly out of them.

'Gorilla!' he said, pointing to his mouth and making his jaws work as if eating. Then we were all brought to a halt.

The ground fell away before us. We were at the top at last. The chief hunter informed us that it was at this spot that he first saw the gorilla. He pointed forward with his finger and we wriggled cautiously onward. Before us lay a solid wall of undergrowth into which we cautiously thrust our way.

Suddenly there was a crash almost at my elbow, the foliage parted, and a great expanse of silvery hair flashed by in the same direction that we were moving. All my nerves gave one great lurch and I fumbled hysterically for the camera. Then I glanced round, but Ben was well out of reach, firmly caught up in a mass of creepers with the gun so tied up that I could not possibly get hold of it for action. At that instant there was a shout from the hunter farther to the right, and, stepping forward, I fell headlong.

The ground dropped almost perpendicularly and so did I. Right before me I just caught a glimpse of a colossal black and white object, then it disappeared behind some leaves and emitted the most fearsome gurgling grunts. I sprawled amongst the undergrowth.

When I scrambled out I found myself on the edge of a small banana plantation choked with other low growth. Beside me stood all the hunters, and lying in their midst was an enormous swollen corpse. It was a huge male gorilla, dead as a doornail, and belching up the gases formed by the decomposition of the food in its dead belly.

Apparently the hunter's chance shot of the night before had found its mark, and the animal had died where it stood feeding on the top of the bank. As we advanced, one of us must have released a creeper that held it up, and it had

fallen down under its own weight, flattening the undergrowth and emitting those bloodthirsty gurgling sounds as it rolled over and over, the gases pouring out of its mouth.

Men left at once for the village and we settled ourselves down to await their return. During this time we had ample opportunity of examining our prize. A really large male gorilla in the flesh is a thing that very few have the good fortune to encounter, and still fewer the chance to handle in perfect comfort. Such sights come only once in a lifetime, a thing that we fully realized and appreciated as we stood there gazing at this sad old man of the mountains.

I shall never quite live down the emotions that this sight conjured up inside me. I had always been taught to think of the gorilla as the very essence of savagery and terror, and now there lay this hoary old vegetarian, his immense arms folded over his great potbelly, all the fire gone from his wrinkled black face, his soft brown eyes wide open beneath their long straight lashes and filled with an infinite sorrow. Into his whole demeanor I could not help reading the tragedy of his race, driven from the plains up into the mountains countless centuries ago by more active ape-like creatures — perhaps even our own forbears; chivied hither and thither by the ever-encroaching hordes of hairless, shouting little men, his young ones snatched by leopards, his feeding grounds restricted by farms and paths and native huntsmen. All around him was a changing world against which he bellowed his defiance to the end, rushing forward to meet the bits of lead and gravel blasted at him by his puny rival.

At last the Munchis came and the sad old man was lashed to two young trees and borne away by thirty staggering, chanting humans; away from the silence of the mists, away from his last tangled stronghold; and yet not quite the last of the giants and not quite unmourned.

RIVER POLAK

BY MARI SANDOZ

I

FOR one week in the spring the Niobrara River jammed its bed with broken ice. Its gray floodwaters rose over the bottom lands, piling trash at the feet of the ash and box elder along the bluffs, with here and there a bridge plank or a drowned hog in the willows. From then until fall the tepid little stream flowed tranquilly past the old cottonwood leaning from the cutbank of sandstone, making a soft, friendly little sound as it ran past the Polanders'.

On quiet June evenings a blue plume of corncob smoke rose over the Smolka house in the little ash grove and hung in thin threads along the shadowing bluffs. Now and then a bell tinkled somewhere, not loud or often, for the cows had learned not to disturb the clapper overmuch.

But this evening there was no hand cupped to the ear for cowbells. Instead, Yonak Smolka was squandering his time on Indian Bluff, at the feet of the bare-legged little American girl, Eckie Mason, making a wreath of wild flowers for her. And as he selected one sprig of bloom after another from the girl's apron, he forgot that his tongue had a way of escaping his lips when he worked, that his shoes were manure-yellowed and too large to pass in a plough furrow.

At last the boy shook his hair that was bleached and unruly as weathered binder twine from his eyes. Then he arose, unbelievably long and awkward, holding the thick wreath of purple and yellow wild peas like a thing of fragile

china on the palms of his broad hands before the waiting girl.

'I—c-crown you,' he stammered, breathing hard, 'I c-c-crown —' But his voice broke and he jammed the wreath down hard on the girl's dark hair, glad to be rid of it. There it hung, over one ear and the delicate nose as on a post.

Seeing that Eckie still waited, he fell awkwardly to one knee, touched his lips to her extended hand, and sat back on his haunches in relief.

'The glass,' Eckie prompted in a whisper.

Yonak wiped a bit of broken mirror on his overalls and held it up. The girl straightened the wreath, and, seeing only a blur of purple and gold and no sun-burned face, she sighed. 'I wisht I could be like this all the time, with no sick baby to mind and no cows to get.'

At the mention of chores Yonak let the glass clink down his overalls to the gravel as he straightened up and peered under his palm toward the shadowed grove across the river. 'Gee, I bet Pa be home and I have not the cows. . . . Maybe he knock me down.'

But the sun stood large on the bluffs, powdering the quiet evening air and spreading a bright path over the moving water. And suddenly for him there was no angry Polish father with eyes red from the jug under the bed of Ignaz Kodis.

'Look it!' he cried, wanting Eckie to see that the water was like mice running

under a golden sheet and that the purple stealing down the draws was the flying veil on his sister Olga's new hat. But before his thick tongue could move to it a woman's voice called up the bluff. 'Eckie! — Eckie! — Come away from that dumb Polak and mind this baby!'

Holding the wreath to her head and without a look or a word for the boy, Eckie ran down the shadowing slope to throw clods at the two milch cows switching indolent tails in a patch of sandburrs where she could not follow barefooted.

With the bright sun still upon him, Yonak watched the girl vanish along the path through the brush. Then he kicked a pebble bounding after her and plodded down the slope toward the river. Dumb Polak — dumb, left-alone Polak. Sometimes even Olga wanted to be American, with an American name, Ollie Smith, not a greenhorn Smolka. But only when she was angry with her father. Other times she laughed and strutted a little, like her black Leghorn rooster, saying, 'Pretty good for dumb Polander, no?'

II

From the time Yonak's thick baby legs could keep his sister in sight they had played together. Often it was games like going to the market in the Old Country, under the cottonwood leaning over the Niobrara River. They played selling syrup buckets full of wild flowers, the cat and her kittens, their pet rooster or the runty pig that would n't stand still and so fell off into the water and had to be dragged out. And once, when the house was dark and empty, they sneaked out their mother's black Sunday shawl. And then Olga was the queen of the market and made music with the accordion like a fine big dance with many rich city people.

When she was fifteen the father heard that his countrymen down the river took in much money from their sons and daughters who worked for the Ameri-

cans. He got Olga a job at Union, waiting tables, and once a week he stopped at the back door for her pay.

It was during his first summer alone that Yonak found the American girl across the river. She was watching a bull snake try to get the bulge in his middle that had been a gopher into a mouse hole. It was very funny and they laughed together. After that they were what the Americans called friends, and so she took the Polish boy up to her house and showed him how to make good races with the Leghorn roosters. Her mother said it was bad, but she did n't think so. The roosters liked it. Yonak found it truly so.

After that he often hit the wire fence between the two places with a stick and made it sing to let Eckie know he was going down by the river. Sometimes she could get away and came running, dodging barefooted through sandburrs and rosebushes. Then Yonak cut whistles if the willows were sapping, made bows and arrows for them both, or scalded crawdads to a blood red in an old tomato can to eat with salt.

And now, to-day, he had made the wreath.

When the house was filled with warm, dark silence, Yonak lay in the little half-dugout bedroom under the picture of the thorn-crowned Christ, and thought about it. Gradually he forgot the throb of his head from Big Steve Smolka's willow whipstock and the hurt of the American woman's words, calling him a dumb Polak. The memory of the girl's hand against his lips was like sweet, gritty bumblebee honey from the nest in the meadow. And below the grove the river made its soft, busy little sound as it ran past the Polanders'.

The next day Olga came home for her birthday. She was seventeen now, dark hair short, eyes swift and blue as the kingfisher's, and with only red-lipped contempt for the old bachelor Ignaz Kodis who hoped to trade a daily drink from the jug under the bed for the high-

headed Smolka girl. She would give Ignaz a bellyful of fight, Big Steve promised loudly after the third tipping of the jug. She was a bad one, that Olga, standing up to her father like the August thunderhead, making the ground to shake with a great wind and fire and noise, until the little mother hid her face in the headcloth.

And Ignaz licked his brown lips and passed the jug once more.

A week later Steve Smolka brought home a full bottle of whiskey and walked so straight that there must surely have been more. He filled a cup half full of cold coffee and brimmed it over with the paler liquid.

'To-morrow I get Olga from the town and the next day it will be a wedding,' he said through his floating moustache.

With shaking hands the mother wiped up the ham fat she spilled on the hot lids and moved quickly to put the supper on the table. Once or twice she coughed into a white rag that she hid in her slit pocket. Steven talked big. No more cutting corn by hand, Yonak! From now on it would be the binder of Ignaz Kodis, and perhaps a ride to the town in his car on Saturdays.

After supper Yonak slipped through the dark trees to the soft-looking gray clumps of buffalo-berry brush. They were really not soft at all, but stood thick and thorny about him, shutting out everything except the fragile lace of the fireflies and the square of yellow that was the window of the Americans across the river.

Before the sun stood man-high the next morning Big Steve was gone. A sad murmur as of fall insects rose gradually from the darkened bedroom where the mother knelt before a dim candle. Yonak put the milk away quickly and went into the yard where he need not hear. His pet rooster gave a high cackle and fled. When there was no pursuit, he came back curiously, looking sidewise at the boy, scolding. Slowly Yonak roused himself and the rooster was gone again, un-

der thistles, over fences, dodging, scolding, squawking. At last the boy caught him, stroked his gleaming black neck, and watched the American girl, the baby across her hip, come to the bridge to fish in the deep hole at the pilings. He threw the rooster a handful of wheat and made business at the sweet-corn patch across the river. With the doubletrees balancing across his shoulders he stopped on the bridge.

'What you using?' he asked casually.

'Grubworms.'

'Grasshoppers is better.'

'Maybe,' the American girl admitted, flipping a silvery chub from the water, 'but I bet you could n't catch many grasshoppers neither with a sick kid like Dickie hanging onto you.'

'Oh, I dunno.' Yonak spit into the water and went on, his big feet clapping on the planks like a horse, pretending he never made a wreath for an American girl, never a purple and gold wreath, and that there was no soft, sad noise in his mother's bedroom.

That night there were violent words over the oilcloth-covered table in the Smolka kitchen. Once the mother dared remonstrate, but Steve sent her back into the shadows with the flat of his hand and Yonak had to lead her away to cry in the outside darkness. Olga better give up; only get a smashed mouth for her wedding.

And at last she tossed her short black hair out of her eyes and, grabbing her red accordion, played like drunk or crazy. Her teeth, white as corn in milk, flashed; sweat beaded her forehead. Finally she went to bed. Yonak lay tense and still as she crept into the cot across the dug-out from him. Until the rooster crowed she cried softly.

In the morning she was gone. It was Yonak who found her, hanging from the cottonwood over the river. When Ignaz came in his old car to the wedding Yonak had to tell him. Red moustache bristling, the man swore that Big Steve had cheated him. Without going in

to look at the girl laid out in her new white dress he went home to his corn. A dead woman is no good to a man and the sunflowers do not wait.

All the June day Steve Smolka sat with his fingers over his face while his Polish neighbors hammered together a long box and covered it with black cloth. That evening they buried Olga near the little white church on the Flats, where the roads going in and out cross, as was fitting.

Yonak stayed behind in the dusk at the leveled grave. Suddenly the American girl was there with him. Softly she laid a wreath of bluebells on the new earth and ran away. Yonak put his hand out to the flowers. They were cool as the waters of the Niobrara.

After Olga was gone the mother leaned lower under the sacks of weeds she carried home for the pigs; she huddled closer into her dark headcloth. Big Steve drank less and went to church, but the river Polanders avoided him. It was not right, this that Steve Smolka had done. Olga was sweet as the chokecherry blooms in the spring. Here it was not like the Old Country. One must use less of the club and more of the sugar on the colts.

The mother coughed steadily from the days of the black frost to the white. By spring she lay still in her dark bedroom. Because she would not have a doctor Yonak steeped camomile and brewed wild-sage tea in an iron pot, but it was as nothing. *Na*, what must be must be, she tried to tell this boy with the man bones pushing through his round cheeks. Only fifteen and already high as Big Steve, and no catalogue shoes big enough.

Then one night when Steve was in town with the fat pigs she called the boy to her. He cleared away the blood-soaked pillow and washed her white face. She smiled up to him, like a tired little child. He must not be afraid.

When the father came Yonak left him alone with the still, white woman on the bed. He walked fast to the old cotton-

wood. The tree still leaned a long arm over the river. Somewhere far in the high blue of the sky a bobolink sloped and sang. Only to him and to his father was everything different.

A sound of running feet came up the oowpath and Eckie stood before the Polish boy. He turned his light eyes upon her. 'Why you come to bother me?' he cried, and could have bitten his tongue out.

Mutely the girl pushed something hard into Yonak's hand and ran, her faded blue dress flying across the bridge and into her own yard, and on the boy's calloused palm lay a round, shiny disk, — a pyrite, a shepherd had said, — Eckie's lovely gold dollar.

The next day Mrs. Mason brought the geranium blooms of all the Americans for miles around in a washtub to put over the town-bought coffin. Yonak scarcely knew that, or heard the good words she made for him now. He stared straight ahead, gripping the gold dollar until it cut his palm.

III

That summer Yonak looked often toward the house across the river. Sometimes he sneaked through the brush to watch the American girl pick black currants or gather wood. She was growing straight and fine like the young cottonwood, and her hands were gentle as the night winds in the leaves. But he never spoke to her after her sick little brother died. There was nothing he could say to the American girl. And soon she was going to Union to high school, to work for her board, be a teacher.

Once she saw him there and stopped him outside of the trading store to ask how it was with them on the Niobrara. Two of her classmates, scrawny in their dirty corduroys, saw them. 'Migod! Look at the big Polander!'

The girl tried to laugh up at Yonak, to make it good. 'They're just sorry they're such little runts.'

But the boy turned away and went down the middle of the dusty street to where the team was eating from the wagon. He hunched down on the tongue and kicked a hole in the ground. Town was no good. And the American girl had no business talking to him, not with a dress the color of wild-grape wine, her short black hair like wild geese flying before the wind.

IV

In the summer Yonak and Steve worked the fields and watched the wind-streaked sky. If rain came, like long blue brooms sweeping across the dusty flats, it was money in the bank. If not — chickens one year, feathers the next. Anyhow, the Polanders still had the river.

But to Yonak the Niobrara was not just water for grass and cabbages and sweet corn. It was something to see suddenly from under a fork of hay, to hear in the aloneness of the night. It brought a fine hurting to his arms when he looked down upon it in October, the cottonwoods lemon yellow, the ash trees slim golden flames against the gray of the bluffs; or when he came down the spring slope, walking behind the deep-breasted mares, the chain tugs rattling.

When Big Steve's wife was dead three years he got a gallon jug for under his bed, sent for a new suit and a tie, shaved his moustache, greased his shoes, and started to Mass again. Several times he drove to the Polish settlement on Snake River, to come back smelling of bad alcohol and cursing the American Poles as pigs.

Yonak, eighteen now, looked on in silence. At night, lying where the mother had died, he had to hear the heavy breathing of Big Steve beside him. Dark thoughts came to the boy, partly because his father breathed so, like the boar pig in the pen, but mostly because he was writing to a countryman in Chicago for a mail-order wife.

It was said that the matchmaker was a good one. For forty dollars he got a wife for Ignaz Kodis, not too old and only a little lame. She worked well and gave him strong children, one a year.

In a few weeks Steve was talking big of the wife he too would get, with the good name of Jadwiga Hajek, only thirty; and if a little older, what matter? Sixty dollars down for the match and one hundred for the wedding garments.

She met Steve at the depot in a pink silk dress like a costly American woman. Her kiss brought another red than that of the wind and the jug to the Polander's face. But she would not marry yet. 'Be better to wait and see if we fit together,' she told him in awkward Polish.

'Na, it gives bad talk so!' he protested, which was enough.

But it was not enough for the woman from Chicago. She laughed with open mouth, her gold teeth and the black stuff on her round parrot eyes shining, free for all the loafers to see.

She did not laugh when she saw Steve's place. Did rich farmers here live in dumps like that, she asked, pointing a red-nailed finger at the two-room soddy with its dugout lean-to. Seeing the man's flush of anger, she kissed him on the mouth, her round eyes already seeking the son.

Not until dark did Yonak come to the house, and slowly then, seeing a woman with hair that was burnt corn-silk, and a mouth like blood, on his father's knee. He stopped in the doorway, the light from the high lamp spilling over his hair, over the smooth tan of his face and the faded blue of his overalls. The woman sucked in her breath. She went to him, close to him, and looking up under greasy lids, she asked, 'You are Yonak?'

Standing on tiptoe, she mussed his blond hair and ran her fingers down his cheek line to his lips. They smelled like flowers in the late spring, flowers wilting.

'Big, strong man,' she said. Turning the lamp down, she pulled him to the bench beside her. 'Now you are not Yonak, Polak, but Jack, American,' she told him.

Afterward Yonak tried to forget the violence of that week between his father and Dolly Hall, as Jadwiga Hajek would be called. She was no greenhorn Polisher, she told Big Steve, standing up to his anger. But always her eyes, her hands, were for the young Yonak, so tall and fine, even with the dirt of the milking pen on his shoes.

It was the son she would marry.

Steve threw his head back and opened his mouth wide. A good joke, good Polish joke.

But already the son was gone, out into the night. The woman was after him, holding to the doorknob, looking into the blackness. The father stopped his laughing and his anger broke like the gray floodwaters of the Niobrara, but the woman stood against him like the pilings of the good-built bridge. Yes, it was the son she would have. The son. The son.

And then it came over Steve that he could not let her go. So he became sly. Yes, yes, the son. Ah, he was a young fool, this Yonak, but if she would have him, *phutt*, so it should stand. Let them talk of it to-morrow.

No. To-night. Now.

But Yonak did not come when Steve called from the doorway, not the next morning or all the next day. Steve cursed; the cows bawled. At last, when the woman went to call from the hill that it was only a joke, American joke, Yonak crawled out of the buffalo-berry brush, his face gaunt, his eyes light and hard. He came in for the milk pails and went out again. In the morning he looked down upon Steve, still in a sour, drunken stupor, and then he went away to the field.

And when the son returned in the evening the woman met him at the door in a fresh house dress, with a nice red drink

for him. It was cool to the dusty throat and he had another, many more, until the woman's words were gentle upon his ear, her hair sweet to his lips.

The next morning Yonak roused himself as from the muck of a river flood. When his eyes cleared a little he ran out across the bottom land that smelled of dew, the boggy portions blue-tinged with violets. A coyote slunk away from a handful of feathers, all that was left of a Leghorn rooster out too early because Yonak had forgotten to close the hen-house. He kicked the wet feathers sadly and went to stand at the old cottonwood over the river, his head against the rough bark, his face shiny as wet, gray clay. This time Eckie would not come. Last week she had finished the high school. In the fall she would be a teacher.

After a while Yonak fell to cutting into the old tree with his knife, far back under the bark. He let the sun play on the bright disk that was Eckie's gold dollar before he pushed it out of sight under the bark and painted the spot with mud.

Then he tried to look over into to-morrow, but it was dark as the smoke of a prairie fire. And so he washed his head at the river and was surprised that the water could still be cool to him.

V

It took Dolly Hall just one day to spread the news, laughing at the Polish women who stood away from her when they spoke of their part in the wedding feast. The next day she got Steve to take her to town. They came home singing through the dusk, in a new car that the woman drove. Yonak plodded up from the milking pen between two brimming pails to the house. Ah, but there was news, Dolly cried to him. They were sold out—land, cattle, horses, everything. They were all going to Detroit in the morning, to Dolly's brother working in the automobile factory. He would make the wedding feast.

Yonak set the milk pails among the cats and walked away, up the hill and through the corn, his boots bruising a fragrance from the young, green leaves. It still smelled the same, like his field, his home. He belonged here, with the river and the ploughed land under his feet, deep-rooted in good soil.

To-night he did not go to the cottonwood, although he knew the little winds were in its leaves. Instead he went to the bridge, so white in the moonlight, and sat on the willow-grown approach where he could see the light in the Americans' kitchen.

After a long time someone came along the railing toward him. Suddenly it was Eckie, there before him, in a light dress like river mist. She turned away when she saw him.

'You don't have to be afraid of me,' Yonak said bitterly through his fingers.

'Oh, no,' she answered quickly, but without returning.

'We go away.'

The light oval of the girl's face moved, indicating knowledge. She wished them luck. It would be fine in the great city.

'It will be bad — bad like a sickness and a dying!' the young Polander cried, and stumbled away into the brush.

And when he did not return to the Smolka grove that night or the next morning there was much talk. So! — like his sister. But they could not find him hanging from a tree anywhere.

Dolly Hall was angry. Greenhorn Polak! But she did not wish to lose everything, and so she married Steve at Union — Steve and his three thousand dollars cash.

VI

Yonak, working in a packing plant in Chicago, knew nothing of the wedding, not until the three thousand cash had vanished and Old Steve, hearing of his son through a countryman, came to him. *Na*, it was bad. The American Polish woman was worse than two or ten of the English-speakers.

He brought word, too, of the Americans across the river, the Eckie and her people. The mother was dead and the girl she must come home to care for the sick father, sick from a horse kick in the back — not walk for a long time.

Yonak listened and then went out through the town, to the bridge over the river that did not smell like the Niobrara in the spring. A long time he looked into the oily water.

The next day they rented a little house and Steve cleared away the cans from the back. He would grow the cabbages and the onions for his Polish neighbors.

After a few months Dolly came too, for Steve still held a five-year mortgage for half his place. Greenhorns, she called the men when they would not move to an apartment. But she stayed, entertaining her drunken friends in sleazy satin pajamas. It was not good, Old Steve grumbled, but there was none to listen.

If Yonak hoped that the stench of the fertilizer dumps that was close as his skin would rid them of his father's wife, he was mistaken. She complained about it and her friends made fun, but that was all.

Then, one night in late April, Yonak lay on his hot bed with the moonlight across him and thought how fine it would be to walk along a fence once more, making the barbed wire hum under a tapping stick while his shadow grew long on the evening grass. How fine to see the faded blue dress of the little American girl come running through the brush. And soon it would be time for the purple and yellow flowers he had once made into a wreath.

The next morning the heat was like a dirty featherbed to the face. At noon a wind grew up from the far land, cool, gentle, wet as the mists of the spring Niobrara. To Yonak it brought the smell of new ground, warm horseflesh, and slopes snowy with wild plum and chokecherry bloom. A joy ran through

his dead arms like the first cracking of winter ice in the river. He sent his unopened lunch pail against the shed so the wood splintered and broke, the tin flattened, and the gray coffee splattered out. But Yonak did not stop to see. He ran like a wild animal, wild with spring.

Two days later the young Polander was headed across the Flats to the Niobrara and knew, from the curious look the mail carrier gave him, that in spite of soap and hot water and new clothes he was still a packing-house stinker. He looked away over the shaggy prairie moving past as slowly as the flow of earth into the valley. Everything was so small, so drab, the Flats like a palm dusty with the thin green of early spring. Many homes were gone, broad fields unworked, gray with weeds. Three years' drouth, hand-running, the carrier said. That, with seven years' hard times, just about cleaned up the farmer. Old Phipps closed out most everybody across the river.

Yonak nodded. He knew Phipps and bad times. Chicken one year and feathers the next. He was watching a curlew drop whistling to a knoll, pinkish-brown wings folded over the back like praying palms. There was still time to clean the rusty ploughshare with sand and coal oil, put in corn. The rains would come.

'The whole damn country's for rent,' the mail carrier told him. 'There's your old place, empty. The renters could n't raise the money and was put off. On relief up to Union now. Old-timer down that way too, crippled bad.'

He rambled on, but Yonak did not hear. He got off at the graying, deserted little church, the mail carrier shouting back that he'd be along again in a couple hours, glad to pick him up. When the truck was gone, Yonak went to his mother's grave, level now, the little wooden cross down in the weeds. And over the spot where the roads going in and out of the cemetery crossed, where

Eckie had brought the wreath of blue-bells to his sister, dead sunflowers rattled in the wind.

Heavily Yonak started through his old field, mangy with patches of spreading rye grass. Poor farming. It was not good to do the land so.

At the brow of the bluff he looked down upon the Niobrara and his sadness grew. This was not the river that had come to him on that rare, soft wind over the soiled city. This was little more than a creek, with a deep canyon of greening trees tucked against bare sandstone. And across from him was a bald knob, the Indian bluff where he had once made a wreath for an American girl.

Then he saw that Eckie's house was gone, the gray stones of the foundation scattered like dirty chickens over the bare yard. Suddenly afraid, he ran down the hill toward his own home, the shadow of a hawk circling over the ground before him. Only a dozen cattle-rubbed ash and box-elder trees were left of the grove. The sod house stood vacant-eyed as an old woman, the windows gone, the floor covered with newspapers, not yet yellowed, and fresh chicken droppings.

VII

At last Yonak moved to plod past the sagging door of the henhouse and to the old cottonwood. It, too, was gone. Undermined by spring floods, it had crashed into the water, the branches catching trash until the river turned its back and shifted the channel to the other side, leaving only a rain-dappled sand bar around the bleaching old trunk, with the lacy tracks of a turtle across it.

Slowly Yonak started away, along the river to the road that led over the bluffs and off toward the railroad. The water rippled past him over yellow sand wavy as a woman's hair, but he did not see it. The tangled swamp grass caught at his shoes and he did not feel it.

Suddenly there was a high cackle at

his feet, and a bunch of black and russet feathers rose from the water's edge and fled squawking past him. It was a rooster, a brown Leghorn, the tail gone, probably lost to some coyote. But the fowl did not go far. Under a buffalo-berry clump he stopped to look back, scolding.

With a whoop Yonak was after him, his heart pounding with excitement as the rooster ran and flew toward the grove. He turned the corner of the hen-house in time to see the Leghorn flutter off the ground and scramble into a rusty oil barrel through the six-inch bung, just wide enough for the scrawny body. Yonak leaned against the rooty old sod wall, puffing, laughing. The little devil! He was tailless, bedraggled of feathers and with frozen comb, but he stayed on.

Inside the barrel the cackling had died. Yonak tried to look into the blackness and was met with a vigorous clatter of claws on metal and an alarmed squawk. He started to shake the barrel a little,

and stopped. Under his hand, across the dirty metal of the top, was a name — E. C. Mason. It was the Americans. Eckie.

So that was how the rooster could race.

Then Yonak remembered what the mail carrier had said. Old-timer, crippled. And Phipps closing everybody out for his cattle. So it happened that the Smolka field was grass. She who was slim and fine as a young cottonwood trying to hold the plough.

Once more he began to laugh, harder this time, like a March wind that clears away the dead things of a long, long winter. To the cackling rooster he promised Eckie, the American, and her father back. 'I make them come,' he said, 'and once more it be good farming and fine racing, no?' Then he started toward the road again, walking very fast, to catch the mail truck for Union. And behind him the Niobrara flowed tranquilly on, making a soft, friendly little sound as it ran past the old grove of the Polanders.

THE CIO TURNS A PAGE

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

IT has for more than a year been obvious that the future of the CIO depended for its success upon the organization of steel workers.

In July 1936, the American Iron and Steel Institute issued an advertisement, speaking for all the producing steel companies, in which the policy was set forth that 'no employee in the steel industry has to join any organization to get or hold a job.' This was a direct challenge to the CIO, which was then beginning to organize the CIO in steel.

At the time that this advertisement was published, it represented the policy of the principal steel companies; otherwise it could not have been issued through the Institute. At that moment the CIO was little understood; John Lewis, although long a factor in coal, had never heretofore been a leader among steel workers. The old 'Amalgamated,' the A. F. of L. steel unit, was moribund and its leaders quiescent. Steel producers believed that their employee representation plans and so-called 'company unions' would withstand CIO attacks. The industry was pushing up to normal production. Wages were reaching 1929 levels, and it was obvious that they would go higher. Man power was in the 1929 bracket and there was talk of a shortage of skilled labor. Certain social improvements had been made and others were being planned — such as time and a half for overtime, vacations with pay, and so forth.

This situation was completely altered on March 2, 1937, when a contract was signed between Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation and the Steel Workers Organizing Committee on behalf of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America. (For purposes of ready reference, this body will be termed the CIO.) Carnegie-Illinois is the principal subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. March 2 was a Tuesday. The other principal steel companies did not know that such an agreement was to be signed until the preceding Friday.

Much has been written about the origin of this agreement — much that is rumor, hearsay, and propagandistic gibberish. I am not going to add anything to that. What is important from the standpoint of this article is its effect upon the steel industry.

It must be understood that in steel, a highly competitive industry, the following are the principal companies from the standpoint of capitalization, volume of production, and number of men employed: United States Steel Corporation, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Republic Steel Corporation, Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, National Steel Corporation, Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation, Inland Steel Corporation, the American Rolling Mill Company, Wheeling Steel Corporation, and Crucible Steel Company of America.

If the analysis is made from the standpoint of ingot production, these ten

companies produce somewhat more than 80 per cent of the ingot produced in the United States. The United States Steel Corporation alone (in 1936) probably produced about 35 per cent, the other companies producing close to 50 per cent.

It is important to realize that Republic, National, and Inland forged ahead during the depression years and that at least one of these companies earned a profit every year of the depression when other companies were suffering great losses. Whereas up to the depression the leadership of the United States Steel Corporation in setting steel policy for the entire industry was rarely, if ever, questioned, during recent years there has been no such thing as 'steel policy,' each company acting for itself.

All this must be known and understood if the recent (and perhaps, when this is printed, present) strike is to be understood. It is a fallacy, in my opinion, to speak of the 'independents' in the steel industry: that word belonged to another period. Now we face a number of steel producers who speak for themselves — Myron C. Taylor, Eugene Grace, Tom Girdler, E. T. Weir, Frank Purnell, the Block brothers, H. E. Lewis, and Charles R. Hook. No one speaks for the other. When they speak as one voice, it is because they have agreed in advance to speak as one voice.

After the signing of the Carnegie-Illinois contract with the CIO, a veritable babel of voices was heard in the steel industry. Some said that they would sign similar agreements; others said that they would not. A number of the smaller companies signed with the CIO, but of the nine companies listed above not one signed until the spring steel strikes. Then Jones and Laughlin signed an agreement identical with the Carnegie-Illinois after a short strike and after a vote was taken among the Jones and Laughlin workers. Wheeling and Crucible also signed such an agreement. The remaining six did not sign.

Although these six companies continued to function independently of each other, because of circumstances arising from the strikes Tom Girdler of Republic was accepted by the public as spokesman for the group. It must be noted, however, that Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Inland, and Bethlehem each issued statements independent of Girdler. National and American Rolling Mill were not involved in the strike situation.

II

The strikes in steel were unusual in that the issue did not involve wages, hours of work, or working conditions. Only one issue was at stake, the signing of an agreement, similar to the Carnegie-Illinois agreement with the CIO. That agreement does not provide for wages, hours, or working conditions different from or superior to those existing in the struck companies at the moment of the strike. This fact simplified the situation, for the only question was whether a contract would be signed with one particular organization, the CIO — with or without the consent of the men.

The CIO contended that it represented the majority of the workers in the steel industry, that under the Wagner Act it therefore represented the workers, and that it was not logical for the employers to refuse to sign an agreement with the men's representatives.

The employers' view is this: —

1. That the CIO does not represent the men, and there is no evidence that it does;

2. That the men want to work and, wherever given the opportunity, have continued to work even under the most adverse conditions;

3. That the CIO is an irresponsible body made up of all sorts of irresponsible elements, and that it does not live up to its contracts (for instance, there have been two hundred strikes in the forty-eight General Motors plants subsequent

to the signing of an agreement between General Motors and the CIO);

4. That the Wagner Act calls for collective bargaining but not for a signed agreement, that Senator Wagner in explaining the Act prior to these strikes interpreted his own measure as not requiring a signed agreement, and that the Supreme Court in the Wagner Act decisions specifically held that the Act did not provide for signed agreements;

5. That the CIO had not had any part in determining the wage rates, hours, or other working conditions, and therefore had no basis for asking for any agreement relating thereto.

And there the issue has remained. Millions of dollars have been lost, men have been killed and wounded, much politics has been played. But the issue remains unchanged. I shall quote here from Tom Girdler's testimony before the Senate Post Office Committee to indicate the 'atmosphere' of this issue:

Why I would have to determine it [the responsibility of a party to a contract] by some method. If I bought scrap from a scrap dealer who wanted a contract to furnish me scrap over a period of six months and he was an irresponsible party, I would not enter into a contract with him. If he was a responsible party, I might enter into a contract, and we do that every day. There have to be two parties to a contract, you know.

III

A red herring was thrown into the public discussion of the steel situation. Yet President Roosevelt, Miss Perkins, such writers as General Hugh Johnson and, I believe, Walter Lippmann, and most of the public swallowed it as the truth. And for some unaccountable reason no one from the steel companies took the trouble to deny it until Mr. Girdler appeared on the stand before the Senate Committee.

The CIO apparently spread the tale that the steel producers had come to an oral agreement with them but refused to

confirm it by a signed written agreement. This was never true.

Tom Girdler testified as follows: —

Senator Bridges: 'Mr. Girdler, I have listened to your testimony here, and I believe that Mr. Murray in testifying before this Committee, and I also believe that Senator Guffey in answer to a question addressed to him by Senator Borah on the floor of the Senate, stated that the issue involved here was only a question of reducing a verbal contract to a written contract. Do I understand correctly from your statement that is not a fact?'

Mr. Girdler: 'Mr. Murray is a liar, to the best of my knowledge and belief, and he always has been, and Senator Guffey does not know what he is talking about.'

Senator Bailey: 'I will say for Mr. Murray he said that was not an oral contract . . .'

Mr. Girdler: 'I understood the statement from the Chairman was that Mr. Murray said there was an oral agreement.'

Senator Bailey: 'His final testimony was there was not an oral agreement, merely an expression of willingness.'

I have checked this question personally and find that there was no oral agreement between any of these companies and the CIO at any time. Therefore there never was an issue of putting an oral agreement into writing and signing the document. That issue did not exist.

IV

All the steel employers say that they believe in collective bargaining. They say that since the Supreme Court has spoken they adhere to the Wagner Act. They admit that if the National Labor Relations Board held an election in their plant, and if a majority of the workers favored the CIO, they would have to recognize the CIO as representing *all* the workers.

Why, then, the opposition to the signed agreement?

The clue is to be found, not in the various statements made on both sides and by public men, but in the Carnegie-Illinois contract and subsequent agree-

ments with other companies. That contract contains the clause: 'The agreement effectuated pursuant to Section 4 hereof shall be in force until February 28, 1938.'

The supplementary agreement, signed on March 17, contains the same clause in simpler language: 'This agreement shall remain in full force and effect until February 28, 1938 inclusive.'

On March 17, 1937, an agreement was signed between the Vilter Manufacturing Company and the CIO and it terminates on the same date. So far as is known, every agreement signed between a steel company and the CIO terminates on February 28, 1938. Steel producers say that when the CIO makes an agreement identical with the Carnegie-Illinois, what it aims at is that date, February 28, 1938.

Now it has appeared to many steel men and their advisers that John L. Lewis is seeking to produce in steel a condition that already exists in coal — namely, that on a certain day all agreements would lapse and a general strike in the entire industry would be called unless the agreements would be renewed on his terms. Conditions during a general strike are very different from those which obtain in only a few plants, and the country is being supplied with the product from those plants which are not on strike. They believe that the date might give Mr. Lewis a whip hand year after year.

Furthermore, as it is now, each company speaks for itself. Obviously, if all agreements terminate on one day, it would be physically impossible for Mr. Lewis and Philip Murray to sit down with perhaps 150 or more companies to negotiate separate agreements. The tendency would be in the direction of one over-all agreement to cover the entire industry, big companies and small, favored companies and companies against which the CIO would be prejudiced.

Furthermore, these steel men regard the present Carnegie-Illinois and similar

agreements as preliminary. The basic Steel-CIO agreement is still to be signed — namely, on February 28, 1938. And that agreement, they believe, will include provisions for the closed shop and the checkoff. The Carnegie-Illinois agreement contains neither. The final agreement says in Section 2: —

The corporation recognizes the union as the collective bargaining agency for those employees of the corporation who are members of the union. The corporation recognizes and will not interfere with the right of its employees to become members of the union. There shall be no discrimination, interference, restraint or coercion by the corporation or any of its agents against any members because of membership in the union. The union agrees not to intimidate or coerce employees into membership and also not to solicit membership on corporation time or plant property.

That is not a closed-shop agreement. It paves the way for an elimination of the CIO if its membership in that company is reduced. It makes it possible for the company to negotiate with anyone else, with any other organization of workers or even with individual employees. From the standpoint of the CIO, it is sound to withdraw that section and in its stead to substitute an exclusive representation clause which would make the CIO the sole agency for collective bargaining.

That would mean that every man and woman employed by a steel company, including the office and transportation staffs, would have to be members of the CIO and pay dues to it before they would be allowed to work. The right of a man or woman to work in steel would be determined by the CIO, which would enjoy the monopoly of supplying labor to steel on the CIO's terms.

And the steel men fear that one of those terms would be the checkoff, and with reason, since some of the agreements with the smaller steel companies include the checkoff. The coal agreements include the checkoff. John Lewis

rebuilt the United Mine Workers on the basis of the checkoff.

There are approximately (more rather than less) 500,000 workers in the steel industry. At \$12 a year, not counting initiation fees and special assessments, that would give John Lewis's CIO \$6,000,000 a year out of the steel industry. I do not know this to be fact, but I have it on good authority that since the CIO came into existence miners have paid dues and special assessments of \$20, making a total of something like \$7,000,000.

These funds during the past year, whatever their dimensions, have been employed to make strikes in industries other than coal — in automobiles, steel, rubber, and so forth. In fact, funds collected by steel companies from their own coal miners and paid to John Lewis under the checkoff, according to coal-mine agreements, have been used by Lewis to organize strikes in the steel industry. The steel masters thus found themselves in the anomalous position of collecting funds for their own destruction.

The checkoff is a tacit admission by the union that if the employer did not take the union dues out of the worker's pay envelope he would not pay his dues. Most of the old-line craft unions did not employ the checkoff, particularly those unions which adhere to Sam Gompers's conception of the trade-union as a voluntary organization. The checkoff at best is an instrument of compulsion in a closed-shop industry; at worst, it leads to a form of racketeering as reprehensible as that exposed by the Dewey investigation in New York.

The curious operation of the checkoff is to be noted in the following episode. The president of the Goodrich union called a strike for July 6, 1937, because members of his union failed to pay their dues. When he found that Akron was solidly opposed to his method of collecting dues, he announced that he would get his dues in some other way

and denounced the company for rejecting the checkoff. He said that the company and the union were in agreement on all other points, but that he insisted upon the checkoff. In a word, knowing by experience that his members would not pay their dues, he sought to use the company as an agency of compulsion.

Most steel employers refuse to place themselves in that position. And the companies which risked strikes rather than sign an agreement did so on the assumption that this question of the closed shop and the checkoff would come up on February 28, 1938, and would have to be fought over then. They believed that it was sounder to fight now — even when the issues were hidden, but hidden only from the general public. The workers apparently knew what was at stake, and in preponderant numbers remained at work, when they were allowed to work.

V

The tactics employed by the CIO in the steel strike were similar to those employed in the automobile strike, but the sit-down and the sit-in were abandoned altogether.

No strike vote was taken. No referendum was submitted to the employees by the union, not even to their own members. The principal organizers were miners, assisted by automobile and rubber organizers and by tailors, milliners, and students. Not a single outstanding personality in the Steel Workers Organizing Committee is employed in the steel industry.

Picket lines were formed around the plants and the workers were not permitted to enter. In Monroe, Johnstown, and other places, workers tried to fight their way into plants. In Johnstown and Youngstown citizens' committees were organized to keep the 'outsiders' from destroying the economic life of their cities. The threat of a mass meeting of 40,000 miners called to prevent steel workers from working in a

plant that was in full operation resulted in the closing of the plant by Governor Earle, who recognized the right of men to hold a mass meeting but not the right of men to work.

The mobility of pickets was an interesting factor. Strikebreakers may no longer be imported from state to state, but pickets found their way into Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Pennsylvania from all over the country. Senator Rush Holt reported to the Senate Post Office Committee that such persons went into strike areas from West Virginia. Often when men were arrested they were found to be from states some distance from the scene of action.

The automobile industry is concentrated principally in Michigan, but steel plants are scattered all over the country. Republic, for instance, operates in something like a dozen states. To picket plants under such circumstances requires the organization of a mobile force that becomes a veritable army. The miners provided the nucleus of this force, and the checkoff in operation in the coal-mining industry provided ample funds to pay these miners for their services.

But the miners have another motive. They are being taxed to pay for the steel strike. Once this industry is organized, they may be relieved of the heavy burden of providing a strike fund. When I was in Steubenville some time ago, I heard this story: a steel worker was told by a relative, a coal miner, that he wished they'd get busy and sign up because he was damn tired of being assessed for strike funds to organize steel.

Well, that coal miner will have to go on paying, because under the closed-shop-checkoff system in vogue in the coal industry he has no alternative if he wants to work.

As was the case with the Haymarket and Homestead strikes of long ago, it will probably never be settled to everyone's satisfaction who started the riots in Chicago in connection with the pres-

ent strikes. But violence in Monroe, Niles, Canton, Youngstown, and Johnstown may be placed definitely at the door of the CIO.

One leader is under bail for dynamiting; the water connections of the Cambria plant were blown up; railroad tracks were blown up in Youngstown, and so forth. These facts have been established, arrests have been made, and public opinion turned on the CIO because of such violence.

But the restriction of the mails, which led to a senatorial investigation and the issuance of warrants for the arrest of six persons, created a situation that probably did more harm to the CIO than anything the steel masters did against the organization. It was difficult even for CIO sympathizers to swallow the fact of the control of even a local post office by a CIO committee. The definition which the Post Office Department sought to make of what constituted regular and irregular mail only served to place its officials in a ridiculous position.

The mails have, in this country, become sacrosanct. When a Senate Committee seized telegrams, there was a protest, but not of howling dimensions. When we hear of telephone wires being tapped, we do not like it, but we do nothing about it. The mails are different. They represent in the public mind the ultimate of individual privacy and the supreme test of the responsibility of government. When the government fails to deliver the mails because a committee representing strikers objects, the public loses respect for government. The response in Congress, in the press, and everywhere indicated that the mails must not be touched, not even by the CIO.

Another form of violence employed in this strike was the attempt on the part of the United Mine Workers to deprive the steel companies of coal. This incident led to unexpected consequences, because it made it possible for the steel companies to say that John Lewis's sig-

nature at the end of an agreement was worthless.

The facts are these: On April 12, 1937, an agreement was signed between coal-mine operators and John Lewis and Philip Murray, officers of the United Mine Workers of America, in which appeared the clause: 'The Operators shall at all times be at liberty to load coal into any transportation equipment whatsoever, regardless of ownership, and to sell and deliver coal loaded into such equipment in any market and to any person, firm, or corporation.'

The Agreement also provided: 'A strike or stoppage of work on the part of the Mine Workers shall be a violation of this Agreement.' Yet on June 14, 1937, John Lewis notified D. C. Kennedy, Chairman of the Coal Operators Negotiating Committee, as follows:—

The U. M. W. A. in order to protect the collective bargaining rights has withdrawn its membership from the production of coal in the captive mining properties owned by Bethlehem Steel Company, Republic Steel and Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. In the event these steel companies undertake to transfer the production of their coal tonnage from captive to commercial operations the U. M. W. A. reserves the right to withdraw its membership from coal production on such properties. Please officially advise operating groups in the Appalachian area of this policy.

The question arose here whether a contract is a contract, and what is the responsibility of one of the contracting parties when he breaks the contract. It would seem that in taking this action John Lewis played directly into the hands of the steel men, who based their refusal to sign on the ground that the CIO was an irresponsible body. In the attempted general strike at Warren, the same tendency to break contracts was clear, and two firms which had contracts with the CIO containing 'no strike' clauses apparently accepted the general strike as nullifying their contracts.

This same characteristic of dealing lightly with contracts is evident in the breaches in the automobile industry. Not only is the entire picture one of irresponsibility, but the impression seems to be justified that those CIO leaders who sign contracts are unable or unwilling to enforce them at all times.

VI

In this strike the CIO had the full support of the Administration until after Tom Girdler's testimony before the Senate Committee. Then the President fell back upon Mercutio for an ambiguous quotation. Not only did Miss Perkins seek to influence employers to sign an agreement with the CIO, but Governor Davey of Ohio accused her of instructing him to hold Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell until they signed. It was apparently this gentle effort of Madame the Secretary of Labor which turned Governor Davey away from the Administration and the CIO.

The steel companies at first faced the antagonism of Governors Earle of Pennsylvania, Davey of Ohio, Murphy of Michigan, and Townsend of Indiana—all New Dealers. Governor Davey finally so policed the plants in his state that they opened without any settlement of any nature. Governor Murphy has had a law passed in Michigan which the Left Wing of the CIO attacks as Fascistic. Governor Earle has advised the CIO to forgo violence and to purge itself of Communist elements. Governor Townsend has announced a settlement of the Inland and Youngstown strikes at Indiana Harbor which is no settlement at all and which may have saved someone's face, but whose is not clear at the moment of writing. The attitude of these companies is apparently no different from that of the other companies, and the definite accusation has been made that Governor Townsend has been careless as to the truth.

The La Follette Committee has been

engaged in discovering through motion pictures who was responsible for the Chicago riots, but the principal Senate activity was with the Post Office Committee, which stole the front page from Senator La Follette in most newspapers.

A further activity of the Federal Government was the appointment of a Board of Mediators — without power or authority. This body, which consisted of Charles P. Taft II, Chairman, Lloyd K. Garrison, and Edward F. McGrady, who was brought back from Europe to serve, was authorized: —

(a) To investigate issues, disputes, facts, practices, and activities of employers and employees that are burdening or obstructing, or threatening to burden or obstruct the free flow of interstate commerce; (b) to conduct hearings, take testimony under oath, and to make findings of fact and recommendations for settlement; (c) to act as voluntary arbitrator on request of the parties to the dispute and render awards with respect to the subject matter of such disputes as are submitted to it as shall be binding upon the parties to the submission.

The Board ignored *a* and *b* of its commission, and without request from the steel makers immediately started to operate as arbitrators. Undoubtedly this made for failure. But the Board was already handicapped, first by the fact that it was without real authority, secondly by the fact that both President Roosevelt and Miss Perkins had declared themselves in favor of a signed agreement, — the only issue at stake, — and thirdly because two of the three members had spoken their minds in advance. I quote from House Resolution No. 248: —

(b) Whether a book written by the said Charles P. Taft II, contained the statement that 'fuel is added to the flames by the silly refusal of employers to put such agreements as they may reach in writing.'

(c) Whether Lloyd K. Garrison made the statement: 'The establishment of satisfactory relations between labor and management depends upon the frank acceptance of

collective bargaining and the reduction of these agreements to writing.'

(d) Whether, Edward F. McGrady, of the Labor Department, being a member of the Mediation Board, it is the policy of the Labor Department to close factories where the employer refuses to sign a written contract and a labor organization threatens to either close the factory or make demonstration in force against the workers who remain within.

The Board met in Cleveland and nothing happened. Mr. Lewis and his men said, 'They must sign.' Messrs. Girdler, Purnell, Grace, and Block said, 'We will not sign.' So the Board quit and Mr. Taft sailed for Europe.

An arbitration board consisting of a steel man, a labor leader, and a representative consumer might have accomplished much. But a board consisting of a New Deal Republican and two full New Dealers, both of whom had been responsible for the development of the New Deal labor policy, was bound to fail.

This entire procedure was a misreading of the situation, a lack of understanding of the attitudes of either side of the conflict, and a complete failure to appraise the psychological factors involved.

VII

The sum total of this strike is that it has accomplished nothing. It has in no way settled the issue as to whether an employer must or must not sign a contract. It has not clarified the process of collective bargaining. It has not made for better relations between the employer and the employee; on the contrary, it has left a wake of hatred between those who struck and those who refused to strike.

Only one thing is clear — namely, that the Wagner Act and the National Labor Relations Board are useless instruments in the field of labor relations. In every crucial situation both have failed. The Administration ignored the Wagner Act, and, instead of using

the National Labor Relations Board, it appointed the Mediation Board; instead of employing that law, it took a round-about method to put the government into the matter. At the last moment, when the strike was over because the men were going back to work, the National Labor Relations Board intervened with an action against Inland and Republic, but that will only lead to further court action, in all probability. Senator Wagner himself confused the issue by stating that he intended by his Act that there should be a signed contract, whereas in a letter to the editor of the *New York Sun*, written before any of the present strikes occurred, he said that no signed contract was intended. On which occasion did he say what he meant?

It is obvious that a new labor law must be written, a just, an equable, a nonpolitical law — one designed to put an end to socially and economically evil strikes such as the recent ones in steel and automobiles.

This should become a strikeless country. The law should make it strikeless — but that should not mean peace by compulsion, a murderous peace such as exists in Soviet Russia, Germany, and Italy. Such a peace is worse than hundreds of such strikes as we have had, because such peace enslaves both the worker and the employer.

Industrial peace must come to us not by arbitrary compulsion but by just law — by laws fixing the margins of responsibility for both the worker and the employer, by laws which forbid exploitation

of the worker by the employer and at the same time prevent racketeering by labor unions. When President Roosevelt said, 'A plague on both your houses,' he offered nothing constructive. We want no plagues in this country on anybody, but we do want honest law, honestly administered.

In the April *Atlantic*, I suggested this programme: —

1. Let every labor organization be required, like a corporation, to receive a state charter setting forth its rights, obligations, and responsibilities.

2. Let every labor organization be required to file annually with a public authority a statement of accounts, so broken down that the members of the union as well as the public may know how these funds are spent.

3. No labor union should be permitted to expend funds for political purposes without the personally confirmed consent of the membership, and all such expenditures should be made public.

4. The checkoff should be forbidden by law, and both employers and labor leaders should be made liable for its practice.

5. The workers' representatives should be elected annually, with the right of recall, at a secret, democratic election held for each plant, on the basis of proportional representation. Strict regulations concerning these elections should be incorporated in the labor law. The rights of majorities, minorities, and individual workers should be made clear and should be fully protected.

Some law embodying suggestions of this nature must be passed if there is to be industrial peace in the United States.

THE HARBOR LONGS FOR SHOUTING

BY GEORGE ABBE

THEY lived upon a mountain crowned with light,
Often descending, for they loved the sea;
They ran into the moonlight, naked, bright,
Swam in the breakers, swam through sparkling night,
Turned in the cool, dark waters lovingly.

They brought their fruit in barges gold and white,
And wood sweet-smelling, strong for bridge and spire;
Full-rigged they sailed, and staunch, and quick for flight;
Glad their returning and the catching sight
Of roof-tops on the peaks; sweet their desire.

O ruddy racers, swimmers, mountain hearts,
You of the colored sail, the throaty cry,
The crooked roadways and the stumbling carts,
Breathing the raw salt air that heals and smarts,
Breathing the hill calm and the open sky,

What pathway have you left along the wave,
What hammer-blow upon a crumbled stone?
The looming ocean moon has lost her slave,
The harbor longs for shouting. Tall and brave
Your last full sail has met the stars, alone.

WIMBLEDON

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

UPON the lawns of the All-England Club, Church Road, Wimbledon,' reads the heading in *The Times*. 'Patron, His Majesty, the King. President, His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. Vice Presidents, the Rt. Hon. the Viscount D'Abernon, P. C., G. C. B., G. C. M. G.; the Rt. Hon. Lord Desborough, K. G., G. C. V. O.; the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., G. C. S. I., G. B. E., C. M. G., M. P.; Sir Herbert Wilberforce. Chairman, Wing-Comdr. Sir Louis Grieg, K. B. E., C. V. O.' And so forth and so on. What is all this, anyway? A King's Levee? An Investiture? No, it's only a tournament of lawn tennis. If you go to Wimbledon you travel with the illustrious great.

The English are a race of pageanteers. Everything they do is a pageant. A Coronation, a Royal Wedding, a Derby, an Ascot, a Henley, a dinner, a cocktail party, even a haircut at Trumper's is pageantized by these experts in ceremony. They love pageantry, they respond to pageantry, they eat, sleep, and drink pageants all their lives. There is a reason for this. The English like to refer to Americans as children. So we are, but not compared with the English. The English are the greatest infants in the world, and like all infants they adore pageants.

Let me be precise. What does one mean exactly by the term 'the English'? Naturally I do not refer to Sir Robert Vansittart and the brilliant minds of the Foreign Office who rule England in their suave, adroit, and rather disingenuous

manner. I do not mean Sir Josiah Stamp or Mr. Harold Laski and the gentlemen of the London School of Economics. I refer simply to England's millions, the backbone of the nation, the middle and upper middle classes, the tanned, healthy, horsy folks one meets at Wimbledon, where there are displayed more well-groomed people and fewer red toenails than at any fashionable gathering on the face of the globe.

Wimbledon is a pageant, and the English, like the children they are, flock to it by the hundreds of thousands. Indeed, were a blind man to enter the sacred precincts of the All-England Club during The Championships (with that exquisitely unconscious rudeness so characteristic of the race, there are the French Championships and the American Championships, and then there are *The Championships*), he would imagine from the infantile shrieks and half-suppressed cries of emotion around him that he was in a nursery. So he is, too — save that the children are mostly from forty to sixty years old. They apply for their seats back in February, and then, firmly clutching their book of tickets in their hands, they descend upon Wimbledon in July because it re-creates for them the illusion of childhood.

Those who know the English will understand this. Here at Wimbledon their problems fade into insignificance. Around the finely chiseled turf of the Centre Court there is no troublesome Spanish situation to be settled, no annoying and arrogant dictators to be

cajoled into Nonintervention Pacts, no unemployment or distressed areas to consider. Here everything is forgotten in the sweet thrill of Bunny Austin's backhand down the line past Budge at the net, or Miss Round's concluding volley against that 'horrid Madame Mathieu.'

They also come, these children, for the thrill. Like all infants, they love to be thrilled and are thrilled by the smallest things: by Borotra's tumble into the lap of a pretty girl in the front row of the stands; by Austin tossing his racket in a pet on the ground when he loses an important point; by the strap of Miss Round's slip breaking during a vital rally; by Bitsy's somersault as he chases Cramm's deep smash. From these and similar happenings they get their thrills.

These thrills are doubled after the matches as they take the Underground at Southfields and read the events of the afternoon in the late editions, with the thrills printed in large black type: 'AUSTIN'S UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT — MISS ROUND'S STRAP BREAKS — BORO-TRA FALLS IN GIRL'S LAP.'

Perhaps the most amazing phenomenon at Wimbledon is the tea hour. Promptly at half-past four every afternoon there is a sudden buzz and rising in the stands much like the seventh-inning stretching at an American baseball game. This is the Children's Hour, and the children are going to have tea. 'Silence, please,' calls the umpire from his chair, but the buzz and hum continues like the noise in an apiary, until half the seats are empty. They pour out en masse to the tea garden in the rear, where black-frocked odalisques of the Messrs. Lyons lean over them asking the discreet question which is heard throughout the British Empire: —

'India or China, please?'

The match on the Centre Court may be the most exciting of the week, the most exciting of the whole tournament, or the most exciting ever seen; but tennis is tennis, and tea is something else again.

Half the audience, however, remain in their seats. Do they dispense with the national elixir? Not at all. This elderly lady behind me will spend twenty dollars for her seat and the same amount for her husband's place during The Championships, but she will not waste money on tea. Neither will she waste time away from her gods, the heroes of the Centre Court. As her neighbors rise and climb over her to the exit, she pulls out a small leather attaché case in which is a thermos of tea, with two cups, two saucers, two forks, two knives, two spoons, and two sandwiches. She hands the gray-haired gentleman beside her his cup and saucer, his spoon and sandwich, pours his tea, and then pours her own.

Never once taking her eyes from the court, she drinks the tea, eats the sandwich, puts back the utensils, snaps closed the attaché case. Every day before two in the afternoon she is there, and every night at seven-thirty, when all the good matches are finished and two Yugoslavs no one ever heard of are fighting a couple from Sweden, she remains, her eyes fixed upon the match. When it is over and the Centre Court is put to bed for the night with its protecting tarpaulin, she leaves regretfully, casting longing glances behind her at this Holy of Holies which she must quit for twelve hours.

During the fortnight, over 300,000 persons see tennis at Wimbledon, many standing in line and paying three shillings merely for the privilege of seeing the electric scoreboard inside the grounds flash the results from the Centre Court to which entrance is denied them. Only the English would pay three shillings to see nothing. Three shillings is little enough, however. For some of us the tournament was more expensive. Arriving on the opening day, I found no more press seats available, and it was therefore necessary to buy a seat at a cost of six pounds, or thirty dollars. Is there any other sporting event in the world save Wimbledon where an accredited repre-

sentative of the press who traveled three thousand miles to cover a tournament would be obliged to pay for his seat?

The French have the right idea. They found no way of getting their newspaper men into Wimbledon, so one day they discovered there were no seats for the English newspaper men at the French Championships at Roland Garros. Sir Thomas McAra, of the Newspaper Proprietors Association, immediately flew to Paris, where, in a ten-minute conversation with Monsieur Drigny of the French Sporting Press, an agreement was reached and tickets for the Englishmen were found. The infernal inferiority complex which overcomes every American in front of a Britisher prevents our newspaper authorities from taking steps of this kind, and the scandal of Wimbledon goes on.

My most interesting moments in England this summer were not on the

Centre Court, but in an office on the Embankment in London. Here I saw for the first time a sporting event actually taking place many miles away. Imagine a large radio console with an aperture about a foot square, an opaque substance which lightens up as you darken the room. Suddenly you see the court. Then a close-up of the players. There is Parker returning the ball, so plain you can see the stripe on his shorts, and the lines on the court where the turf was freshly mowed the night before. With this vivid picture the commentary seems unnecessary and even redundant. It is some few seconds before the speaker can describe the point, and already you have seen the ball in play.

It may be too early to talk of technological unemployment in the field of radio, but I expect before many years to be selling apples with the genial Mr. Ted Husing at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street.

UNDERSEA

BY R. L. CARSON

WHO has known the ocean? Neither you nor I, with our earth-bound senses, know the foam and surge of the tide that beats over the crab hiding under the seaweed of his tide-pool home; or the lilt of the long, slow swells of mid-ocean, where shoals of wandering fish prey and are preyed upon, and the dolphin breaks the waves to breathe the upper atmosphere. Nor can we know the vicissitudes of life on the ocean floor, where the sunlight, filtering through a hundred feet of water, makes but a fleeting, bluish twilight, in which dwell sponge and mollusk and starfish and coral, where swarms of diminutive fish twinkle through the dusk like a silver rain of meteors, and eels lie in wait among the rocks. Even less is it given to man to descend those six incomprehensible miles into the recesses of the abyss, where reign utter silence and unvarying cold and eternal night.

To sense this world of waters known to the creatures of the sea we must shed our human perceptions of length and breadth and time and place, and enter vicariously into a universe of all-pervading water. For to the sea's children nothing is so important as the fluidity of their world. It is water that they breathe; water that brings them food; water through which they see, by filtered sunshine from which first the red rays, then the greens, and finally the purples have been strained; water through which they sense vibrations equivalent to sound. And indeed it is nothing more or less than sea water, in all its varying con-

ditions of temperature, saltiness, and pressure, that forms the invisible barriers that confine each marine type within a special zone of life — one to the shore line, another to some submarine chasm on the far slopes of the continental shelf, and yet another, perhaps, to an imperceptibly defined stratum at mid-depths of ocean.

There are comparatively few living things whose shifting pattern of life embraces both land and sea. Such are the creatures of the tide pools among the rocks and of the mud flats sloping away from dune and beach grass to the water's edge. Between low water and the flotsam and jetsam of the high-tide mark, land and sea wage a never-ending conflict for possession.

As on land the coming of night brings a change over the face of field and forest, sending some wild things into the safe retreat of their burrows and bringing others forth to prowl and forage, so at ebb tide the creatures of the waters largely disappear from sight, and in their place come marauders from the land to search the tide pools and to probe the sands for the silent, waiting fauna of the shore.

Twice between succeeding dawns, as the waters abandon pursuit of the beckoning moon and fall back, foot by foot, periwinkle and starfish and crab are cast upon the mercy of the sands. Every heap of brine-drenched seaweed, every pool forgotten by the retreating sea in recess of sand or rock, offers sanctuary from sun and biting sand.

In the tide pools, seas in miniature, sponges of the simpler kinds encrust the rocks, each hungrily drawing in through its myriad mouths the nutriment-laden water. Starfishes and sea anemones are common dwellers in such rock-girt pools. Shell-less cousins of the snail, the naked sea slugs are spots of brilliant rose and bronze, spreading arborescent gills to the waters, while the tube worms, architects of the tide pools, fashion their conical dwellings of sand grains, cemented one against another in glistening mosaic.

On the sands the clams burrow down in search of coolness and moisture, and oysters close their all-excluding shells and wait for the return of the water. Crabs crowd into damp rock caverns, where periwinkles cling to the walls. Colonies of gnome-like shrimps find refuge under dripping strands of brown, leathery weed heaped on the beach.

Hard upon the retreating sea press invaders from the land. Shore birds patter along the beach by day, and legions of the ghost crab shuffle across the damp sands by night. Chief, perhaps, among the plunderers is man, probing the soft mud flats and dipping his nets into the shallow waters.

At last comes a tentative ripple, then another, and finally the full, surging sweep of the incoming tide. The folk of the pools awake — clams stir in the mud. Barnacles open their shells and begin a rhythmic sifting of the waters. One by one, brilliant-hued flowers blossom in the shallow water as tube worms extend cautious tentacles.

The ocean is a place of paradoxes. It is the home of the great white shark, two-thousand-pound killer of the seas, and of the hundred-foot blue whale, the largest animal that ever lived. It is also the home of living things so small that your two hands might scoop up as many of them as there are stars in the Milky Way. And it is because of the flowering of astronomical numbers of these diminutive plants, known as diatoms, that the surface waters of the ocean are in reality

boundless pastures. Every marine animal, from the smallest to the sharks and whales, is ultimately dependent for its food upon these microscopic entities of the vegetable life of the ocean. Within their fragile walls, the sea performs a vital alchemy that utilizes the sterile chemical elements dissolved in the water and welds them with the torch of sunlight into the stuff of life. Only through this little-understood synthesis of proteins, fats, and carbohydrates by myriad plant 'producers' is the mineral wealth of the sea made available to the animal 'consumers' that browse as they float with the currents. Drifting endlessly, midway between the sea of air above and the depths of the abyss below, these strange creatures and the marine inflorescence that sustains them are called 'plankton' — the wanderers.

Many of the fishes, as well as the bottom-dwelling mollusks and worms and starfish, begin life as temporary members of this roving company, for the ocean cradles their young in its surface waters. The sea is not a solicitous foster mother. The delicate eggs and fragile larvæ are buffeted by storms raging across the open ocean and preyed upon by diminutive monsters, the hungry glassworms and comb jellies of the plankton.

These ocean pastures are also the domain of vast shoals of adult fishes: herring, anchovy, menhaden, and mackerel, feeding upon the animals of the plankton and in their turn preyed upon; for here the dogfish hunt in packs, and the ravenous bluefish, like roving buccaneers, take their booty where they find it.

Dropping downward a scant hundred feet to the white sand beneath, an under-sea traveler would discover a land where the noonday sun is swathed in twilight blues and purples, and where the blackness of midnight is eerily aglow with the cold phosphorescence of living things. Dwelling among the crepuscular shadows of the ocean floor are creatures whose terrestrial counterparts are drab and commonplace, but which are themselves

invested with delicate beauty by the sea. Crystal cones form the shells of pteropods or winged snails that drift downward from the surface to these dim regions by day; and the translucent spires of lovely *Ianthina* are tinged with Tyrian purple.

Other creatures of the sea's bottom may be fantastic rather than beautiful. Spine-studded urchins, like rotund hedgehogs of the sea, tumble over the sands, where mollusks lie with slightly opened shells, busily straining the water for débris. Life flows on monotonously for these passive sifters of the currents, who move little or not at all from year to year. Among the rock ledges, eels and cunners forage greedily, while the lobster feels his way with nimble wariness through the perpetual twilight.

Farther out on the continental shelf, the ocean floor is scarred with deep ravines, perhaps the valleys of drowned rivers, and dotted with undersea plateaus. Hosts of fish graze on these submerged islands, which are richly carpeted with sluggish or sessile forms of life. Chief among the ground fish are haddock, cods, flounders and their mightier relative, the halibut. From these and shallower waters man, the predator, exacts a yearly tribute of nearly thirty billion pounds of fish.

If the underwater traveler might continue to explore the ocean floor, he would traverse miles of level prairie lands; he would ascend the sloping sides of hills; and he would skirt deep and ragged crevasses yawning suddenly at his feet. Through the gathering darkness, he would come at last to the edge of the continental shelf. The ceiling of the ocean would lie a hundred fathoms above him, and his feet would rest upon the brink of a slope that drops precipitously another mile, and then descends more gently into an inky void that is the abyss.

What human mind can visualize conditions in the uttermost depths of the ocean? Increasing with every foot of

depth, enormous pressures reach, three thousand fathoms down, the inconceivable magnitude of three tons to every square inch of surface. In these silent deeps a glacial cold prevails, a bleak iciness which never varies, summer or winter, years melting into centuries, and centuries into ages of geologic time. There, too, darkness reigns — the blackness of primeval night in which the ocean came into being, unbroken, through æons of succeeding time, by the gray light of dawn.

It is easy to understand why early students of the ocean believed these regions were devoid of life, but strange creatures have now been dredged from the depths to bear mute and fragmentary testimony concerning life in the abyss.

The 'monsters' of the deep sea are small, voracious fishes with gaping, tooth-studded jaws, some with sensitive feelers serving the function of eyes, others bearing luminous torches or lures to search out or entice their living prey. Through the night of the abyss, the flickering lights of these foragers move to and fro. Many of the sessile bottom dwellers glow with a strange radiance suffusing the entire body, while other swimming creatures may have tiny, glittering lights picked out in rows and patterns. The deep-sea prawn and the abyssal cuttlefish eject a luminous cloud, and under cover of this pillar of fire escape from their enemies.

Monotones of red and brown and lustreless black are the prevailing colors in the deep sea, allowing the wearers to reflect the minimum of the phosphorescent gleams, and to blend into the safe obscurity of the surrounding gloom.

On the muddy bottom of the abyss, treacherous oozes threaten to engulf small scavengers as they busily sift the débris for food. Crabs and prawns pick their way over the yielding mud on stilt-like legs; sea spiders creep over sponges raised on delicate stalks above the slime.

Because the last vestige of plant life

was left behind in the shallow zone penetrated by the rays of the sun, the inhabitants of these depths contrast strangely with the self-supporting assemblage of the surface waters. Preying one upon another, the abyssal creatures are ultimately dependent upon the slow rain of dead plants and animals from above. Every living thing of the ocean, plant and animal alike, returns to the water at the end of its own life span the materials that had been temporarily assembled to form its body. So there descends into the depths a gentle, never-ending rain of the disintegrating particles of what once were living creatures of the sunlit surface waters, or of those twilight regions beneath.

Here in the sea mingle elements which, in their long and amazing history, have lent life and strength and beauty to a bewildering variety of living creatures. Ions of calcium, now free in the water, were borrowed years ago from the sea to form part of the protective armor of a mollusk, returned to the main reservoir when their temporary owner had ceased to have need of them, and later incorporated into the delicate statuary of a coral reef. Here are atoms of silica, once imprisoned in a layer of flint in subterranean darkness; later, within the fragile shell of a diatom, tossed by waves and warmed by the sun; and again entering into the exquisite structure of a radiolarian shell, that miracle of ephemeral beauty that might be the work of a fairy glass-blower with a snowflake as his pattern.

Except for precipitous slopes and regions swept bare by submarine currents, the ocean floor is covered with primeval oozes in which there have been accumulating for æons deposits of varied origin; earth-born materials freighted seaward by rivers or worn from the shores of continents by the ceaseless grinding of waves; volcanic dust transported long distances by wind, floating lightly on the surface and eventually sinking into the depths to mingle with the products of no

less mighty eruptions of submarine volcanoes; spherules of iron and nickel from interstellar space; and substances of organic origin — the silicious skeletons of Radiolaria and the frustules of diatoms, the limey remains of algæ and corals, and the shells of minute Foraminifera and delicate pelagic snails.

While the bottoms near the shore are covered with detritus from the land, the remains of the floating and swimming creatures of the sea prevail in the deep waters of the open ocean. Beneath tropical seas, in depths of 1000 to 1500 fathoms, calcareous oozes cover nearly a third of the ocean floor; while the colder waters of the temperate and polar regions release to the underlying bottom the silicious remains of diatoms and Radiolaria. In the red clay that carpets the great deeps at 3000 fathoms or more, such delicate skeletons are extremely rare. Among the few organic remains not dissolved before they reach these cold and silent depths are the ear bones of whales and the teeth of sharks.

Thus we see the parts of the plan fall into place: the water receiving from earth and air the simple materials, storing them up until the gathering energy of the spring sun wakens the sleeping plants to a burst of dynamic activity, hungry swarms of planktonic animals growing and multiplying upon the abundant plants, and themselves falling prey to the shoals of fish; all, in the end, to be redissolved into their component substances when the inexorable laws of the sea demand it. Individual elements are lost to view, only to reappear again and again in different incarnations in a kind of material immortality. Kindred forces to those which, in some period inconceivably remote, gave birth to that primeval bit of protoplasm tossing on the ancient seas continue their mighty and incomprehensible work. Against this cosmic background the life span of a particular plant or animal appears, not as a drama complete in itself, but only as a brief interlude in a panorama of endless change.

POETRY AND THE CHILD

BY KATHRYN WORTH

MY daughter is eight. When she was one, I began reading aloud to her the greatest imaginative poetry available. With as much expression as if I were reading to a grown person, I went over and over lyric passages of Shakespeare. Through baby ears, she listened with that curious unwavering attention small children are capable of. I had no especial theories of psychology. I merely knew that primary impressions on neurones are perhaps most influential. I was attempting to teach her ear first the cadences of really fine poetic rhythm as opposed to the mere metronomic beat of nursery rhyme. I varied the reading from ancients to moderns, — Keats, Marvell, Blake, Coleridge, Robinson, — always avoiding the second-rate or ordinary.

By the time my little girl was two and a half, she began reciting back to me certain things I had read most frequently. At the time children usually learn 'Hickory, Dickory, Dock,' she was with apparent gusto reciting aloud: —

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

The lines had no meaning for her, of course. But I am not of the opinion that the words of nursery rhymes yield any especial meaning to a child at this age. Sound is the intriguing factor. Why not have the *sound* of Shakespeare rather than the *sound* of Mother Goose or Milne? As the imagery and emotional

content of Shakespeare are superior to the imagery and emotional content of Mother Goose, so is the fluent, broken, sophisticated rhythm of Shakespeare superior. Why not present it first to the sensitive ears of childhood?

When my little girl was three, I went further with her. She began asking at intervals: 'What does this *word* in the poem mean?' I knew she was becoming aware of words as valuable for their content as well as their sound. She was ready for the next step in entering the enchantment of poetry. I reiterate at all costs that poetry is an enchantment. The sleight of mind required to create it demands a similar sleight of mind to receive it. The process is simple if understood. The first step is rhythmic movement. Like accompanying music, it lulls the conscious mind into acquiescence of the magic. The next step is the important one. This is the creation and acceptance of a symbol. The symbol *is* the poem. Once teach that to a child, and the battle is won. To my amazement I find most adults are under the impression that poetry *is* rhyme or metre or moral or emotional message. They do not know that poetry can exist where neither rhyme, regular metre, nor message occur. The one indispensable element in imaginative poetry is symbol, or metaphor: direct or implied substitution of one object or idea for another.

This point I wished to make clear first of all to my little daughter. Nature was the starting point for our adventure. She was familiar with the changing

seasons; we went walking in the park; we tried to make symbols for everything we liked best. At first the images were all made on my part, and they were simple indeed. Any parent can make such symbols — if not from original thought, then from memory of other people's thoughts. It was autumn on our first day. I pointed to the yellow leaves lying sparsely on the ground and said without preliminary: 'Those are the footprints Autumn leaves on the ground when she goes walking by.' A look of amusement dawned over my little girl's face; something in her responded instinctively to this game. I believe something in any intelligent child will respond to the game of imagery. Poetry is one of the most primitive arts, peculiarly similar to the natural workings of a child's mind. Day after day I made images for her from nature: —

The small white cloud yonder is a duck.
The lake is a cup for the swan to drink from.
The goose is a feather pillow lying on the grass.
The lilac is a little girl in a purple dress.
The cow is a train for the butter to ride in.

At last came the day when my child looked at the lamp just lighted in our living room and said: 'The lamp shade is a skirt for the light to wear.' In that moment I felt as triumphant as a god. My child had made her first image; she had crossed over the imaginary line into poetry; she knew the secret of the enchantment.

The next step was to show her the link between the spoken image and the written poems. We went back to poetry in books again, still the best adult poetry. Now and then we came across images simple enough for her to grasp and enjoy, such as Carl Sandburg's 'The fog comes on little cat feet,' or Christina Rossetti's 'My heart is like a singing bird.' She did not yet require that the full consecutive content of the poem present itself to her intelligibly. The perception of meaning in its accepted sense is not at all necessary to great enjoyment of a poem. At this stage my

daughter would listen almost indefinitely to the reading of great imagistic poetry. She genuinely received pleasure from its rhythm and from occasionally grasped items of symbolism. In Emily Dickinson's 'I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed,' she apparently grasped only one image, yet she received acute enjoyment from memorizing the whole four verses. That one image was: 'When landlords turn the drunken bee out of the foxglove's door.' My daughter remarked: 'I think it's funny about the bee being an old man and getting drunk on honey. Except for this I don't know why I like the poem; it just *sounds* pretty.' In Mr. Allen Tate's 'The Wolves,' there is the following image for fear: —

... a savage beast
Maybe with golden hair, with deep eyes
Like a bearded spider on a sunlit floor.

Always at the approach of this favorite symbol, a gathering excitement lit my daughter's face. She rolled the simile like a lollipop under her tongue. I was constrained to remember how tamely after this magnificent spider image would fall on her ears later the nursery lines in regard to Little Miss Muffet: —

Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

At the age of six, my daughter began reading for herself. I presented her with her first *Mother Goose*, illustrated. The book received one reading. She announced firmly: 'These are just good little stories; they are not really poetry at all.' She valued them for what they are: memorable tales in rhyme, charming but largely irrelevant to poetry itself. I do not wish to imply that *Mother Goose* is negligible; but I do wish to go on record as feeling that its presentation first to children as poetry can vitiate a later concept of poetry as imagery and can train a child to believe poetry is primarily a rhymed narrative.

At six and a half, my little girl began insisting at last on knowing: 'What is

this whole poem about?' I felt she needed now for a little while to read poems written especially for juveniles, poems that could be understood entire by the child mind from its own experience. We went to Stevenson's *Garden of Verses*, De la Mare's *Peacock Pie*, Elizabeth Roberts's *Under the Tree*. There were a few other poets who presented imagery as well as whimsy to children. We made symbols for ourselves and put them into rhyme. The same results could be achieved by selecting good but simple imagistic poetry anywhere it may be found. Explain carefully to the child the symbol to be used; enter into the game of make-believe with him. Your own communicated excitement and relish will rouse an answering excitement and gusto in the child's imagination.

Personification is easiest: —

The Lady Who Is Springtime works
In emerald cap to-day,
Shutting the closets of the frost
And packing snow away.

After personification, the most appealing form of imagery to children is the substitution of one concrete object for another concrete object somehow akin.

The birds above the water,
The sea gulls in the sky,
Are pieces of white paper
That shine as they go by.

I wished to teach my little girl to accept a concrete symbol for an abstract idea. As a clinical description of the method I used, I present the experience.

I asked her: 'What do you feel when you hear the word "forever"?' She answered: "'Forever" has n't got any end; so it makes me feel frightened and lonesome to think about it.' 'What else makes you feel the same way?' I asked. 'When somebody jumps at me in the dark,' she answered. 'Then let's make a symbol for "forever,"' I proposed.

'Forever' is the word that stands
Inside the darkened hall
And jumps at me as I go by
With no one near to call.

Or I carried her into a subtler form of imagery: the substitution of an abstract idea for another abstract idea. Here was our dialogue. It was winter. I said: 'Look out the window at the bare branches and see if you can imagine spring.' 'Yes,' she replied; 'with my mind I can see green leaves on the trees.' 'Let's pretend our thoughts are keys to unlock Springtime,' I proposed.

I hammer on the branches
To fit the key I bring,
And with my little mind unlock
The colors of the Spring.

Or I suggested to her, when someone sent her a large conch shell from the ocean: 'Little sea animals live in these shells; when the shells are thrown up on the sand, they tell us something about the life in the bottom of the ocean. Let's think of an image.'

All along the margin
The seashells white and grand
Are letters from the Ocean
That it leaves upon the sand.

Now, at eight, my little daughter goes to Emily Dickinson, the greatest adult poet America has produced, with a gathering comprehension that is delightful to see. She reads with charming excitement the description of Morning: 'Has it feet like water lilies? Has it feathers like a bird?' Or she thumbs absorbedly through the volume to find 'The dust did scoop itself like hands and throw away the road,' or 'Bring me the sunset in a cup,' or 'Split the lark and you'll find the music, bulb after bulb in silver rolled.' She reads with real enjoyment Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg. She grows intent over Archibald MacLeish's 'Think that this silver snail the moon will climb all night upon time's curving stalk.' Yet this does not shut her off from the enjoyment of rhyme and nonsense. No child relishes more completely the 'Jabberwocky' in *Through the Looking-Glass* or 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat' of Edward Lear. But she has learned to stand in the ring with the watchers of invisible tops.

OLD SALEM

BY CAROLINE HOWARD KING

[CAROLINE HOWARD KING was born in Salem on May 4, 1822. Before her death, in 1909, she came to be regarded as the oldest and certainly one of the most charming inhabitants of that ancient port. Her recollections were written between the years 1898 and 1905 for the delectation of an intimate circle of younger relatives. — THE EDITORS]

I

MY imagination was most excited by tales of the courage and endurance of our own Salem sailors, of which I heard many at the time. The crews of our vessels were made up of Salem boys, every one of whom had his own little 'venture' on board, and every one of whom also expected to rise to be captain of his own ship and perhaps to attain the dignity and wealth of the East India merchants who were the owners. These boys had been given good plain educations at the Salem schools, but my father always said that their best training came from the knowledge of men and life learned during their voyages, a training which brightened their wits and kept their minds active and receptive. And yet they were not lacking in school learning, either. I remember a story of the time, that on board a vessel where Nathaniel Bowditch was supercargo the captain boasted that he had a crew of twelve Salem men and boys every one of whom could take and work a lunar observation (whatever that may be) as well as he could himself; and the black

cook on George Crowninshield's famous yacht, *Cleopatra's Barge*, who had formerly sailed with Bowditch, was said to be as capable of keeping the ship's reckoning as any of its officers.

And yet some of these very bright-minded men could spell their own American tongue only phonetically. For I also remember another tale, that a merchant once received a letter from one of his captains which puzzled him greatly. It said, 'Dear Sir: Owin to the blockhead the wig is spilt. Yours truly.' Being unable to decipher its meaning, he took it to an old salt, who read it off at once. 'Why, this is as plain as the nose on your face,' he said. 'Owing to the blockade the wige [voyage] is spilt [spoilt].'

When I was a girl I used often to see another of these typical men of the age, Mr. Nathaniel Silsbee. He was a very grave and reverend seignior then, and I stood much in awe of his dignified presence, silvery hair, and very, *very* long nose. I had heard that he was one of the great captains of his time, but there was nothing about him to suggest the bold and dashing Viking. And it was not until quite lately, after his autobiography written for his children was published by the Essex Institute, that I realized what a great opportunity I had missed in not reversing the poem, and seizing that ancient mariner by the button and holding him fast until he had related to me some of his 'hairbreadth 'scapes and moving accidents by flood and field.' There is nothing picturesque or heroic in his account of those early days, unless

the doing the duty which lies nearest, uncomplainingly, almost unconsciously, as a matter of course, is heroic. His autobiography is a simple unadorned record of a man's meeting all the chances and changes of life with true courage, resource, and persistency. If he were ever beaten, he would never have known it. 'Always Ready' seems to have been his watchword. I don't like the word 'grit,' but nothing else so adequately expresses the quality which gave those old sea dogs such power on land as well as sea.

He was indeed a kind of Pilgrim Father. He was said to be a martinet for discipline aboard his ship, even in his youngest days, inclining more to strict justice than to mercy. But the weight of his character told, and as years went on he gained the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens, who bestowed upon him every honor in their power to give. He was sent by them to the Massachusetts Legislature and Senate, becoming afterwards President of the Senate, and then sent by the State to Congress and the Senate in Washington. His business affairs greatly prospered, his brothers were in command of good ships, and the family, whose reverses sent him to sea when he was little more than fourteen years old, were restored to affluence, all by his persistent energy, industry, and ability. In 1801 he made his last voyage, being just twenty-eight years old, and took the place he had so fully earned, of one of the merchant princes of Salem.

One or two stories of his early life and I have done. At one time in 1798 when he was in the harbor of Genoa, his ship was seized by the French and, being the newest and best fitted in port, was destined by them to carry the staff of the French Army to Egypt on Napoleon's famous expedition there. The French general expressed great surprise that, instead of ardently demanding the release of his ship, Captain Silsbee should not rather express his gratitude for the honor done him by the French Republic in

selecting his vessel from among so many others. But Captain Silsbee did not look upon the transaction in that light, and set his wits to work to find a way out of the dilemma.

Having accidentally heard that the French were unable to find in Genoa a sufficient quantity of salt provisions for the use of their transports to Egypt, he remembered that he had a very large supply of salt pork and beef on board his vessel, and thought he might turn the surplus to good account. So, again calling upon the French general, he inquired if he wanted to buy any salt provisions. 'Indeed I do,' said the general, adding, 'What is your price? Though, you know, I have the power to take what I want at my own price.'

Mr. Silsbee says, 'I told him that he could have every barrel of it, without price, if he would release my ship. And that those were the only terms on which he could secure it. He became very angry and threatened to take the provisions into requisition. I answered nothing, but hurried away, and for the next two days I was very busy taking measures to secure their safety. Then I received a message to appear before the general and he angrily ordered me to inform him instantly where I had hidden my forty barrels of provisions, as his officers in searching my vessel had not found them. I replied that I was responsible to the owners of that ship and cargo for their safety; that I had removed from my vessel and put in a safe place, known only to myself and one other person, not only all the provisions but every article of value on board; and that the release of my ship was the only price I would take for them. He was very angry and threatened to force me to give up the barrels, saying that not only my ship but her captain, officers, and crew had been placed under requisition by the French Republic, — "a requisition, sir, not to be frustrated by any human being, sir," — and an officer standing near added with enthusiasm, "Yes, sir, sup-

pose God had one ship here, and the French Republic wanted it, he must give it up." I let them bluster, and left the room repeating that if they would give me back my ship they should have the provisions.'

The truth of the old saying, 'It is dogged that does it,' was entirely fulfilled in this case. The next day a wealthy merchant of Genoa called upon Captain Silsbee and, without giving any reason for the change, told him that if he would give up the provisions he should receive the actual cost of them, and his vessel should be restored to him. It was quite in character that he asked no questions, but instantly gave up his forty barrels and before the close of that day had sailed far away from the inhospitable city of Genoa.

At one time his ship was taken by a French privateer and put in the possession of a prize master and crew who carried her into the port of Malaga. Mr. Silsbee's account of this adventure, though very entertaining, is too long to be given in full here. After a very tedious and insolent examination by the French consul there, to which he was peremptorily ordered to reply 'in five words,' he told the consul that he was willing to answer any questions he might choose to ask, but that the length of those answers must be measured by himself. After the examination was over he asked how soon he might expect a decision in the matter, and was told that he would have to take his turn and that it would certainly be one month, if not two or three, before his case would come up. He was then ordered back to his ship under a guard of French soldiers. Then the old fighting English blood, of which more than a few drops coursed in the veins of those old sea kings, boiled over, and he grew very angry and told the consul that he would not leave his office, unless taken thence by force, until a decision was made or his ship's papers restored to him. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. So he

seated himself in a corner and held the fort. His anger cooled down soon, but no one spoke to him and about midnight the consul and his clerk left the office.

At about nine o'clock the next morning the consul returned and expressed surprise at finding him still there. Captain Silsbee made no answer, and time passed on. Nothing more was said to him and he sat quietly waiting, expecting to pass another night there, until about nine o'clock in the evening, when the owner and officers of the privateer who had taken his ship came in and held a private conference with the consul, after which, to his great surprise, the consul came back and handed him his papers, saying rather shortly, 'There, sir, are your papers, with permission to go whenever and wherever you please.' I suppose he could not stand any longer having grim fate sitting in his office watching everything that happened with his keen, shrewd Yankee eyes!

Indeed, the story ran at the time, when he was asked by a friend, 'Why did you discharge the Yankee so quickly?' the consul answered, 'I found that I must either dismiss him or bury him, and I preferred the former.'

II

The East India Museum was a great delight and resource to the children of my day. But it would be hard for modern children who only know the Peabody Academy of Science, which is the present form of the old Museum, to understand its especial charm.

The Salem East India Marine Society was founded in 1799 by some of the merchants and sea captains of Salem. Its chief objects were to assist the widows and children of deceased members, to collect such facts and observations as tend to the improvement and security of navigation, and to form a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, particularly such as are found beyond the

Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. The membership was restricted to 'persons who have actually navigated the seas beyond the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn.' At first the collections were few and the interest small. But gradually the society grew in public favor until at last the enthusiasm of all classes was so great that not only the officers of the merchant ships, but each member of the crew, made it an especial object of their voyages to bring home some rare curiosity or product of foreign countries for their beloved Museum.

It had a gruff and surly old janitor, Captain Saul, who, having an especial esteem for my father, was always good to me. As far back as I can remember, the Museum had a mysterious attraction for me. And indeed it was an experience for an imaginative child to step from the prosaic street of a New England town into that atmosphere redolent of perfumes from the East, warm and fragrant and silent, with a touch of the dear old *Arabian Nights* about it. From the moment I set my foot in that beautiful old hall, and greeted and was greeted by the solemn group of Orientals who, draped in Eastern stuffs and camel's-hair shawls, stood opposite the entrance, until the hour of closing came, and Captain Saul went through his never-failing ceremony of presenting me with a slip of sandalwood cut from a huge log that stood near the door, or a sweet-smelling tonquin bean, the hours were full of enchantment, and I think I came as near fairyland as one ever can in this workaday world. And that circle of sitting and standing figures that were placed in the centre of the hall in those days became real friends of mine. Three of them were life-size likenesses of East Indian merchants, in their own dresses, presented to different sea captains by the originals, or perhaps sent to the Museum as gifts. I never heard their exact history, but I learned to know their dark faces well, and Mr. Blue Gown and Mr. Camel's-Hair Scarf and Mr. Queer Cap had each

his own pleasant individuality and must be greeted whenever I went to the Museum. And indeed, in those days the Spice Islands seemed to lie very near our coasts. There was an Eastern flavor in Salem, then. If you went out to tea you were almost sure to be regaled with cumquats or some strange and rare Eastern preserve.

In the summer you might meet the merchant princes of Salem dressed in full suits of nankeen, a kind of thick cotton material which was brought from India by every vessel. It was a soft light-brown color, very handsome and durable. I remember having a pelisse made of it when I was a child, and my father often wore waistcoats of it which, with his shirts ruffled with delicate linen cambric, always carefully plaited by my mother, and his blue coats with brass buttons, gave him a very fine appearance to my childish eyes. Indeed, in those days almost every family had rolls of nankeen and of the cool blue and white striped seersucker stored away in their garret ready to fill every emergency in the way of dress.

People sent out adventures to India and China which bore fruit in wonderful tea services and rich Eastern stuffs and beautiful carvings in ivory. I remember an old colored man who I think was steward or cook on one of the merchantmen sailing to India, who always at the end of the voyage brought to our house strange spices in daintily woven baskets, and many rare and beautiful shells, and once he brought two dresses from China, of soft and lustrous white satin, one with sprigs of a dim India blue, and the other with pink flowers, and both with graceful borders woven into every breadth. These dresses in different forms served my sister and myself for party dresses many a long year, and have often shimmered and shone in Hamilton Hall.

And in almost every house were quaint tokens of the East. On the mantelpiece of my nursery were two sitting figures under glass, brought from India by the

husband of my nurse, representing a Turkish man and woman, in gorgeous red and blue spangled robes, the costumes perfect to the life, even to their little red pointed slippers—he with turban and pipe, and she with a spangled veil of real gauze over her pretty dress. And many were the childish dreams and stories of which those gay figures were hero and heroine. Indeed, I sometimes see them in dreams now. So you see that, with the wonders of India so near our front doors, when my mother wanted a new set of china or a fresh camel's-hair shawl or scarf it was as easy a thing for her to speak to the captain of the next ship starting to India as it would be now for us to order them at Briggs' or Hovey's.

III

These were the days when shawls were universally worn, and when every household in Salem boasted one or more veritable camel's-hair shawls or scarfs, or beautiful squares of Canton crepe richly embroidered, with heavy silk fringes, brought home from India by members of the family, or the result of adventures sent out to the East through the kindness of friends. And these shawls were worn by the ladies of the day with an indescribable air and grace which can never be attained by modern jackets and capes. But the putting on of a shawl in a way to display properly the richness of the border,—giving a glimpse, too, of the delicate texture of the centre,—and at the same time to indicate the beauty and grace of the figure of the wearer, is a lost art now.

At twelve o'clock, which was the fashionable hour for making calls, the stately dames of the day might be seen slowly pacing along Chestnut Street, their superb shawls gracefully draped about their very sloping shoulders; in their large leghorn bonnets crowned with nodding plumes outside, and with wreaths of flowers inside the brim, and long black or white embroidered lace veils drawn

over their faces, they made pictures not to be seen on the prosaic streets of to-day. I remember hearing my father say that when he was a young man studying law in Judge Story's office, which was on Essex Street, there was always a stir and commotion among the students, and a rushing to the windows to see Miss Caroline Saunders (afterwards Mrs. Nat Saltonstall) sail down the street. In those days a lady never hurried. Everything was done slowly and with due consideration. At dancing school it was thought as important to teach carriage of the head and body, and a graceful deliberate manner of walking, as it was to give instruction in dancing.

We had at one time a rather tragic experience in our own family apropos of camel's-hair scarfs. My mother, who was always contriving and planning to get the best of everything for her children, had set her heart upon giving each of her three daughters a handsome scarf, and for that purpose saved and hoarded her money for a year, until she thought she had attained a sum sufficient to buy three of the finest quality. And then she confided her purpose and her money to a young sea captain, a friend of the family who was just starting on an India voyage. He was much interested and promised to do his best to select choice and beautiful work.

The time of his absence seemed long to mother and daughters, but at last his ship was sighted in the outer harbor, and then reported at the wharf, and the next day our friend entered the parlor with a large package under his arm, which, after our greetings of welcome were over, he delivered to my mother, saying that he thought he had been very fortunate in finding a chance to secure beautiful work at an unusually cheap rate. We looked on, all eager expectancy, while my mother unrolled the quaint India paper, which diffused through the parlor the fragrance of Araby the Blest, and drew forth a scarf. It was a perfect beauty, wide and long, with a rich border

of the finest workmanship, far beyond our utmost hopes. We all three smiled with delight, and seemed to grow some inches taller as my mother opened the next package, and shook out before our eager eyes another scarf — yes, a very handsome one, but not to be compared to the first, either in color or in quality. We looked at each other in doubt, and came down a little from our high horses, but politeness to our seafaring friend made us utter words of praise and admiration, until the third package was opened, disclosing a much inferior article to either of the others, coarser in texture, with a narrow border and less brilliant color.

Then the daughters collapsed and sank into their shoes, though my poor mother kept her manners and uttered her thanks with due courtesy; but she could not quite conceal her disappointment, and our friend said, 'Is anything the matter? I am afraid you are not quite satisfied,' when she faltered out, 'Oh yes, they are beautiful, but I expected the three to have been of equal value.' Then the captain was full of apologies and said he would keep these himself, and do her commission for her, in her own way, on his next voyage — an offer which it was, of course, impossible for her to accept.

He explained his singular fulfillment of her order by saying that he was misled by the experience of his own family, where there were also three sisters and where it was a fixed law that the oldest always had the best of everything, the first choice of all good things; to the second sister belonged the next best, while to the youngest was always given the poorest; and he had imagined that my mother meant to graduate her gifts after the same fashion — which was an entirely mistaken opinion, as my mother believed in and practised strict equity in her division of the small share of the pomps and vanities of the world which fell to the lot of her daughters in those days.

IV

There was a quaint and gracious shop courtesy sixty years ago, which it would be well if the indifferent and nonchalant shop ladies and gentlemen of to-day would imitate. Everything was done in a leisurely manner. If you went shopping, you had your choice of two shops kept by *real* gentlemen, 'models of deportment,' whose courteous manners and deferential ways were a pleasure to behold; a friend remembers the 'almost solemn quiet' which reigned in Mr. Choate's store, where on entering you involuntarily lowered your voice to harmonize with the gentle subdued tones of Mr. Choate and his assistant, tall Mr. Webster. And we were never guilty of the familiarity of speaking of these shops as 'Choate's' or 'Downing's,' after the manner of the present day. It was always 'Mr. Choate's' and 'Mr. Downing's.'

I must not forget to mention here General Hovey, a stately old gentleman with a queue and knee breeches and a ruffled shirt, who kept a small dry-goods shop in Essex Street, near the corner of Washington Street, and who was held in great respect by his fellow citizens. Or you could go to dear old Mrs. Batchelder's, where you were sure to be so entertained by the talk of the mother and daughters that you did not mind the inevitable delay in being served. 'Nancy, dear, don't send that silk to Mrs. King; there's a spot on it.' 'Law, Ma, don't you remember I washed it out this morning?' 'Well, tell your Ma, dear, that I took off four and six for the spot Nancy washed off this morning.' But the sweet low drawling voices of mother and daughters are inimitable.

That was true friendly shopping. There were no cheap shops in those days, no five-cent counters. You paid the worth of what you bought, and it was a matter of honor to the salesman that his goods should be what they professed to be.

And so we lived, homely simple lives, with no show, and no pretense at being better than we were. I remember as a child going to a tea party, where, as was the universal custom, the food was served on trays handed to the children who were seated round the room. One tray was filled with cups of milk, while another had three dishes, one with thin bread and butter, one with milk biscuits, and one with cake. Mr. Dowst's milk biscuits (a delicious concoction now vanished from the earth) were the delight of my heart, so when my turn came I stretched out my hand to take one of the soft dainties, but I was checked at once by the waitress saying, 'Stop, little girl! That does n't come fust. I am coming round three times. Fust you must take the bread and butter, then the milk biscuit, and last the cake!' So, being a timid child, and ready to obey, I meekly put back my biscuit and contented myself with the homely bread and butter till the second round came.

And this simplicity of life lasted beyond the time of my childhood. When the time came for girls of my age to go to parties, and to give parties in return, I well remember the plain inexpensiveness of everything. Of course there were exceptions, but as a rule there was nothing done for show. The evening treat was almost always the same: grapes and nuts and raisins, with sometimes whips, raspberry creams, and calf's-foot jelly made from the genuine article, while lemonade in glasses was often handed round.

How proud I was of my first real party dress, a dotted India muslin trimmed round the neck and the sleeves with small wreaths of evergreen moss, studded with waxwork berries made by my mother. She also made similar wreaths for my friend Lucy, but as Lucy was fair, with blue eyes, her wreaths were starred with the buds of everlasting flowers. And I can safely say that no two girls of the present day, decked out in all the elaborate complications of dresses

just from Paris, ever had a more glorious time at their first party in Hamilton Hall than we had.

V

The house in which we lived in Salem after I was eight years old was built by my grandmother, early in the century. It was a brick house, built in old-fashioned rectangular style, with large, well-proportioned rooms, spacious halls with arched windows at either end, long straight easy stairways, and quaint carvings on the cornices and wainscots in almost every room.

Behind our house was a large old-time garden with cherry, apple, and plum trees planted in the box-bordered beds. Besides our garden we had a large gravelled yard in which to play, with a big lilac bush, and a St. Michael's pear tree, and many cherry trees — splendid great whitehearts, and black Tartarians, bursting with juice. All these trees were planted by my grandmother, and to tell the story properly I shall have to skip back a generation or two.

About 1785 when my grandfather, Frederick Gilman, of Exeter, was eighteen years old, he was bound apprentice to a Mr. Williams in Roxbury, for a year, in what trade or occupation tradition saith not. Now Mr. Williams had three fair daughters who all fell in love with their father's handsome and fascinating young apprentice, thereby causing dissension and unhappiness to enter the family. Mr. Williams was in great trouble; he liked Frederick, who was active and able, but his household peace was threatened, and he decided that he must get rid of this apple of discord. So one day he called Frederick into his private room, and told him that circumstances had arisen (meaning his daughters) which made it necessary for him to make a change in his arrangements. He assured Frederick that he had no fault to find with him, that he thoroughly regretted having to dismiss him, and

that to atone for breaking his bond he would give him one hundred dollars and his 'freedom suit,' which would have been his due at the end of the year (if the 'circumstances' had not interfered), and a letter of recommendation to his brother, who was in the same business as himself in the town of Gloucester.

Now Frederick was gay and young and full of high spirits; the world was all before him, so what matter whether he began life in Roxbury or Gloucester? So he donned his freedom suit, bought himself a horse and a fiddle, and with the small sum of money left over jingling in his pocket started forth, a doughty young knight-errant, fiddle in rest, to seek his fortune. In those days it was quite a journey to travel from Roxbury to Gloucester, and my grandfather used to tell in after years of the delights of that lovely ride — of the long sunny days of freedom, stopping only at village inns or pleasant farmhouses by the wayside, and in the evening, like Goldsmith on his travels, playing for the people to dance, or joining with them in songs and fun.

At last he reached Gloucester, unconsciously passing on his way the little seaside nook on the Beverly shore which was to be the home of his grandchildren many years after, and, as they like to think, perhaps drawing rein on Mingo's Beach to take his noontide rest there.

Well, we shall never know! When at last he reached Gloucester, he went to the inn kept by Mr. Benjamin Somes, and while he was eating his supper, with the landlord in attendance, he heard the sound of music in an adjoining room.

Frederick had a great love of music and was no mean performer himself, so he eagerly asked the landlord who was playing.

'It is my daughter, Miss Abigail Somes, playing on her spinet,' the landlord replied, adding with pride, 'She has

just returned from Boston, where she has been at school for a year.' Then Frederick introduced himself and showed the credentials which Mr. Williams had given him, and after tea was taken into the parlor and introduced to Miss Abigail and passed a happy evening playing and singing with her. And thence this historian and history — for, to make a long story short, the two young people fell violently in love with each other, were married very soon, and opened a shop in Gloucester, of which the only detail that has reached their descendants from the dim past is that at the end of a year they took account of stock, and found they were worth exactly fourpence halfpenny!

But they seem to have been a lively, energetic, happy young couple, and as time went on prospered greatly, and gathered riches and friends around them. Grandfather became a successful merchant in Gloucester, and built a large fine house (which as a child I was often taken to see), with a cupola and terraces sloping to the sea, and a big banqueting hall, with a balcony for musicians.

I have often heard my mother tell that when she was a little child of three years she was brought into that hall at Grandfather's great dinner parties, dressed in her best white embroidered muslin frock with blue ribbons, and placed with the dessert on the shining mahogany table, where she sang a little song, and danced a little dance to the accompaniment of the musicians in the balcony, Grandfather leading them with his fiddle from the head of the table. One verse of her song was this: —

When I was young and in my prime,
In gathering flowers I passed my time,
In gathering flowers, red, white, and blue,
I little knew what love could do!

Chorus:

Fol de rol de rol rol, Fol de rol de ra.

All the company rose and joined in the chorus while my mother danced a little *pas seul* around the table.

VI

Another story my mother used to tell of those times was that General Stark and his Molly used to come every winter to make a visit to my grandmother and grandfather in Gloucester. They would arrive from Bennington in an open sleigh, closely packed with venison and butter-nuts and other country produce, and which, when they returned to Vermont, was laden with dried codfish. As a truthful reporter of the past, I feel that I ought to add the sad fact that, true to the customs and habits of the time, the brave General and his Molly often had to be assisted to their bedrooms after a carousal in this hospitable house! I am inclined to think that my handsome, gay young grandfather must have been rather a highflyer, for when he died at the age of thirty-three it was found that he was bankrupt, though, in justice to his memory, I must record that the immediate cause of his insolvency was the capture of several of his vessels by the French. After his creditors were satisfied by the sale of house and carriages and furniture, there was very little money left for my grandmother, but she was full of courage and energy, and as soon as she understood how matters stood she laid her plans for the support of herself and her four children. And first and foremost must be found means for the education of her only son Samuel, then seven years old. And as the story of her adventures is eloquent of the spirit of the time, I think I must relate it here.

She had heard much of the kindness and benevolence of a certain Reverend Mr. Peabody, who was minister of the small town of Atkinson, in New Hampshire, where there was an excellent academy of which he was also trustee. So one summer morning she started from Gloucester with her boy, driving a chaise, over an untried and intricate road of forty miles, to tell her sad story to this unknown friend. I have often heard my uncle describe that journey. How they

passed through the pleasant town of Ipswich, so quiet in the sultry noontide that the whimpering of the whiffletree of their chaise and the ring of the anvil of the village blacksmith were the only sounds that broke the silence. At last, in the evening, they reach Atkinson and the parsonage, where my grandmother tells her piteous tale, sets forth eloquently her earnest desire to get an education for her son, but confesses that at present she has no money to pay for it, but must return the next day to seek some employment by which she may earn a living for her children; and then tremblingly awaits the answer of the stately pastor. Brave little Grandmother!

But the answer was not long in coming. And my uncle has recorded it in the quaint language of the time. Taking both her hands, and looking straight in her face with eyes beaming with pity and kindness, Mr. Peabody said, 'Madam, leave your little boy with us. He shall be one of our family, and enter the academy at once. And have no fear for the future. If Providence blesses your efforts to secure for yourself a livelihood, well and good; you may remunerate us in the usual way. But if you are doomed to struggle with adversity, be not anxious about your son; here you may be sure he shall have a home and an education.' And here, using my uncle's words, 'just as my poor little mother broke down, and burst into tears, the strain on her nerves having at last overcome her strength and fortitude, there appeared upon the scene a lady who had been quietly sitting in a corner during the conversation, with an elegant cap on her head which excited my boyish admiration, and who, taking my mother in her arms, cordially endorsed her husband's invitation with a few precious words of welcome and comfort.'

Grandmother returned to Gloucester next morning cheered and comforted, and soon after moved to Salem, where she opened a dry-goods store, and in the

space of ten years not only amply remunerated her benefactor for her son's education, but also was able to send her three other children to share the privileges of parsonage and academy. And now I am coming back to the point from which I started, our old house in Salem.

Everybody in Salem was interested in my grandmother's story, and, as she had both energy and ability, she was wonderfully successful, and prospered greatly, and at last was able to build this fine house, repeating in it some of the details of her beautiful stately home in Gloucester. Especially the handsome stairways, with low broad tread and carved railings, and the large halls with arched windows were reproduced here. But poor Grandmother's faith in human nature did not always prove a light from heaven. Once it turned into a will-o'-the-wisp to mislead her to her ruin. Being tired with many years of hard work, she at last decided to take a partner who would share her labors and give her the rest she needed. So she found a young man who was highly recommended and who seemed in every way desirable, signed the articles of partnership with him, and found herself thus made liable for her partner's earlier debts to an amount that made it necessary for her to sell her beautiful house, and which absorbed all the little fortune she had accumulated by years of hard work.

Almost heartbroken, but still bravely flying her little flag of cheerful courage, she gave up her shop and moved to Cambridge, where she opened a very successful boarding house for students. And here she drifts out of our story. I have a dim remembrance of her—a small and very erect little figure, with clear-cut features and very bright eyes, a white muslin cap bound round her head with a broad black ribbon and a snowy muslin kerchief crossed over her bosom. And alas! must I say it? I also

remember seeing her take a pinch of snuff from a pretty little silver snuffbox, which as a child I coveted for other uses.

Well, so the old house passed into other hands, but when I was about eight years old there was great excitement in the family because it was reported that it was again for sale. My father was then a lawyer in Salem in good business but with no nest egg sufficient for such a purchase, and so my mother repressed any expression of her eager and natural desire to get back to the home of her girlhood, filled with associations of her mother and of her youth. But the day before the sale my grandfather King sent for my father and told him that if he wanted to secure the house he, Grandfather, would advance the money if the sum asked did not exceed a certain amount. How well I remember the day of that sale! And how about eleven o'clock in the morning we saw my father hurrying up the street, and how almost before he was inside the door we heard his voice full of glee, calling for my mother: 'Susan, Susan, I've bought it, I've bought it!' And so it happened that for nearly forty years we lived in my grandmother's house, and smelled her lilacs, and ate her cherries and her golden russets, and reaped the harvest of her years of hard though loving work in her old home.

While I have been writing of this 'Kiddy' King 'of shreds and patches,' I have often thought of a scene in Sylvester Judd's story, *Margaret*, where two old women are vying with each other in telling reminiscences. Mistress Ravel says, 'I remember the Great Hog, up in Dunwich, that hefted nigh twenty score,' in answer to the Widow Brent's 'I remember milking a cow a whole winter for a half a yard of ribbin.' Now, as by no possibility could I equal these wonderful remembrances, I think I will say good-bye to the old Salem of my youth, and write *Finis* here.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF POWER

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

I

ACCORDING to utility publicists, electric power is a minor household expense, less than 3 per cent of the family budget. But that does not tell the whole story. For the first time in all history, abundant and cheap power can be made available to everyone, at almost any place, in any amount, always ready to serve, to lighten the age-old burden of drudgery, and to achieve new levels of comfort and convenience.

In addition to lighting the home, electricity will wash and iron the family clothes, heat the water, grind, mix, cook, or refrigerate the food, run the sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, and radio, and cool the house in summer. On the farm it will pump the water, grind the feed, incubate the eggs, sharpen the tools, and refrigerate and preserve the meat, vegetables, and fruit crop. Its full use brings about not just an incidental change in home life, but a domestic revolution. In a workingman's home well provided with electric service, the power bill, even at very low rates, becomes one of the largest items of the family budget, and the rates paid become an important family issue.

In the TVA town of Norris, in two hundred workmen's and supervisors' houses which are fully equipped for electric service, including heating, and are furnished with current at low TVA rates, the average use of current is twenty times that in the average American electrified home. Most American families must do without hired help. In

the home of a representative American workman adequate electrical equipment can be a greater relief from drudgery than a full-time servant. At the rates which generally have prevailed, electricity cannot be freely used in the workingman's home as an all-purpose servant. It is intolerable that this great boon should be withheld or unnecessarily restricted by exploitation.

Law and custom in America recognize some activities as 'affected with a public interest,' and as especially subject to regulation or to direct administration by government. In case of banking, the railroads, telegraph, telephone, and radio, the American method has been chiefly that of regulation of 'private' industry. With other public services, such as schools, the post office, highways, water supplies, sewers, and fire protection, direct public ownership and operation have come to be more usual.

Electric power, a relatively new public service, has largely taken the place of railroads, street railways, and gas as a rich source of profits. Its development has been subject to similar abuses, and has presented similar resistance to public regulation. There still is a steady drive of propaganda, as, for instance, that of the Alabama Power Company of the Commonwealth and Southern system, to make the public believe that public ownership of power would be a subversive change in government, a first step to Communism, to be followed by public ownership of retail stores and of

other business. Such propaganda, if successful, would itself bring about a revolutionary change, by taking away from the American people the long-established right directly to administer essential public services. It clouds the issue and arouses a spirit of resentment, and in the end increases the difficulty of reaching a conclusion fair to the utilities themselves.

The electric power issue is not a new problem, but a present expression of a centuries-old conflict. Look back through the history of Europe and we see the age-long habit of those in power of seizing and controlling the productive resources of society, and of using them for private advantage. We see the gradually increasing assertion by the common man of the right to his own life and labor, and to freedom from tax or tribute, except that which represents fair compensation for necessary services.

Gradually the principle is being established in law and practice with reference to public services that no monopoly or preferred position can confer the right to levy tribute beyond reasonable compensation for services actually rendered. In case of essential public services, such as electric power, which hold monopolies and are given the governmental power of eminent domain, it is coming to be the recognized duty of management to provide the widest and best possible service at the lowest possible cost consistent with a fair return on money invested, and with fair compensation for services rendered and risk taken, all as measured by competitive rates in the open market. No longer is it allowable for a public service to follow the practice of private business of charging such prices and of serving only such customers as will bring the greatest total of profits.

If the value of services could be exactly measured, the power issue could be more quickly settled. However, there is large uncertainty as to the value of investments and of services, and of incentives necessary to secure them. The

aim of society should be not only the equalization of opportunity, but also the increase of the total of wealth and opportunity. Too exclusive attention to equalization of opportunity may bring about a great decrease in the total, with the impoverishment of everyone concerned.

Yet there is ground for encouragement. The railroad industry was long a field of atrocious exploitation both of investors and of the public, with a low grade of technical service. Under increasingly strict government regulation its abuses have largely disappeared, and the technical service has vastly improved. The building and maintenance of public highways and highway bridges was long a field of great incompetence, graft, and political favoritism. It gradually has become relatively clean and efficient, giving the public economical service of high quality. With both public and private ownership of public services there has been progressive reduction of abuses and improvement in quality.

There have been and still are great abuses in the power industry. The Insull collapse exposed some of those abuses to the public. Probably three or four other large systems are no less vulnerable to criticism. Utility abuses have come about partly through overcapitalization, but perhaps to a greater extent through excessive charges by service companies. A small group of insiders may own various service companies which buy property and sell it at higher prices to the operating companies, or supply legal, engineering, accounting, or management services. Sometimes the 'compensation' taken by the inside owners of these service companies is very great, while the public may be paying excessive rates and the general investors are receiving inadequate returns, or no returns at all.

Writing in the August *Atlantic*, Mr. Wendell Willkie indicates the division of each dollar of income of his companies to be '26½ cents for labor, 13½ cents for taxes, 39½ cents for borrowed capital,

and 20½ cents for material and supplies,' these items totaling 100 per cent of utility income. Evidently service charges and very large executive salaries from the bottom operating company to the topmost holding company are included under wages. In such circumstances his statement, 'Obviously these companies should not reduce the wages they pay,' requires further light. When we consider that similar complexities are included in holding-company statements under 'material and supplies' and under 'borrowed capital,' it is evident that such a statement of allocation of income is an extreme oversimplification, which clouds rather than clarifies the issue.

By the method of service company charges and by the manipulations of a maze of holding companies, a few insiders may exploit both the public and the investors. Even the better-managed companies generally have opposed publicity and regulation, and have not greatly helped the public to understand the situation. As a result, good and bad alike tend to come under indiscriminating public disapproval.

The 'fight to the finish' attitude which to-day characterizes certain public men did not originate with public officials, but with private utility managements which were determined to suppress the heresy of public ownership of power. About ten years ago the vice president and manager of a large utility system, in chiding the writer for allowing a public discussion of the subject, said that his company had won its territory and intended to hold it by every means in its power; that the question of public and private ownership was a closed issue in that territory, and that 'the least suggestion of encouragement' to discuss it in public would be considered an offense by his company. At about the same time writers of small financial means were threatened with expensive libel suits for publishing official evidence of undercover utility propaganda through the secret subsidizing of engineers and educators.

That is, there seemed to be efforts to keep the public in the dark as to the methods used in that fight.

Yet the abuses of the power industry should not blind us to the excellent technical work it has accomplished in design and construction of power plants and of transmission systems, and in distribution to the ultimate consumers, with steady decrease in the price of service. The private industry in America has been more progressive and effective than that in England, where public ownership has been much more largely dominant. The larger part of the investment in American electrical utilities is prudent, necessary investment, honestly made, and quite generally by people of moderate means. Some utility overcapitalization has been due to very high prices paid for small companies, the ownership of which was necessary to consolidate systems and to secure operating economies; just as a man needing a city block to build a department store might be forced to buy some small lot at an excessive price.

The problem, then, is how to keep the good elements of the system, to protect the confidence of the American people in industry, thrift, and investment of savings, and to eliminate exploitation, while realizing the full possibilities of universal and cheap electric power.

There are several possible methods for protecting and promoting the interests of the public in electric power. The best-established method in America is by means of public regulation and supervision of privately owned utilities. Most states have public utility commissions or their equivalents, which pass on power rates and the quality of services rendered, regulate the issuance of securities, and often supervise capital expenditures. The larger utilities to some degree have been able to evade this state control by influencing the appointment of utility commissioners, by the help of skillful lawyers, accountants, and engineers, occasionally by bribery or favoritism toward commissioners, courts, or legisla-

tors, and by a maze of interstate holding companies. The passing of the so-called Holding Company Act by the national Congress was an effort to simplify the complex maze of utility organization, and to bring interstate operation under responsible control and supervision.

These conditions, taken together with the genuine difficulties of measuring the value of services and investments (which difficulties can equally be exploited by the utilities and by self-seeking persons in public life), have led to a search for other ways of working out the problem of protecting the public without injuring honest and useful investments. Among methods in use in this or other countries are combinations of public and private ownership, various forms of 'power pool' or exchange of power between private or public operators, with unified supplies to public or private distribution systems, and finally the direct entry of government into the business of supplying power to its citizens. Because of the limitations of this article I shall largely confine myself to a discussion of this last method.

II

Public ownership of power may take any one of several forms. There may be a complete taking over of the industry by the government with the elimination of private ownership, as in case of the telephone and telegraph in England. There may be a taking over of small systems by individual communities, as has been the course in thousands of American municipalities, thus dividing the industry into publicly owned and privately owned systems. Another method is that of setting up a large demonstration area of public ownership, comparable to modern large private systems. This method may have the advantage of giving the public a measure of the actual necessary cost of modern large-scale electric service. It may also furnish a laboratory for the development of improved methods and practices.

Under any method there are certain proprieties and decencies of government which should be observed. Where the public has invited private capital to supply an essential public service, there should be no capricious arbitrariness in destruction or duplication of facilities to the loss of honest, necessary, and useful investment. Where bad government and lax administration have allowed inflated securities to be sold to innocent investors, the public is not without responsibility. In case public power is used as a 'yardstick,' or as a measure of what the private power industry should charge for its services, then it is imperative that records and accounts be honest and fair and open, and that there be no hidden element of subsidy. The very fundamental element of such comparison is honesty, fairness, and openness in measurement. Take away those characteristics, and the supposed comparison may becloud the issue, rather than clarify it.

One of the largest public projects for supplying electric power is the Tennessee Valley Authority. The TVA is an organization for varied purposes, largely centred around the unified control of the Tennessee River system for navigation and flood control, as well as for power. The flood control and navigation programmes of the TVA are not 'a masquerade.' Though the entrance of the government into the power industry was prominent in the minds of members of Congress when the law was enacted, the development of navigation and flood control are valid and very important objectives. If the Tennessee Valley Authority act is fairly interpreted and administered, it can mark a great advance in the planned and orderly development of a great river system.

Inland navigation of the type being provided on the Tennessee River will be of higher quality than any now existing on American rivers, and will play an important part in future transportation. The few high dams of the TVA pro-

gramme are far more valuable for navigation than the many low dams proposed in earlier plans. The flood control provided by TVA reservoirs is valuable not primarily because of benefits on the Tennessee River. It will be a substantial factor in preventing lower Ohio River and Mississippi River floods. In many cases the same large dam can serve for navigation control, flood control, and for power; though if the operation of such a system is in the hands of persons interested only in power, such a multi-purpose project can be abused, perhaps with serious results. The possibilities for combined-purpose dams on the Tennessee are very much greater than on the Miami River in Ohio, because of marked differences in physical conditions.

The completed plan will have installation for about two million kilowatts of hydroelectric power, with an output of a million kilowatts of prime or year-round dependable power. All in all, the completed river control on the Tennessee will be worth probably twice what it cost. It is estimated that in the course of fifty years the entire first cost can be repaid, without interest, from the income from power alone. Because of the existing public controversy over TVA power, it can be taken as an example of the Federal Government in the power industry.

It would be a great public waste for the power supply at TVA dams to remain unused, while private utilities build duplicating and competing power plants. This supply of public power can be disposed of by any one of several methods. It might be sold at the power plants to the private utility companies. This would produce a large public income with a minimum of public entrance into the industry, but that course would make little contribution toward correcting abuses in the private industry. Since all existing TVA dams are in the territory of a single power company, there might be no competition for such purchase of TVA power. By requiring that

power sold by the TVA to the private utilities be resold by them at rates agreed to by the government, an element of regulation would be introduced. However, since the actual cost of generating electric power is only one sixth to one twelfth of the price generally paid for power to the private utilities by the domestic consumer (the greater part of the expense being the cost of distribution), the utilities might prefer to generate their own power at a slightly higher cost, rather than submit to this increased degree of regulation.

The English Government has made a great advance in the electric power industry by creation of a power transmission pool, familiarly known as 'The Grid.' With some modifications, that would seem to be an effective means for making electric power most widely available at the lowest possible cost, and with protection to used and useful investment in the private utility field.

Under such an arrangement the government and the private utilities would incorporate a power transmission organization to take over and operate all transmission lines. This transmission pool would buy power from generating plants where it could be produced at the lowest cost, and would transmit and sell that power at standard wholesale rates to both public and private distributing systems. The advantages of low-cost TVA power then would be available to both public and private distributors, and at any point within the transmission system. With reasonable protection to generating plants already established, power would be purchased by the transmission pool from whatever source could produce it most cheaply, and would be transmitted at cost. Though the establishment of such a power transmission pool would involve many technical and policy problems, the general method offers a practical solution.

In suggesting this method in September 1936, President Roosevelt said: 'The

public interest demands that the power that is being or soon will be generated by the Tennessee Valley Authority and at the Bonneville Dam and other Public Works projects should be made to serve the greatest number of our people at the lowest cost and, as far as possible, without injury to existing actual investment. To this end, I have for several months been conferring informally with representatives of the Federal Power Commission, the National Resource Committee, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the Rural Electrification Administration, as well as with utility executives, engineers, and economists.

'These discussions indicate agreement to a remarkable degree that this objective can best be attained by coöperative pooling of power facilities within each region, including those of the Federal projects, the privately owned utilities, and the municipal plants, through the joint use of the existing transmission line networks under the control of the members of the pool. Such a pool, it appears, will smooth out the peaks and valleys of separate system operations, reduce the amount of necessary reserve capacity, and postpone the need for investment in new generating facilities.'

III

There appear to be several other feasible methods for disposing of power developed at TVA dams so as to encourage the widest possible use at the lowest possible rates consistent with good business management, while giving fair protection to actual and useful investment in the private utility industries. If this problem is to be worked out by any of these methods with a minimum of conflict, bitterness, and waste, and with a maximum of usefulness, there are certain principles and methods which should be observed.

First, the private utilities must give up the habit of exploitation, the attitude of taking profits because of monopoly

or other privileged position, either by means of overcapitalization, excess service charges, or by undue charges for capital invested. In the end they must acquiesce in limiting their income to fair and moderate compensation for necessary services, fair return on money wisely invested, and fair compensation for risk incurred.

As every experienced person knows, too niggardly allowance of returns may restrict vigorous operations, discourage initiative, and actually reduce the quality and economy of services rendered. On the other hand, in the railroad industry the period of best service and greatest technical advance has been the period of enforced economy and stringent regulation.

Second, the private utilities must come to recognize the right of the people through public agencies to acquire their own power facilities if they see fit. By misleading propaganda, obstructive litigation, and sometimes by more questionable methods, the utilities have tried to obstruct public ownership. Continuation of these methods leads to such bitterness, distrust, and resentment as must impede a fair and coöperative solution of the problem.

Third, having invited the investment of private capital to supply the public with electric power, the public is under obligation to respect actual honest and useful investment, and not to jeopardize or destroy it by capricious and arbitrary coercion. The abuses of the private power industry have bred in some men an attitude of bitter hatred, and a conviction that the only course to take is a war without quarter against the private companies. This attitude may be exploited by other men who have no such convictions, but who will endeavor to ride to political power on the issue. A fair settlement of the question might leave such men without a place in the limelight. In my opinion, for public men to retaliate with arbitrary coercion, to use false or misleading propaganda, and

to use other methods than open and impartial processes of government, not only is unfair to legitimate private investors, but tends to substitute private dictation for democratic processes of government. I have no confidence in the supposed liberalism of people who use such methods. Whoever will use unfair methods for the public probably will use unfair methods against the public for his own advantage. The public can have no greater security than the habit in its public officials of fair and open treatment of every issue, no matter who is affected.

In his statement in the August *Atlantic*, Mr. Willkie did not go so far toward offering a fair solution as he has done in previous public statements. The proposals in the *Atlantic*, in the writer's opinion, except for the suggestion of a power pool, do not furnish a reasonable basis for a solution of the issue, and agreement 'in principle' to a power pool is too vague to be conclusive. He suggests purchase by public agencies of the entire Southern properties of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation. These lie in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina. The Federal Government probably is without power to make such acquisition, even if it should desire. The prospect for united simultaneous action to that end by five states is so remote as to be negligible. He suggests that the properties be acquired as a whole by condemnation. Such a process in so great an area would be cumbersome to the extent of being practically impossible. Even in a single city, clever lawyers can delay condemnation proceedings for five or ten years.

To consider another of his proposals, sale of the total TVA output of power to his organization, which is the only large private utility now having access to TVA dams, would be entirely unsatisfactory. Since individual communities will insist on deciding for themselves the question of public or private ownership,

the real question is whether acquisition can be in such units as will not seriously disrupt reasonable operating units of minimum size, and whether a fair price can be arrived at by prompt and impartial processes.

Specifically, there are certain orderly processes which, it seems to me, are essential in the acquisition by the public of existing private power systems. Any differences of opinion in the determination of costs of properties to be purchased should be settled by impartial appraisal. In the acquisition of private electric power properties for the public, the process of condemnation has come into disrepute because the private utilities, with their specialized and experienced legal staffs, can use that process for indefinite delay while they work in devious ways to bring about discouragement and a reversal of public policy in the communities involved. For private interests to try to force a high price by obstructive litigation, or for public men to try to secure an unreasonably low price by threat of duplication or dismemberment, leads to suspicion, conflict, and social waste.

There should be no arbitrary dismemberment of existing private power systems. For public agencies to take over the profitable large centres of distribution, leaving private companies with dismembered rural fragments, will destroy private investments, and will not serve the public interests in the long run. Private companies are justified in refusing to consider the sale of properties which would bring about such dismemberment. Impartial studies should be made to determine what are the minimum areas of distribution which would allow economy of operation for both urban and rural areas, and which could be acquired by the public as units of operation.

In the operation of public 'yardstick' systems there should be no hidden subsidies, no undisclosed government assistance to local public power systems. It is due both to private investors and to

municipalities which consider purchasing their power systems that the full actual cost of service be publicly disclosed. If there is government subsidy, it should be in the open.

When private power systems are taken over by the public, the competent and loyal employees, at least below policy-making grades, should be continued in service, and should not be displaced to provide political appointments.

The writer is a minority member of the Board of Directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority, of which he is the Chairman. In important respects he differs from what he judges to be the actual power policy of his associates. This statement therefore reflects his personal views, and not the working policy of the TVA on the power issue. Neither does it undertake to criticize in detail what the writer believes to be the improprieties of that policy.

Public ownership and private ownership as we know them now are not the only solutions of the power question. We still have much to learn concerning democratic processes in industry and in government. This process of education will take time. Both public ownership and private ownership have much to teach us, and neither should be summarily abandoned. No burst of public wrath or no surrender to private dictation will solve the issue. As effective methods gradually are worked out, they may be different from any we now use. They

may combine various elements of private investment, private thrift, and the freedom and flexibility of private business, with public control, participation, and coördination. There is needed a continuing process of research, experiment, and education.

The power industry, like all large-sized business, reflects the common virtues and vices of men, magnified to a great scale. On that scale these common vices become intolerable evils which must be removed if American civilization is to realize its full promise. Volumes might be written on the technical methods of solving the power issue. What is primarily needed on both sides is common honesty and openness, a common willingness to give up privilege and preferred position. Given that attitude, the technical difficulties soon can be solved. If either side had clean hands and an unspotted record of public service, the public soon would reach a sound conclusion. In my opinion, the best corrective for the improper attitudes of any one party is not a process of 'fighting fire with fire,' but rather a persistent fairness and openness which gradually will win public confidence and approval. Both sides have that better resource always at hand, if they will but use it, and with a full use of that resource either side could win. If both sides should use it fully, the issue would largely disappear. Except as that resource comes into use, no solution will be satisfactory.

A letter of rebuttal by Mr. Wendell L. Willkie will be found in the Contributors' Column of this issue. — THE EDITORS

TURTLES AND POSTAGE STAMPS

BY GLANVILLE SMITH

THERE is no need of my stating at this time that the English are a maritime nation. It is a truth accepted with a yawn. Still, one proof of the fact is curious enough to bear repeating — namely, that several of the things to eat and drink which we regard as most English are no produce of England at all, but of places distant from it long ships' journeys.

The port laid down by 'thoughtful baronets' is fetched from Portugal. Oranges, for marmalade, come from Jaffa or Valencia. Tea, on its travels to the white tea tables of Albion, must cross two seas, parts of two oceans, to say nothing of gulfs, bays, and other briny items. As for the turtle soup over which aldermen, napkin in collar, smack their lips at Mansion House dinners, where are the turtles caught, to make it? In the Thames?

Certainly not. They come from the Mosquito Bank off Nicaragua, and are netted and shipped by the fishermen of Cayman.

I

Grand Cayman, on the map, you may not find, unless your atlas is large and your patience long — one speck of British pink on the broad blue Caribbean. It arches its seventeen-mile back just a few feet above the sea, there south of Cuba; an isle of glossy and shimmering green leaves, ringed about with the white of surf on the rock, or whiter sands. When I set foot ashore it was a bright March Sabbath morning; the

almond trees, which celebrate their autumn in that month, were towers of crimson along the white shore lane, while the 'Easter lilies' and amaryllises, for which it was the spring season, stood in white-sanded yards in clumps of translucent white and scarlet.

No less shining, the white cottages had jalousies and doors of buff or peacock blue, and by the picket gates the roosters arched their burnished necks, crowing brassily in the hot sunshine. Here was the Torrid Zone in its purest colors — an island made for great calms and heats. While we bathed in the glass surges on West Bay Beach, a young islander, who had befriended me, would lift his arm and point to seaward, to the waterspouts twisting their black ducts from sea to sky. He looked a figure out of some old sunburnt myth, pointing to perils which cannot touch enchanted ground.

'Angelic dynamo! Ventriloquist of the Blue!' Hart Crane burst out, when he remembered Cayman, and tried to express the spirit of the place in one ejaculation. His rhapsody the Caymanians have given up trying to understand. Their usual visitors are not poets, but gentle ornithologists with very little to say, or evangelists who devote their time to reporting the existence of another and even brighter world. Besides, turtles — and postage stamps — are the Caymanians' concerns.

By agreement between Nicaragua and the British Crown, the islanders have the sole right to net turtle on the Mosquito

Bank. This is the modern form of a monopoly they established for themselves by hardihood, knowledge, and industry, and have maintained for nearly two hundred years.

Jamaica, of which Cayman is a dependency, had its heyday in the eighteenth century. Those were the times when William Beckford, richest man in England, built fantastic castles in the wilds of Portugal and wrote *Vathek* on an income which poured in from his Jamaica sugar lands. The planters and governors who came and went, and the red-coated fashionable military, brought home a taste for turtle soup. Like the tobacco of America, or the tea of the East, the Creole luxury was accepted as one of the great Empire blessings, and became a British Institution. Thus the Caymanians, on their outpost near earth's best turtling grounds, in time found themselves supplying the meat not only for the opulent Jamaican 'second breakfasts,' but for dinners at the Mansion House in distant London.

In the long pursuit of this one business the islanders have learned a great deal about it. The management of their schooners, whose sails continually brighten the western Caribbean, has, in two hundred years, made them that sea's most respected sailors. No yacht cruises the West Indies, it is said, without at least one Caymanian aboard. Ashore, every boy rigs toy boats and expects to follow the sea. Every old man, behind his leathered brow, stores the memory of storms and ports, and is likely to be a retired sea captain. As for the women, like true sailors' wives they vie in boasting of the superior agonies of their various fits of seasickness, on trips away from home.

Ships' carpentry is a familiar island art. Under the almond trees the keels are laid, saws buzz, and hard timbers, chosen for their natural curvature, are squared up. The Caymanian specialty is a catboat sharp both fore and aft, which is painted the intensest blue that

money will buy. This color the fishermen say is least soon noticed by the turtles, as the boats creep up above them where they feed; but a man seeing the blue of those boats on the still fiercer blue of the islands' harbor waters is likely to be so dazzled that the sky above appears not blue but a dull rosy color.

As for the turtles they net, the Caymanians very well know their ponderous subsea habits, and how to keep them alive while they are being shipped. The women at home very well know how to cook turtle meat.

My first taste of West Indian green turtle was in the soup form, at the old Cheshire Cheese in London, where it costs what is euphemistically referred to as a pretty penny. More recently, in Nassau, I was so lucky as to be invited to dine on Bahamian baked turtle.

This creature was a small one, but provided a great event. Soup, most excellent good, came first, with the pale green of lime slices riding on its darker bosom; next, the beast itself, turned bottom up, with its flipper meat in a ring of force-balls, and an ornate crust of scrolls and ribbons arching where its breastbone once had been. When Mrs. MacAfee, my hostess, plunged in the fork, a gust of steam rose, through which I caught a glimpse of her black cook's radiant face, peeping from the pantry.

In Grand Cayman such dainty treatment is thought unworthy of a turtle. What! Stuff him back in his own shell as if he were a crab? Most undignified. Moreover, to bake their turtles entire, two hundred pounds of meat and casing, would strain anybody's oven. No, the Caymanians butcher their turtles as if they were steers. Assorted slices of the meat, with strips of fat and pale toothsome tissue, are fetched home from market threaded on loops of thatch-palm fibre, to be pot-roasted with tomato, herbs, and plenty of pepper.

It makes a dark and savory dish. Mrs. Jones, my landlady, when she

brought in the platter, would set it down with a thump. Here *was* something. And seating herself on a box where she could shoo the chickens or wallop the cat, when they made too much of a fuss at the door, she would repeat the compliments heaped upon her roast turtle by my predecessors. It was the new-comer's turn to add a few quotable remarks, I could see that. And since she was a widow who had had a great many troubles to bear, there in the little white house among the breadfruit trees, I did my best to satisfy her, meal after meal. The essayist was certainly not to be outdone in compliments by a mere ornithologist, or a parcel of Adventist missionaries.

II

At night in Georgetown, after the blue catboats had been tied to the cove buoys, and the West Indian nightingale, teetering in an orange tree, had said its last melodious say, the moon would begin to shine in a queenly style, and the white roads that wound narrowly among the fruit groves looked whiter than ever.

On one such night I went out to Captain Panton Thompson's. The Sunday before, I had seen him ride in to church on his pony, with a hymnbook under his arm, and a straw hat set to a geometrically precise horizontal atop his gray head. We had grown acquainted then, exchanged views on international politics, and he had given me directions how to come out to his little estate to dinner.

The proposed venture threw Mrs. Jones into a fever of anxiety. How could she trust me to find my way on this vast island? It was like praising the turtle over again; I had to be profuse, extensive, and superlative in my promises to turn back at once if I found myself bewildered, before she would let me go. And then, footing it straight ahead down quite the right road, whistling in the moonlight, I was overtaken by a guide she had sent after me on a bicycle.

This proved to be none other than Miss Hilary Thompson, the Captain's daughter. She hopped off her steed, and (to explain myself in a gruff way) proved a welcome adjunct to the moonlight walk. I had never heard of a girl named Hilary before; she possessed a charm and humor which well matched the pretty oddness of the name. As for American visitors, they are not commonly met with on the Caymanian roads. Thus, as we trudged ahead through moon-cast shadows of naseberry and shaddock trees, or past paddocks where cattle munched in the moonlit guinea grass, we had reason to look upon each other as beings out of the ordinary.

The Captain we found with his shoes off. The night was hot, and long years of command have accustomed him to independence of the world's opinion. Dinner, too, was not turtle, but fish. But we talked turtle, as is inevitable in Cayman, after we had argued out the probable fate of the British Empire. And then, no less inevitably on that island, we talked postage stamps. Miss Hilary, at the magic words, fetched down her album.

Postage stamps I have never taken seriously. At the age of twelve I had an album with 'G. Smith, the Stamping Man' in large letters on the flyleaf, and pasted as many kings, queens, and presidents in it as I could get for nothing. To this day I rather enjoy inserting the bright bits of paper, which Max Beerbohm says is the innocent basis of the philatelic frenzy. Luckily I have gone no further, nor has Miss Hilary. But to her and her father stamps mean more than they can to me, because they are Cayman Islanders.

To the Caymanians, a new series of island stamps is as great a matter of interest as a new musical show is to Broadway. Will it be a hit? In these obscure places, where stamps bought for actual use are few, the big post-office customers are the stamp dealers of the outside world, and the million collectors for

whom they buy. In 1935, for example, these obliging foreigners, spontaneously, and without a hint of growling, paid about half of island government expenses. A more recent set of stamps, picturesque with conch shells and catboats, booby birds and turtles, has been even more popular. No hot cakes ever sold faster.

The chief business in a Caymanian post office, thus, is the postmarking of empty envelopes plastered with these philatelic hot cakes. The postmaster of Georgetown spoke with a sigh of the forthcoming Coronation series, and of how, on the day of issue, he would have a hundred and thirty thousand stamps to postmark legibly with that important date. All bogus mail, too, as usual. At Cayman Brac a bottle of liniment stood on the shelf ready for the same ordeal's cramps and pains; and after it, the Captain and Miss Hilary decided, the staff would certainly deserve to be treated to a midnight turtle supper.

Still talking of these Arcadian fiscal wonders, we inspected Miss Hilary's roses: a flashlight brought out the colors that the moonlight failed to show. She grew balsams, too, gayer than the penny-ha'penny stamps which are the islands' gayest. Then alone on the white road again, — resolving to send off a bushel of postcards, each with that rarity on it, an actually used Cayman Islands stamp, — I tramped back to town.

On the 'next *Cimboco*' the bushel and I sailed off together to the outside world. The mailboat's chief cargo was not postage stamps, however, but turtles. Two hundred and twelve of them there were,

broader than washtubs, making the trip to Kingston with me.

What a smell! — sickly sweet, as if designed to give the Caymanian women passengers new seasick pangs to boast of. As for myself, the safest place aboard was well forward, where the breeze blew fresh. Stretched out on a heap of sail there, with the gold teeth of a sailor flashing over me as he talked contemptuously of the turtles of Galapagos and Costa Rica, — which are caught ashore, lean from the laying of their eggs, — I could look down the hatch at ours, netted at sea while fat and luscious. Tier on tier they lay, all upside down. With their pale front flippers crossed in resignation on their pale bosoms, they looked like a sleeping ward of lawn-sleeved bishops.

At Kingston, however, where they were hoisted up, weighed, and transhipped in a great hurry to turtle-hungry London and New York, this air of resignation was cast off. Our bishops hissed, snapped their jaws, and brandished their hind flippers in an awful fashion. The future they had right to dread. Their present discomfort no onlooker could but commiserate.

All the same, they were being treated with more consideration than I was, in a way, or those dear articles of island commerce, the postage stamps. While we (apologetically) were kept waiting, they went ashore, two hundred and twelve strong, one at a time. The Caymanians value their postal receipts, and love nothing better than welcoming visitors to their islands. But business is business after all, and turtles are turtles.

THE OXOMETER

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

IT must now be verging on six or seven years since my old friend Bill M. told me he was working on a device that he said would be the greatest invention of all time. As he described it, I could see that he was right. There was no shadow of doubt in my mind that if he could make the thing work, it would be the most powerful agent for promoting civilization that the world has ever seen. By comparison, the wheel, the lever, and all the other fundamental aids to civilization put together, would be nothing to it. I was immensely enthusiastic over the idea, and whenever I saw Bill I would ask him how it was coming on, but presently Bill moved, and I was away a good deal, so we more or less lost sight of each other, and I rather thought, since I had seen no word of his invention in the public prints, that probably he had been unable to get it going and had given it up.

Last week, however, Bill telephoned me to come around to his workshop and see a demonstration. It seems that shortly after he first spoke of it to me he had gone so far as to get the machine working perfectly under controlled conditions, and only a few slight simplifications and adjustments were needed to make it foolproof, but these were so troublesome that it had taken him five years to get them fined down exactly right, shipshape and according to Gunter. I remembered that Edison had hit the same snag with talking pictures and lay aground on it a long time. I saw talking

pictures perfectly synchronized in his laboratory years before they came out commercially; he had got them to the point where they would work all right when he worked them, but not to the point where anybody could work them. That was the way with Bill's machine. He worked it for me almost all the afternoon, and I never saw anything so indescribably marvelous in my life.

Bill named his machine the 'oxometer,' accent on the second syllable. How he came to give it that name is rather a long story, but it must be gone through with in order to show what the machine is for, so the reader will not find it uninteresting.

The term *bull* has been long current in the glossary of journalism, and has seeped out to some extent into common slang. Newspaper men have told me that it means slight stuff which its authors know is unsound and do not take seriously, and which is printed only to fill space in a way that is appealing and agreeable to a low order of intelligence and taste. It is not synonymous with *hooey*, for that implies self-deception on the part of the utterer; he believes in what he says, notwithstanding it may actually be most dreadful nonsense. Thus, as I understand it, the formulas worked out by circle-squarers, flat-earth people and perpetual-motion savants are *hooey*, not *bull*. *Tripe*, again, seems to be not quite the same thing as *bull*, because it carries a distinct implication of something commonplace and hackneyed.

A person who in good faith rehashes some old story, or propounds as a novelty or a discovery some simple fact that everyone knows, is emitting tripe. Perhaps the thing most nearly analogous to bull is *buncombe* or *bunk*, though not exactly so, I think, but quite nearly.

I do not know how this use of the term *bull* came about. I once published an inquiry and got a good many replies, none of them satisfactory. One correspondent said he had found a suggestion of it in Homer, but I looked the passage up and thought it very doubtful. I have flirted with the notion that it may have come into the language by way of the Spanish *bulla*, for I suppose that with a little stretching you might render the verb *bullir* in a tropical sense which would give some color to this suggestion. I have a vague and imperfect recollection of a poem called 'Maddalena, or the Spanish Duel,' which I read in my boyhood, one stanza of which runs somewhat like this:—

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
Introduced himself to me.
'Señor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Ximenes y Ribera
Y Santalgos y Herrera
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y de Rivas y Mendosa
Y Zorrilla y —' 'No more, sir!
'T is as good as twenty score, sir,'
Said I to him with a frown.
'Mucha bulla para nada.
No palabras, draw your 'spada.
If you're up for a duello
You will find I'm just your fellow.
Señor, I am PETER BROWN.'

But problems like this are much more in my old friend Mr. Mencken's province than in mine, so I gladly make him a present of this one. I first ran across the term some twenty years ago, in the phrase *shooting the bull* or its variant *throwing the bull*, which I believe is now more common. I remember that during the war, when the wife of a prominent European statesman came over here to

help bamboozle us in behalf of the Allies, I heard an editor tell one of his first-string sob-sisters to 'go out and get her to shoot a little bull for us.' I remember also as long ago as when Don Marquis ran a column called the 'Sundial' in the New York *Sun*, he wrote a poem in first-class Kiplingese, asking what had become of the great horde of Kipling's imitators who had so suddenly sprung up in our literary circles, and as suddenly disappeared. His first stanza ended with the line:—

O ye sons of Kip, have ye lost your grip, are ye
feared to throw the bull?

The only other special use of the term that I recall hearing was from some college students at an informal gathering which in my day we would have called a gabfest. They called it a *bull-session*.

II

Coming back now to Bill's oxometer, I am unable to give a technical description of it, because I am utterly ignorant of all matters appertaining to mechanics. Bill undertook to explain it to me, but the more he explained the less I understood and the more my wits were tangled up, until by the time he got through explaining I did not know anything about anything. All I can say is that the machine is a small affair, easily portable, weighing, I should say, some fifteen pounds or so. You work it by plugging in on an ordinary electric circuit and throwing a switch like a lamp-switch, which anyone can do. At the other end of the machine there is a second switch which Bill said he would tell me about later, after dinner, when something was going to happen that would give him a chance to show me something which would really astonish me.

The principle of the oxometer seems in a general way like that of a separator, or perhaps I could better compare it to the principle of an air-conditioning apparatus. I am not sure about this, but at

any rate what the machine actually does is to cause bull to disappear instantly from a printed or written page by some process that appears to be like volatilization, leaving all residual sound matter quite unaffected. Bill said he called it an oxometer because it sterilizes the bull, and of course it does sterilize it in the most effective way by getting rid of it completely. Still, there is obviously a certain amount of poetic license in applying that name, but Bill is an artist, and therefore poetic terminology comes natural-like to him and he gets it in whenever he can.

Bill sat me down with a novel by an old acquaintance of ours who for years has made a lordly living by writing fiction for popular magazines. He writes them all on one formula which has never varied; that is, he tells the same story again and again in exactly the same way, merely dressing it up a little differently in each case. Bill told me to read two or three pages just to get the run of the stuff, and then he turned on the oxometer, with the amazing and incredible result that the pages I was reading instantly became blank. I leafed over the rest of the book and found that almost all the printing had disappeared. Here and there some detached sentences were left standing, sometimes most of a paragraph, but these all were bits of straight factual reporting, mostly descriptive. They were an odd sight, standing by themselves, often several blank pages apart, and unrelated to one another or to anything. 'That settles it, you see,' said Bill. 'You and I have often wondered whether he took that muck seriously and really thought he was doing something, or whether it was simon-pure bull, and now we know. The oxometer can't make a mistake — it's bull, and all that talk he hands out about the silliness of preciosity, and how a writer ought to aim at meeting the wholesome democratic taste of the masses, is humbug.'

As I said, we kept the oxometer going

most of the afternoon, turning it loose on all sorts of literature; travel-books, magazines, newspapers, essays, poems, whatever Bill happened to have around. We got some astonishing results with newspapers. I was especially keen to try out the editorial page of one paper, because for years I had not seen an editorial in it that read like anything but solid bull. The truth is, I suppose, that I could not imagine literate human beings so stupid as to write such stuff in good faith. Yet to my amazement, although we sampled the page in a number of issues, — Bill went down cellar and salvaged a dozen old ones that had been thrown away, — there was comparatively little bull in any of them. This was a puzzle to me, and still is. Other newspapers, however, made up for this deficiency. Their editorial pages never assayed more than two per cent of sound stuff, and rarely as much as that; the rest was bull.

Bill kept me to dinner with him, and afterwards we talked at length of the wonders we had seen; then presently he said he was ready to give me the real surprise of my life, for having showed me what the oxometer could do with the printed word, he would now show me what it could do with the spoken word, since one of our principal politicians was scheduled for a fireside talk over the radio on some aspects of our national affairs. Bill turned on the radio, the voice came in, we listened to several sentences; then he threw the second switch of the oxometer, the voice went dead, and we heard nothing for eight minutes, when suddenly one stanza of a poem came through — it was quoted — and then silence again. This verse of very good poetry, a quotation from Thomas Jefferson and another that I could not place, but I think it was from Edmund Burke — these were all that came through to us; the rest of the address was intercepted by the oxometer entire, lock, stock and barrel, and we heard nothing.

III

There is no point in dwelling on the glorious promise of a civilized life that Bill's invention offers. The reader may be left to exercise his own imagination upon the enormous and truly revolutionary transformations of human existence that will now take place in consequence of the individual's ability to make himself wholly inaccessible to the insidious advances of the bull-shooter. What will happen to the social institutions, now so many and so afflictive, which depend almost exclusively on bull for their predominance? Think of what will be left of a session of Congress, for instance, when an oxometer is installed in the Capitol! In a hundred-per-cent bull-free society (for with bull become inert, its use will no longer pay and will at once be discontinued) what will politics be like, what will the public forum, the newspaper, the school, the college, be like? What will the exercise of the learned professions be like—the law, literature, theology, medicine? What profound and salutary modifications of family life are inevitable! Can we possibly conceive of commerce, especially retail commerce, being carried on without bull? Imagination almost recoils on itself in contemplating the immensity of the field which the oxometer has opened before it. 'I have always believed,' said Bill, meditatively (Bill has the artistic temperament, which often gives his talk a pessimistic turn), 'I have always believed that God must have some good reason for allowing such a country as this to exist, but I could never make out what it might be until I invented the oxometer. I think perhaps His intention from the beginning was to

show what can be done with the most hopeless case, like the old-time temperance lecturers who kept a horrible example on the stage to encourage the audience. For certainly, if the most bull-sodden, bull-besotted society in the world can transform itself practically overnight into a self-respecting, truth-loving, clear-minded, straight-thinking, square-dealing civilization, there is the surest ground of hope for every branch of the human race, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, and back again.'

Bill has applied for a patent on the oxometer, but he says he did it only to put the Patent Office in a hole. He thinks they would like to refuse him a patent on the grounds of public policy, but will hardly dare go so far as to do that. If they do, he can stir up a tremendous popular commotion against the government and have a lot of fun, because he really cares nothing about the patent; if he gets it he will use it only to control the quality of the product put out by other manufacturers, if any. Bill is well-to-do in a small way, and has no desire to get money out of his invention, but on the contrary, he wishes to make the oxometer as nearly as possible a free property of the human race. Bill says his idea is merely to add the one essential item to Mr. Hoover's glowing forecast of true national grandeur and prosperity. He is all for the chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage, a radio in every parlor, but he wants to round out Mr. Hoover's generous programme and make it perfect by the installation of an oxometer in every home, and also in every schoolhouse, church, college, university, and every other place of public and semi-public resort throughout the country.

A KISS FOR MOTHER EARTH

BY CHARLES MARTIN

I

EUSÈBE DUHON's youngest son Willie reminded Eusèbe of himself when he was young.

'Except, of course, me, I had a moustache and it was famous, that whisker of mine, yeh! It gave me trouble. When I use to go see your mamma at her papa's house there on Bayou Queue de Tortue, whenever she sneeze her whole family run quick to where we're at to see if I kiss her and my moustache tickle her to sneeze.'

'Never mind about that, *hein*, Papa?' Willie begged. 'Look: what you're going to do about these tax, *hein*?'

Eusèbe's face slumped from reminiscent pleasure to wrinkled amazement. 'What *I'm* going to do?' he asked blankly. 'What *I'm* going to do, Wee-lay? *Mais bon Dieu!* You're the only one in this family making money — unless maybe you got a little brother hid somewhere?' Jokingly Eusèbe leaned aside to peer under Willie's chair. It was a big old rocker of satin-gray cypress.

Willie did n't even smile at the old man's clowning. He looked out the small window at the flat Louisiana fields for a moment, then glanced back at his papa's twinkling face.

'This year I'm not going to pay no tax for you at all, at all, no, Papa,' he said sombrely. 'It's not that I want to be mean, but Papa! You expect me to work in the oil field making money and then give it to you to pay tax on a whole hundred and fifty acre of a no-good farm that ain't made money since ten year?'

Eusèbe shook his head sadly, cutting off a great chunk of juicy sugar cane to chew. '*Eh*, Wee-lay! You don't know how good is that dirt, you!'

'It's just a notion you got, that's all.'

Eusèbe was chewing the sugar cane and could not answer. When he had strangled down the last drop and relieved himself of the pulp, he shouted: —

'Notion, *hein*, Wee-lay? Notion, *hein*? What you do over in that oil field where you work at, *hein*? You dig in the dirt, *hein*? A little bit deeper than a plough can go, maybe, but you dig in the dirt —'

'Yeh! Eight thousand feet is a little bit deeper than a plough can go.'

'Don't interrupt me, you bad-manner little jackass, you! That dirt — all one hundred and fifty acre of it, every grain — it's all good dirt, and you're never going to know how good it is, you hardhead son-of-a-gun, you! Sugar cane grow ten feet tall in that dirt, Wee-lay!'

Willie waved his big palms at his papa. 'All the same, I'm not going to pay your tax.'

'I don't care if you never pay 'um! I don't care, me, if you never come back to walk on my good dirt again, Wee-lay Duhon, you hardhead little jackass, you!' Eusèbe stopped, choking. 'It's good dirt I got out there!' he yelled thunderously.

'All the same,' Willie said, his head down, 'I'm not going to pay your tax because I'm going to get marry with Odile Frilot and that cost me too much money to pay your tax for you too.'

Fury went away from old Eusèbe's large face. The blood that had been surging purple through his fat cheeks ebbed pleasantly pink, showing off the dark outline of his beard stubble.

'*Pitié de Dieu!*' His tone had not yet had time to change from anger to full gladness, so it stood curiously between. Willie only dared peep at the fading wrath in his papa's face. Eusèbe smiled up a little slyly. 'Wee-lay, my boy, why you never told me that in the first place, you little fool, you? To let me go on and make a big scene and yell and shout and cuss you out . . . *Mais* of course don't pay no tax! Get marry — go right ahead and get yourself marry with Odile Frilot!' He turned to address the glistening length of sugar cane in his fist. 'Well, that's *something* for sure now, *hein?*' he asked.

Laughter began seething out of Eusèbe's thin French lips. Laughter boiled raucously in his chest, and as his face relaxed completely from anger his mouth flew wide and the laughter broke out free and mighty, rattling the thimbered walls of his parlor and setting up a clatter of knickknacks in the cabinet of hand-hewn walnut.

Hélène appeared at the kitchen door, frowning in on Eusèbe's uproarious laughter and looking accusingly at her son.

'Wee-lay, you gave your papa something to drink?' she asked him severely.

'No.' Willie shook his head. 'I just told him some good news.'

'Oh, you're going to pay the tax again?'

'No. I'm going to get marry with Odile Frilot.'

Mamma's dark eyes opened wide and she rushed into the parlor. '*Mais jamais!* Wee-lay, my baby, you get marry? It make me so happy to almost cry.' She bent over Willie in his chair and kissed him resoundingly.

Eusèbe bellowed, laughing: 'The last one not marry, and now we got rid of him too!' He ended in suckling-pig treble.

'But can you imagine yourself that, Hélène?' he sputtered in shrill French. 'Wee-lay marry with Odile Frilot!'

'I'm sure glad you're glad.' Willie wormed up awkwardly from his chair. 'Now I got to go see Mr. Donnelson in town there and tell him.'

Mr. Donnelson was Willie's boss, local manager for the Exploration Oil Company. Willie was a rig foreman in their oil field fifteen miles west of Eusèbe's farm.

Letting his fit of laughter leave him as slowly as had his anger, Eusèbe followed his son outdoors and watched while the muddy auto quivered out of sight between great branches of oak, their leaves staunch against the winter. In the black shade of the trees, drab pennants of moss dangled earthward.

II

There was reason for Eusèbe's joy at the thought of his son's coming marriage with Odile Frilot. Besides the merry afternoon and night the event was bound to bring, Odile herself was a beautiful girl with a heart so tender her mamma said she could n't wring a chicken's neck when they were going to have gumbo. Of course Eusèbe would have howled derision had Hélène professed any such delicate sensibility, but in a young girl like Odile it showed the fineness of her spirit. Eusèbe touched his fat thumb and second finger together, clicked his tongue just thinking of it.

He was taking his joy about Willie's marriage for a walk outdoors. That was where he took all his joys and sorrows and angers and loves, out to his fields that looked in to-day's oblique sunlight like the splintery top of an unfinished workbench. The withered stubble of cane fields stretched from his small house all the way to the dark swamp of Turtle-tail Bayou. The sky was bare and blue overhead, bereft of clouds by a strong northwest wind.

Eusèbe's thick-soled boots pushed

hard into the yielding earth along the fence edge of his fields. How good is that dirt, Willie will never know, him! To-day it was dry enough to plough and Eusèbe ached to be swearing at his mule and breaking the earth into black shining clods. . . . By the way, he ought to go water the poor mule over there.

As he crossed the field toward the pasture, Eusèbe saw Auguste Pellerin hard at work cutting the black earth open into glossy chunks. . . . Well, Auguste had no rheumatism yet. He could work in any weather, even cold as it was to-day. Ah, *bon Dieu*, it's sure not the dirt's fault that my farm can't even make tax money! It's just me that's old, and Willie that would rather work in an oil field than stay here on the farm.

In the pasture Eusèbe found the handle of the large spigot over the trough stuck fast and he had to kick it open. Keen pangs burned through his thigh and knee from the effort. The water gushed thick with rust into the trough and then came clear. That faucet rusted already! '*Crée misère!*' It was not yet a year since Willie had paid a lot of money to have this artesian well dug and a good faucet set upon it!

The plough mule sauntered up to the trough, thrust in its nose, and took a noisy draft. Instantly the nose came out again, snorted, while the animal shook its head with distaste.

'But you're a finicky mule, you! Not to drink because they got a little bit rust in your water there!'

The rust made the water smell funny, Eusèbe noticed as he shut off the faucet, but only good water could come out of his good dirt, and if the faucet was so no-good as to rust in less than a year's time, be got-dog if Eusèbe would ever have a pipe laid from this well to the house! For cooking and drinking Hélène used the old pump by the back porch. Eusèbe made a face as his fingers curled with a twinge of rheumatism. He rubbed

his hand briskly on his pants to dry it and warm it up.

But for all his aches and pains he could still dance when Odile and Willie had their *bal des noces*. The violins would play the lively music of 'Fais Do-Do,' and for old time's sake there would be a *valse des mariés*, maybe even a whole *cotillon des mariés!* . . . He was remembering his own *bal des noces* thirty years ago at the home of Hélène's papa on Bayou Queue de Tortue, when the violins squealed all together and the wine stood on the kitchen table in a huge pitcher with glasses and coffee cups around it. Help yourselves, my friends. Make yourselves at home. *Eh, les mariés!* Got-dog but it was good to dance for a wedding, yes! Whistling, Eusèbe pulled open the back door of his house.

'For what you're so happy, Eusèbe?' Hélène called from the parlor, where she was getting ready to serve their eleven-o'clock coffee.

'But for you, Hélène!' He strode thumpingly across the room and hugged the lithe, strong shoulders of his wife.

'You forgot about the tax?' She said it kindly, patting his broad back.

'*Mais non!*' He had, but Hélène could n't see what a big one he was telling because his face was over her shoulder. He glowered about the parlor of his farmhouse.

There was no mail-order furniture in Eusèbe Duhon's house. The chairs were hand-hewn from cypress and oak. A cabinet of mottle-grained walnut held the knickknacks his laughter had rattled. The marble-topped table had intricately carved legs. And during the nineteen-twenties people had plagued Eusèbe and Hélène to sell those things for prices that shocked them.

Remembering that as he held Hélène against him, a smile began to creep over the large area of Eusèbe's face. After all, it was the dirt outdoors that was good; it would be mean to let that splendid dirt lie out there with the sheriff's ham-

mer hovering over it, while he and Hélène took it easy in the old furniture of the house.

He unwound himself from his wife and pushed her aside, gesticulating. 'Hélène, I got to go to town to find me a second-hand furniture man that will come buy all the stuff we got in the house here.'

'Eusèbe, you gone crazy?'

'But no. How else I'm going to pay the tax?'

'Eusèbe!'

'How else?' He held out his arms, full length, and shrugged.

Hélène folded her arms on her breast. 'Sometime I think, me, thirty year is too long to live with a crazy one like you, yeh, Eusèbe!'

'Hélène!' His tone was roaringly reproachful. 'Is it that you got no faith in the dirt?'

'*Eh, bon Dieu!*' She put up her hands in a light, helpless gesture. She had heard the tune before and knew it was useless to fight. 'After to put up with your foolishness for thirty year, Eusèbe, I guess I can live in a house without furniture. I just hope you get enough money.'

'Don't worry. I'm too old to farm, but I can still talk, me, and that's all it's going to take.'

It was true, and Hélène knew it. Eusèbe put on his big felt hat and his leather coat. He tightened the laces of his boots and strode out of the house yard to the road and down to Auguste Pellerin's farm, where he found one of the boys only too glad to take him into town in the truck.

In the afternoon Eusèbe came back to his house with a man who prided himself on his sharp dealing. But he had never yet dealt with Eusèbe Duhon, whose sales talk reached the plane of evangelism and surpassed it. He did not merely 'sell' the furniture man; he converted him abjectly to an enthusiastic belief in the beauty and worth of the smooth, time-worn wood.

The sale cleared the parlor of every-

thing but the stove. Both bedrooms were stripped of all but mattresses and bedclothes. The kitchen sold out for fifteen dollars flat, and Eusèbe, taking no chances, rode back into town with the furniture dealer to cash his check, pay the taxes at the classic-domed courthouse, have a little drink, and get a ride home with a neighbor he found also refreshing himself at the bar.

III

Had it been summer when Odile Frilot called to see her future in-laws, the whole visit would have taken place outdoors under the chinaberry tree in the yard. In that way Odile would not have seen the hollow little parlor of the Duhon farmhouse and her face would never have twisted with pity at the sight. But the weather was cold the day she came.

Eusèbe kissed her small bright lips at the door and looked enchanted into the tenderness of her eyes. 'But Odile, I sure wish I had my moustache to make you sneeze and get Hélène jealous!'

It was something of a shock, though, when he drew his face away from the girl to discover that she was about to sneeze anyhow. But no! No, that rumpling of her creamy forehead, that sudden pinched brightness in her soft brown eyes, that quivering of her pretty lips and smooth, delicate chin — all that was n't for a sneeze, was it? My God, the girl was about to cry! Eusèbe realized this with horror and pushed Odile hastily into the kitchen, where Hélène was waiting.

'Come in, come in, Odile! But we are glad to see you!' Hélène struggled up from the mattress to embrace her future daughter-in-law. The poor girl looked with horror at the mattress lying before the kitchen stove. There was no other furniture in the room at all.

'But — but . . .' The wrinkles around Odile's nose were so sweet Eusèbe fairly ached for a moustache to make her sneeze.

'You find the house look funny, *chère?*' he asked her. 'Well, I tell you.' Eusèbe laughed a little, not guessing the blow these barren rooms had dealt to Odile's sensibilities. 'We sold all our stuff to pay the tax. It's Wee-lay that usually pay 'um for me, but this year he say he could n't do it because he was going to marry with you.'

'Then it's my fault . . .' Odile's voice was shaking, and Hélène turned a furious face to Eusèbe.

'But of course not, *chère!*' said the older woman. 'Not at all!'

'And Wee-lay, how he could be so mean as that?' Odile asked of the horrified air, blank before her eyes.

'*Mais* it's not mean, Odile-*chère*, you see . . .'

'Oh, I see — I see too well for true!' Her small hands were clutched together in pity. 'If he can be so mean as that to you, he will be too mean for me to marry. Oh no, no, no, no!' she trilled agonizingly. 'I can't marry anyone so mean as that.'

Eusèbe and Hélène looked at each other, Eusèbe's face slumping with amazement. Hélène's pressed lips and hardened eyes told him he had better help her get this crazy notion out of Odile's head. They both talked at once, hurriedly and louder and louder, to the sobbing girl.

Nothing was any use. Odile went home in tears and Eusèbe went outdoors to stomp around his beloved fields and think it all over between swearwords that he had not even dreamed of since the time Hélène told him he had to shave off that moustache.

IV

Days went by in gloomy succession, livened only by a furious visit from Willie in which he told his papa that his fool notion about the value of his hundred and fifty acres of worthless farm land would lead the way to ruin for the entire clan Duhon, not to mention the

havoc it would wreak throughout the Cajun population of south Louisiana, nor the pain it would cause the whole state, nor the suffering it would bring to the nation and half the people of the world beside.

Eusèbe told his son what he was at the top of his mountainous voice, and Hélène came in and slapped both of them hard, and made Willie say he was sorry and made Eusèbe promise he would do something. Eusèbe promised, because Hélène's palm was tough and she had it ready to use again if he balked. But what on earth he could possibly do to prove the value of his land to Willie, and at the same time reunite the boy with Odile, he had no idea. However, Eusèbe did not make promises, not even under duress, that he did not mean to keep.

Once more he took his troubles for a walk in the open, studying the earth of his fields for comfort. He had started his ploughing, but if it was n't the cold it was the dampness that sent him back into the house to hug the kitchen stove. To-day it was heavily damp, and while a little wind did seep out of the north-west, it was too slight to move the rain clouds lolling darkly over the brown stubble and the few black furrows of turned earth.

Eusèbe went to the pasture and observed loweringly that the water had gone low in the trough from evaporation. That damned mule! That miserable rust! Savagely he lifted his booted foot and kicked at the spigot to open it. The handle flew off and a jet of tobacco-colored water shot high in the air, fell down before Eusèbe could dodge it. He stumbled backward, swearing and wiping at his face with the back of his hand. When some of the water ran into his mouth he spat it out and shuddered. Salty!

In slow disgust he rubbed about in his mouth with his tongue, and spat time and again. Well, no wonder the poor mule could n't stand it! The spigot

gurgled and gushed, sending the water out through its broken head generously. Eusèbe bent over it and sniffed. He bent closer and tasted again. Then his thoughts clanged together like empty milk cans in the back of a truck.

Look, it was like this: First of all you got dirt to plant in; then there's water, then salt, then oil. If there was a dome of salt down there, — and there was, — then underneath there must be oil; and where there's oil under your dirt they pay you thousands and thousands of dollars for it. . . .

'*Eh, bon Dieu!*' Big feet planted on the earth wide apart, hands clapped together before him, Eusèbe Duhon stood transfixed at the clarification that lay ahead. He was no fool, but when he believed anything there was no space left in his mind for the faintest doubt. His artesian well was salty, and under salt domes lay oil. His new belief found proof enough in that evidence, and certainty sent him on his way to do something about it at once.

Forgetting even to tell Hélène he was going to town, he took off at a ponderous run toward the farm of Auguste Pellerin, where he bargained for a ride into town and back to be paid for when his oil well came in. At the sound of 'oil well,' Auguste himself drove Eusèbe into town and sat waiting in the mud-splattered truck on a side street while Eusèbe hurried to the office of the Exploration Oil Company for whom Willie worked.

Without bothering to stop and ask questions, Eusèbe strode through the little pen where Mr. Donnelson kept his stenographer and clerk safe from the raging public and entered the private office, talking at once to the man who frowned up from his desk.

'You're Mr. Donnelson, you, *hein*? Well, it's you I got to talk with because I'm Eusèbe Duhon and I got a farm, me, that's in the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter, section sixteen, township nine south, range twelve west, Louisiana meridian; and on that you got

to dig a well because there's salt in my deep-water well, and where they got salt they got oil underneath and you know it.'

'We've had your land in mind for some time, Mr. Duhon, but leasing does n't enter into our plans just now, and certainly not drilling.'

'I'm not talking about your mind or your plan or your nothing at all, at all! I'm talking about my farm out there in the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter . . .'

'All right, all right.'

'No, it's not all right! It's all wrong with me, and you got to dig me a well.' Eusèbe caught his breath. 'You got to put down a well there, and I give you a lease for three month at nothing at all an acre just so you dig in my dirt and get the oil they got down underneath. You got to go to eight thousand feet deeper than a plough can go,' — he remembered what Willie said, — 'and you got to do it quick as you can right away for sure!'

'Now that's a very attractive proposition, Mr. Duhon, but we don't intend to drill anywhere in that vicinity.'

'You got to go and waste time to intend something before you do it, you? For what good you want to stop and fool around with intending? The oil's there, and you got to dig for it.'

'Ah-h-h!' said Mr. Donnelson, shaking his head so rapidly that his face was a streaked blur to Eusèbe's eyes. 'I mean we have no plans to that effect just now!' He shouted as loud as Eusèbe.

'What you want with plans? *I'm* the one that's got plans! If you won't dig me no well I'll let them do it, then!'

'Them?'

'Yeh — them. You not going to do it, *hein*? All right, I let them come do it.'

'Who's "them"?'

Eusèbe grew coy and mysterious. 'Oh, just some people I know that found salt water in my artesian well and now they want to dig some more to get the oil down there.'

'You're lying,' Mr. Donnelson begged to be told he was right.

'*Mais* sure I'm lying! All right, now I tell you the truth. Since thirty year I been knowing the dirt of my farm is good, and I make Wee-lay spend a lot of money to have that deep well dug on my place and now it's gone an' turned salty on me. It's not the first time, no, that my dirt act like it's no good, but every time it goes to act like that I find out it's just trying to be better than ever before. Donnelson, I'm so got-dog sure, me, that they got oil down under my dirt that I give you the whole farm free for nothing if you just go dig a well there and don't find no oil!'

Mr. Donnelson rubbed his eyebrows energetically, reached for a small pad, and began scratching on it. He calculated rapidly, a little benumbed by Eusèbe's gush of talk.

'I'll send my chemist out to analyze the water from your well,' he said.

The chemist went home with Eusèbe. Willie was still in the house drinking coffee with Hélène, and he came out to watch and talk while a small bottle was filled with the sulphurous, salty water from the well. With strict orders from Eusèbe that the analysis had to be made instantly, and a message to Donnelson that he would be expected with a lease ready to sign the next morning, the chemist went away.

As far as Eusèbe was concerned, the job was finished. He walked back toward his house with Willie, telling the boy to go get hold of Odile Frilot and give her a good kissing.

'Talk about notions! She's the one that's got 'um for true, her! You go get hold of that girl, Wee-lay Duhon, and you tell her you never paid our tax this year so I'd have to go raise hell with Donnelson and make him drill on my land here. Make her think you did it all on purpose to be special sweet to Hélène and me.'

'She's never going to believe nothing like that!'

'She's going to believe anything on the face of the earth if you get hold of her right, Wee-lay! You remind me of when I was young, you, except of course you got no moustache. It was a famous moustache, that whisker of mine, there! Whenever your mamma sneeze, her whole family use to come running.'

Willie left hurriedly and went to get hold of Odile Frilot. Eusèbe reentered his house and settled down on the mattress before the kitchen stove.

'I got it all fix now,' he told Hélène. 'They're going to dig for oil in my dirt out there.'

'*Eh*, Eusèbe!' Hélène was pouring him a cup of coffee. 'Sometime it's sure hard to tell, yeh, if you're a magnificent fool or just a plain crazy one.'

'Hélène!' Eusèbe reached out for the cup of coffee. 'Is it that you got no faith in the dirt?'

'*Bon Dieu!*' said Hélène, handing him the sugar.

Late that night Willie came back to the farmhouse whistling. Eusèbe wakened on the mattress in the bedroom, said to himself wisely: 'Anh-hanh!' and went back to sleep again. The next morning, however, Willie's spirits went into a slump as he read over the lease Mr. Donnelson had brought for Eusèbe to sign. It included two peculiar clauses: first, that Willie was to be in charge of drilling operations, and that was just fine; second, that if no oil was found at or above eight thousand feet, Eusèbe's hundred and fifty acres were to become the property of the Exploration Oil Company.

'But Papa!' Willie looked up from the paper, scared. 'What you're going to do if . . .'

'The trouble with you, my boy,' Eusèbe told him, 'is that you got no faith in the dirt and you don't know how good it is like me. And of course, you got no moustache.'

Eusèbe took the lease from his son's hands and signed it.

V

The well blew in from 7346 feet at two-thirty in the morning of the fourteenth day after drilling began. Willie, at ten o'clock of the same morning, tied his wedding tie before the mirror of a lustrous new dresser in his papa's farmhouse. He waited in the parlor while Eusèbe and Hélène crowded their stout bodies into new-bought finery, and there was no reason, really, for the young man to be uncomfortable in the big plush armchair.

But he rose and trod the thick rug impatiently, fingered a whole array of knickknacks that cluttered the shelves of a walnut cabinet. How his papa had been nervy enough to buy all this stuff on credit a whole week before the well had shown any sign of oil, Willie did not know. But Odile had at once agreed with the old man's confidence and danced delightedly about the new-furnished rooms, touching shiny wood and soft plush, every now and then kissing Eusèbe and Hélène, almost constantly kissing Willie, and in the end rushing home to work on her wedding clothes.

At church, Hélène observed that one of the snaps had sprung open in the bride's dress, and that was a sign of good luck. But Eusèbe only thought it was a shame Willie had no moustache to make Odile sneeze when he kissed her right after the ceremony. He himself had made Hélène sneeze handsomely thirty years ago, and the whole placket of her wedding dress had sprung open.

But at the *bal des noces* nothing was lacking. In the Frilot kitchen there were two pitchers of wine and plenty of cups and glasses. In the Frilot parlor there were three violins playing the jaunty

music of 'Fais Do-Do,' and the wooden house shook on its foundation blocks from the pounding of Eusèbe's feet as he made the steps of every dance, the waltz of the newlyweds, the cotillion of the newlyweds, and the plain old jogging dances for everybody. 'Eh, *les mariés!*' he yelled. 'God bless my good dirt! Eh, *les mariés!*'

Wine purged his joints of rheumatism. And when Hélène slapped him for yelling too loud and jumping too hard he scarcely felt it. Slipping into one of the Frilot bedrooms, he pulled a sprig of duck feather from a pillow, thrust it between his upper lip and Odile's when he kissed the bride for the seventh time, and got the sneeze of the century for a result, as well as another slap from Hélène, who had been watching him closely.

On the way home he did not fall asleep as Hélène expected he would. From the back seat of Willie's car he looked across his own fields at the lights of the derrick and beyond at the moon-frosted tips of cypress along Bayou Queue de Tortue. Suddenly he told Willie to stop the car. He got out, stepped through the barbed-wire strands of his cane-field fence, ran a short way across the furrows, and knelt down.

'*Bon Dieu!*' Hélène said, watching. 'It's a good thing for sure that you're the last one, yeh, Wee-lay! It's only when someone get marry that Eusèbe go to act so crazy.'

'Look what he's going to do!' Odile was laughing a little from Willie's arms.

Eusèbe had cleared the stubble from a small space of the earth before him, and in the moonlight he bent over and kissed a glistening clod of his own good dirt.

UNCLE SAM, THE SILVER KING

BY H. B. ELLISTON

BACK in 1933 we used to hear a good deal about President Roosevelt's prestidigitatorial performances. One of these had to do with our silver policy — verily a policy which, as events have demonstrated, now bears a singular kinship with Alice's experiences in *Through the Looking-Glass*. Alice, you will remember, discovered that 'it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place.'

The silver policy is still in a more or less similar situation. On July 9, 1937, Secretary Morgenthau announced an agreement with China to swap America's surplus gold for China's surplus silver. To what purpose? From America's standpoint, to relieve one excess at the price of adding to another. I read the announcement in a newspaper which on another page gave an account of the expensive hole in the ground which is being dug at West Point to accommodate America's massive hoard of silver. The hole is to be as imposing as the one in Kentucky for gold. It will hold no less than two billion ounces, or about double the Treasury's present holdings.

From the standpoint of silver, the agreement is worse than footless. It implies that China has abandoned silver as its monetary standard for good and all. China — the quondam prop for the white metal! Since the days of Cortez the bulk of the silver output of the world has been produced on the American continent and sold to the Orient. It was used as money. But long ago India dispensed with silver as its stand-

ard money. And in 1927 she started to sell some of her hoard, an action which drew upon the head of the British Raj many bitter denunciations from American silver producers. This left China with the main responsibility for the metal. But the burden proved too great, and in November 1935 China herself deserted the silver standard, and adopted a managed currency system.

Friends of silver had been hoping against hope that China's defection might prove temporary. The new agreement blasts those hopes. But events before that had foreshadowed some such agreement. The last report of the Bank of China tells a story of successful currency management. Chinese currency has remained stable, instead of fluctuating as before with the price of silver; paper money is acceptable in even the remote corners of the Republic; and, consequently, China is now in India's old position of having surplus silver.

This is where Uncle Sam comes in. Now the chief buyer of the metal, he has been left with the dubious rôle of the main prop of the market, one which can be abandoned only to silver's hurt. Uncle Sam, as the saying goes, is left holding the baby.

And this sorry situation is the result of a silver policy which, in the advance notice of intentions contained in the Democratic platform of 1932, was destined to 'rehabilitate' silver!

The plank was inserted at the insistence of the silver interests in the West. Among all commodities, silver had fallen

first and steepest. Why should that, however, excite the concern of a Democratic convention? Silver, it is true, is produced in the United States, but its value is less than that of the output of cigar boxes or Eskimo Pies. The reason for Democratic concern was simple. Silver holds a unique position among American sectional interests. It is spread thin over many states, but principally over Idaho, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Colorado, and Arizona, which are poor enough to rate their silver highly. A sectional interest acquires importance politically by the fact that geography is equally the basis of legislative representation with population. Thus we had this situation: silver was the object of the vigilant guardianship of the twelve Senators from the six principal mining states; and, though those states have a total population of only one twentieth of the American population, they nevertheless could command one eighth of the American Senate. Rehabilitating silver in 1932 thus had a connotation far more political than economic.

Rehabilitation of any commodity has, of course, reference to its price. And the prudent way of improving a price is to enlarge the demand for the affected commodity. The Democratic platform in 1932 clung logically to international action in alleviating the silver problem. Accordingly the United States brought up the subject at the world monetary and economic conference held in London in midsummer 1933. The aid obtainable from that parley, however, was meagre. Apparently the rest of the world did not share America's concern for silver. Indeed, at the preparatory meeting of experts, the American member had to endure a lot of good-humored banter for his insistence upon a place on the agenda for the white metal. The silverites then concentrated upon domestic action.

The first step of importance was taken on December 21, 1932. The silver interests succeeded in persuading the Presi-

dent to authorize the purchase of the domestic output for four years. The price was to be $64\frac{1}{2}$ cents an ounce, a price which was lifted on April 24, 1935 to $77\frac{1}{2}$ cents. At the time of the original authorization, the market price was $43\frac{1}{2}$ cents, so that the silver miners got a 50 per cent boost. A neat little bounty!

Just before he died in February, Representative James Buchanan, chairman of the House Appropriation Committee, asked this question: 'Why do we pay 78 cents an ounce to our silver miners when the market price is only 45 cents?' The question went unanswered. The silverites anticipated inconvenient questions of this nature when they forced a new silver-purchase bill on the statute books on June 17, 1934. This act authorized the Treasury to buy silver *abroad as well as at home*. The object was to force up the price of silver so that the subsidized price at home would not look like a subsidy.

These efforts 'to do something for silver,' however, have proved a boomerang. Or should one say a shooting star? Under the new purchase act the Treasury had almost unlimited authority to buy silver till the price had been pushed to \$1.29 an ounce. Naturally the metal came out of hoards as well as mines to satisfy a buyer so voracious and well-heeled. Naturally, too, the price started to climb. Speculators began to compete with the Treasury, but their buying was not for keeps — merely for the sake of the profit accruing from buying cheap and reselling to the Treasury in a market which in such unique circumstances was bound to be a rising market. So the price soared till it reached 81 cents on April 26, 1935. On that day Uncle Sam began to tire of his benefactions to silver as well as gold interests abroad — benefactions which, in the words of the *Midland Bank (London) Review*, had already made 'an economic paradise of the Rand.' Uncle Sam, specifically, suddenly withdrew his buying orders to all comers, and the price slumped heavily.

Uncle Sam in this reference is the Treasury. But the Treasury had reckoned without the silver Senators. They descended en bloc upon Mr. Morgenthau, and he had to resume his wholesale buying. It made no difference to the Senators that on *one day alone the Treasury had absorbed foreign offerings equal to the total American production for one year*. The Secretary of the Treasury had to carry out the purchase policy 'enthusiastically,' as he had promised to do — that is to say, by taking *all* offers, so that the price could be kept soaring on to \$1.29.

By this time, however, silver had been dealt a mortal blow. The speculators, burnt once, kept out of the market; and, greatest blow of all, China, alarmed by the manner in which the commodity (that is, her currency) had been climbing, decided to desert the white metal. Amid the general disillusionment, Secretary Morgenthau in December 1935 again 'braked' his buying, this time without protest. Since then he has been buying selectively, mainly by special arrangements such as the one which has been reached with China.

The price has gone down as rapidly as it went up. By February 1936 it had sunk to 45 cents, or about the same price as it was when the silver purchasing was first started. It has stayed in that vicinity ever since. One can well imagine the chagrin with which the silverites have seen silver refuse to join the upward march of other commodities with recov-

ery. It was necessary to hide their chagrin, as the French say, with a traitor. Accordingly silver Senators, in acquiescing in the Treasury's selective buying, explained the change in policy as due to the pointlessness of aiding British scheming. 'It seems evident,' said Senator Pittman of Nevada, 'that Great Britain is desirous of forcing China and other countries into the pound-sterling group, so she can control the exchanges of those countries, and, through the control of exchanges, control imports and exports, as she is doing in Argentina.' To continue the wholesale purchase of silver, it was said, would be tantamount to putting the Chinese in more funds for managing their non-silver currency. It is ironical to recall that this explanation was made when the Treasury was negotiating with China for the direct purchase of fifty million ounces. For the July 9 agreement is the second of the kind. The first was made in May 1936.

Of course the domestic miners still get their 77½ cents, but the agreement comes to an end this year, and then there are bound to be more Buchanans to ask 'Why?' to any request for renewal. Suppose the American price is no longer sustained. Then the silver miners, looking around at the natural rise in other commodities, may themselves ask, 'What price rehabilitation?' Silver is still 'in the same place'; indeed, the defection of China as the outcome of rehabilitation is witness to retardation.

LIKE THE BIRD

BY JOSEPHINE BATES

If you must go before me on your flight
To some fair star, more excellent than this,
I shall survive my agonizing night,
Sustained by the remembrance of your kiss
And solaced by the memory of your words,
In secret sweet communion through the years,
While the long flight of migratory birds
Will seasonally serve to still my fears.
For like the bird whose instinct drives it south,
This soul must some day follow in your wake,
These lips come home to rest upon your mouth
Though I may not discern the way you take.
My needle swerves whichever way you are,
My heart shall find you on the furthest star.

PATTER-GONIA

BY JAMES TERRY DUCE

I

I WOKE up with a start. It was quite still outside. For thirty days I had listened to the laughter of wind — sometimes a faint chuckle, then rising to a roar, catching at the sides of the house and shaking the roof, or pouring like a solid stream across the pampa and thrashing the *calafate* bushes as it passed by. Sometimes it would rise until it shrieked with cachinnations of a madman. One could not help thinking that the land was holding its sides in mirth over the jokes it had played on mankind. For this was Patagonia, where only sheep and Englishmen seem at home. I threw off the guanaco robes that covered the bed, put on my bathrobe and slippers, swung open the door, and stepped out into the silver of that rare and beautiful thing, a calm moonlit Patagonian night. The ceaseless fret of the wind was gone for this half hour. Lake Viedma still rolled its surf with a roar up the shingle and distantly one could see the sharp tooth of Fitzroy backed by the white of the father of all glaciers. Gaunt icebergs glittered on the pearly lake against the indigo-blue backdrop of the Andes. The words of a man with whom I had ridden a few days before came back to me: 'Over the hill you'll see mountains that look like something that ain't.'

Indeed a certain touch of unreality has always characterized this most southern of inhabited lands. Man has cruised along its shore and it has laughingly played practical jokes on him. After

Drake and Magellan anchored on these coasts at Port San Julian they came back with strange tales of Patagonian giants. They had not seen them, although the Tehuelche is a tall Indian, but they found immense footprints, and if a man wears a number twenty-four shoe he must be at least ten feet tall. One suspects there was the merest show of malice in the Tehuelche's adoption of oversized footwear. But after all, Patagonia did not treat these two explorers too severely, for they both wintered on the coast, probably mightily puzzled when December turned out to be Patagonia's June. Both of them faced mutinies and had to hang or behead some of their subordinates. These slight incidents, which have troubled historians not a little, are perhaps attributable to a mild strain of madness brought on by the wind whooping in their ears through the long nights of a Port Famine winter.

Or, perchance, the tides that rushed into the inlets shook their morale, for the springs at Santa Cruz rise some forty-eight feet, while they are even higher at Rio Gallegos. Seeing them ebb is like watching the water run out of a very turbulent bathtub after the plug has been pulled. It must have been rather annoying to have beached one's carrack or galleon (what did they use?) and to have gone off to hunt ostriches or penguins with one's arquebus, and then to come back and find one's boat out in thirty feet of very cold and fast-moving water, or careened on a mud flat far

from the sea. Even now, with the modern steamers of the *Compañía Anónima*, one sometimes has one's doubts with a spring tide racing by and San Julian or Rio Gallegos rising up and down in front of one's eyes as though it were set on a slow-moving elevator.

After these brave spirits had passed by, the Spaniards seem to have left Patagonia well alone. Its forbidding coast glowered at them out of a sandy blast of bitter wind, and the great pampas of the River Plate were puzzle enough: that great sea of grass, where man was lost for want of a landmark, a treeless land save for the great spreading *ombú*, where the Indians fought not with spears and bows and arrows like civilized folk, but with three stones tied with thongs that sent such iron-hatted gentry as Lujan of the Mendoza expedition crashing to their death among the creeks of Buenos Aires, and where the early forts were bedeviled with a plague 'of lions, tigers and ounces,' was quite enough for them. The iron-shirted conquistadors came after gold, and the pampas played them a sorry joke by presenting them with the finest grasslands in the world. They did not understand, the pampa winds chuckled, and the colonizing of La Plata limped along for a hundred years in tragedy and disillusionment. Only when the buccaneers broke through the Straits of Magellan did Sarmiento try to establish his ill-fated colony near Punta Arenas to catch the heretics before they could pass into his most Christian Majesty's Pacific Ocean to loot and burn on the coasts of Chile and Panama.

But the derisive snickers of the pampas rose to the demoniac laughter of the Patagonian winds as one crossed the Rio Negro southward, and for two hundred years the Tehuelches rode unmolested across its barren miles. Here is a maze of tablelands, one above another, vast steppes colored orange, crimson, and gold, mellowed by a haze of ever-blowing dust and crowned westward by forbid-

ding cliffs of black lava. The country is a desert, yet day by day black and forbidding clouds rush eastward from distant hills and the sun rarely shines as it should in any well-regulated arid country. Still further west, where the blue Andes rim the sky and the wet winds sweep in from the Pacific, it is another story. There it is always chilly, frost may strike any night of the year, and if at midday it is hot enough for fifteen minutes so that one can comfortably crawl out of one's usual two sweaters and a sheepskin, it is one of the dog days itself. It is probably such a good sheep country because the sheep have to grow heavy wool overcoats to keep warm, and they make especially good mutton because of the muscular development they get from shivering in the wind after they've been shorn. Yes, the Patagonian wind is tempered to the shorn lamb — tempered with the bitter edge of sharp sand to give its blade a bite.

II

While we are on the subject of climate, let us speak again of the wind. When I arrived in that strange town at the crossing of the Santa Cruz, with the euphonious name Paso Comandante Luis Piedra Buena — the Paso for short — one of the local citizens was employed in moving a sand hill from his lot. It was very simple. He took a shovel and tossed the sand into the air, and it flew off to the Falkland Islands a thousand miles away. In exposed places the playful breezes have stripped all the soil away from the surface and left only those pebbles of four inches in diameter and over. Little stones about the size of pigeons' eggs roll gently along on breezy days, and a Patagonian once remarked to me that in real windy weather it takes six strong men to hold a sheepskin over a keyhole. The French have an aeroplane line down the coast starting from Bahia Blanca and flying a tumultuous thousand miles south over canyon and mesa, stopping at

the oil town of Comodoro Rivadavia and then bucking its way south to Rio Gallegos and the Straits of Magellan. It is said the aviators wear spurs to keep the planes from bucking them overboard, and the consumption of paper bags in the cabins is the largest in the world. One of these Aero-postal ships is said to have left the field at Comodoro Rivadavia (soul-satisfying names these Patagonian towns have) and flown desperately for three hours in the wind, only to land ignominiously and dump its prostrate and moaning woman passenger at its starting point. When a plane lands, the ground crew rush out with hooks, stakes, and ropes to keep it from blowing away. To take advantage of the slowing up of a breeze due to ground friction, the pilots fly just above the ground, hopping fences and chasing the guanacos so closely that one can count those with mange. Irigoyen, Aero-postal's ace, once looked at a weather report from the next station which read: 'Ground winds 140 kilometres an hour.'

'We shall have to wait,' he stated.

Half an hour later came another telegram: 'Ground winds now 100 kilometres an hour.'

'Complete calm,' he said; 'let's go.'

Winter comes to this wind-swept land with snow which falls one day and is swept into the canyons on the next, burying the flocks of sheep that cower in the hollows. Always the wind — on the calmest days with soft piping of flute, and on stormy days the great sweep of the brasses and the roar of the drums. But usually one does not fly into this area, for at the northern end of Patagonia the Argentine Government has built a railroad that struggles up desolate sand-swept canyons from the Rio Negro to the most northern group of the Andean lakes. The train staggers up grades and the wind sweeps dust into every nook and cranny. Everything takes on a gray tinge as one drowns one's sorrows in Baron de Rio Negro and 'whiskey-soda.' The dust is chased

vainly from point to point by official-looking gentlemen with feather dusters. In the dusk one comes to the lights of Ingeniero Jacobacci winking lazily in the dusty air, and then the train plunges on into the windy night, the wheels ringing as it winds around the curves. In the morning the canyons are steeper, with little clear water streams in them and the hills faintly green. Castellated and towered walls of tuff blotched green and blue march by. One sights an occasional patch of emerald grass; stunted pines rim a hillside here and there. The train rushes around a curve and there spread in front of one is the great chain of the Andes, snow-crested, and lapped into it the brilliant blue of Nahuel Huapi, queen of Argentine lakes.

And here again Patagonia has its little joke, for Nahuel Huapi is dammed at its lower end by forbidding sterile moraines so that its eastern end is far out on the plain, while to the west it lies in narrow gorges, where 'the wild cataract leaps in glory' among the deep green shades of antarctic beech. The great mass of Tronador with its necklace of hanging glaciers looks down upon it all. But this lake region is now on one of the world's beaten paths. Through Lake Nahuel Huapi and Frias passes the high road to southern Chile — if one can call it that. And American fishermen come south to cast their flies on the waters of Traful for salmon trout. The Spanish Friars passed by here in early times and must have been awed by the tremendous precipices of Laguna Frias, which rise on all sides to the green and blue snow mountains, if their minds were not set upon more mundane, or possibly we might say more sublime, things; for in the history of their travels they rarely mentioned the scenes through which they passed. Here, too, Patagonian winds chuckled, for statesmen drew the division of Chile and Argentina along the watershed. Just a hundred miles south of the railroad one comes on a settlement, Veinte Seis de Octubre, — yes, the Twenty-sixth of

October, — founded by Welshmen, and the inhabitants still talk Welsh or Spanish, and sometimes English.

And hereabouts begin those topographic peculiarities that brought Argentine and Chile almost to the point of war twenty years ago, for the old continental glacier that once covered all northwest Patagonia flung up some dams so that the lakes in the foothills to the east of the mountains perversely drain westward to the Pacific through deep canyons cut through the heart of the Andes. As a consequence, the original boundary of Argentine and Chile made long excursions eastward into the Patagonian plains, and it was only the good sense of the peoples concerned which permitted an amicable settlement on a common-sense basis. But these very geographic complications so embarrassing to governments have resulted in some of the world's least known but most glorious scenery. Only at its northern end at Nahuel Huapi is it known by even the most adventurous tourist, for southward there are few roads, and most of the sierra country can be reached only on horseback.

As one travels along the barren foothills, one passes a series of long narrow lakes stretching from behind humpy moraine dams on the plains westward along fjord-like winding arms deep into the misty recesses of the mountain. Often at their western ends deep green glaciers, cavernous and crevassed, pour their ice streams into the blue-green water, and icebergs drift down the lakes pushed by the ever-blowing wind. At the eastern end of these lakes the hills are barren and forbidding, the grays and tans of the sands and shales blending sombrely with the black of basalt, but westward where the rain is driven like a spray from the distant Pacific the deep green and bronze of the antarctic beech contrasts with the sea-green of the glaciers, the light gray and white of the snow-frosted granite peaks, and the purple of the lake. Sometimes when the

mists drift down and the sun filters through them there is a pale overcast of blue-gold haze such as that with which Maxfield Parrish endows his paintings.

III

The Andes themselves, a ragged tumble of peaks hedging about a great mound of ice, the Continental glacier, are fretted and carved into myriad forms. From Tronador, the Thunderer, with its hanging girdle of glaciers, and the perfect cone of Osorno so like that honorable mountain Fujiyama, southward to the spine-like pinnacle of Cerro Fitzroy towering above Lake Viedma, and massive Sarmiento guarding the Straits of Magellan, one sees a glittering panorama of faërie peaks. The dust of travel, the long road from the coast, the ceaselessly blowing winds, are forgotten in the spell of their presence. And perhaps the wind chuckles a little sardonically as one passes the great bouldered sentinel on the last dusty moraine and stops, spell-bound, gazing down Lake Argentino to the tumbling glacier and its rampart of castellated peaks. I have heard the winds whisper from a dust-whirl: 'So, you cursed all these dusty miles. See what I had concealed behind them!' Then, perhaps, it has come back, shaken a calafate bush, and whispered in one's other ear of the salmon trout that leap out of the Rio Leona in silver arcs or dash like golden arrows in Lago Traful — for here is some of the world's best fishing.

The lakes of southern Patagonia are hard to reach, for it takes two days of dizzy flying from Bahia Blanca and then a hard day over the roughest of roads, past the spot where Captain Fitzroy of the *Beagle* turned back to Santa Cruz with his young assistant, Charles Darwin. And it may well be that thinking of the riddles of this strange land led that quiet, studious young man along the ways of thought which transformed the scientific theories of the modern world. Here at Punta del Lago one may rest in a

boliche hidden behind the shingle beaches of the lake and run by a Dane named Boderson, whose father-in-law from Holstein has an orderly German garden, sheltered from the wind by tamarisk and poplar, where he teaches the tow-headed Boderson children.

Strange are the plants of this land, for most of them are not green, and even after the snow melts in the spring the landscape is only faintly tinted. On the plains one finds a lush growth of brown grass, which the sheep cannot eat because it is too sharp for their insides. It never turns green even during the rains, but remains a spiny tan tussock. The sheep feed on low-growing leafy gray-green plants that appear like dome-shaped cushions on the pampa. The most important shrub is the *mata negra*, which is black. With it one finds the calafate, a deep-green tall relative of our barberry, whose blue berries stain the lips of all Patagonian children, and which has given rise to the local proverb, 'He who has eaten of the calafate always returns to Patagonia.' In the mountains the trees are mainly a small-leaved beech which retains its leaves through the year, but changes to a greenish-coppery color in the fall, and looks at a distance like a conifer. About Nahuel Huapi the Araucanian pine grows. Around the haciendas one usually finds windbreaks of poplar and tamarisk, often planted in the shape of an arrow to split the wind, and in their shelter flowers flourish, so that often one is surprised to find a beautiful patch of garden behind a ranch house.

Coming out from Santa Cruz one may see the few animals that Patagonia boasts, chief of these being the guanaco, which one might describe as a moth-eaten camel without a hump. It has its little Patagonian peculiarities. It apparently likes to drink sea water. Darwin noticed this, as he did another of its strange habits — that of depositing its dung always in the same pile. Someone has facetiously suggested that the

Indians trained it to do this so that they could use it for fertilizer. Unfortunately for this very erudite theory, the Indians raised no crops.

One of Patagonia's little jokes in the animal line is the tuco-tuco — a blind mole-like animal which one very rarely sees, but which murmurs its cry of 'tuco-tuco' ceaselessly underground. Darwin, sleeping on his saddle blanket, complained of its waking him at night. The native Patagonian hare is not of the rabbit family at all, but is an agouti. He is rabbit-shaped, with a black and brown coat, but with a peculiar unrabbit-like nose, and a walk or lope instead of the rabbit's hop. He usually weighs about twenty-three pounds, and his size has given rise to many stories of how the new Scotch shepherd had such a hard time getting the last black lamb into the pen. Someone imported the European hare, and it now is seen everywhere south of the Rio Negro. The mountain lion has been nearly stamped out by the sheepmen.

The most characteristic small four-footed animal is the armadillo, that curious survival from bygone geological ages, which scuttles for his hole along the road. These little animals are at least partially blind and are easy to catch. Roasted in the shell, they are not unpleasant to eat. Their curious heads resemble that of a gaunt cow with floppy ears. Occasionally deer are seen in the mountains, but as a whole four-footed animals are scarce, while exactly the reverse is the case with the birds, and they are a strange assemblage.

They begin with the Patagonian ostrich or rhea. Now I always thought the ostrich was a hot-desert animal, but here in the bitter breezes this immense race horse of a bird exists and seems to thrive. His gray fringe of feathers cannot possibly keep him warm and his skin is covered with bumps that look like glorified goose-pimples — the kind you find on your ostrich-skin pocketbook. And, by the way, the Tehuelches use his neck

skin *in toto* to make tobacco pouches, while the dust in all Argentine trains and houses is stirred up and redeposited by feather dusters made of Patagonia's ostrich feathers — they are not the handsome kind. Possibly this tropical bird keeps himself warm by running, for neither fences nor hills halt his stride.

One's ideas of suitable birds for a snowy, bitterly cold clime receive some further blows, for among the beeches that cluster about the foot of the glaciers one finds a green and red parakeet, while hummingbirds fly in the snowstorms, and pink flamingoes hunt shrimps in the icy lakes. For the hunter there is the martineta, a beautifully mottled partridge, beloved of the Argentino, pickled in vinegar; the Falkland Island geese, almost too tame to shoot; and the beautiful black-necked Magellanic swan.

Such are to-day's animals. Yesterday's were stranger, and much that we know of them is due to two famous Argentinos — the Ameghino brothers, and to that poker-playing scientist, Hatcher of Princeton. These ancient animals run all the way from the strange dinosaurs to the armored club-tailed armadillos (glyptodonts) whose bony tail reminds one of the spiked mace of a crusader. Of all this weird collection, one has a strange interest — the great ground sloth, a clumsy beast about eighteen feet long that must have weighed upward of a ton. He is remarkable because in southern Patagonia he seems to have lived in caves with men. In these caves remains of the ground sloth are intimately mixed with the spear and arrow heads and ashes of fires of the prehistoric Patagonians in such a way as to lead to the belief that the occupation was joint and that the sloth was n't dragged in after a successful hunt. What these people did with their huge pet is still a mystery. Someone has suggested they milked it! At any rate it is still a Patagonian riddle and it eventually led to the most famous and successful Patagonian practical joke.

For the dwellers in these wind-swept

wastes join in with the winds' mirth. Perhaps, like Dunsany's two burglars who jimmed the gates of heaven and found only blue sky, blazing icy stars, and roaring satiric laughter, these people, baited by the whistling wind among their painted hills, have come to regard life as one of the Universe's jokes. One trick Fate played on the Patagonians was to send a rather subdued-looking American scientist from Princeton to collect fossil bones of the strange animals the Ameghino brothers had been describing. He came for a few months, stayed three years, and taught the Patagonians poker. The professor passed through every hamlet from Bahia Blanca to the Straits; the lessons were always the same, — perhaps, being a geologist, bluffs were his specialty, — but as a rule the loose change of the community passed on to the bone hunter to be spent on science. When the famous night finally arrived on which Hatcher was to leave San Julian the whole countryside dropped in to exact revenge. The game started early and was one of those friendly Western games with everyone's six-shooter on the table. The stacks of pesos in front of Hatcher climbed up and up until he was almost hidden behind them; the whistle of the steamer sounded down the harbor. Hatcher announced that he must go. Someone suggested they would not let him. He picked up his gun and his pesos and backed through the door with a 'Good night, gentlemen!' No one made a move. The wind whooped round the eaves and Patagonia went back to its sheepshearing with a wry smile on its face.

It is in this same San Julian that one runs into the world's most original hotel. The proprietor sleeps with a string tied around his toe and leading out the front door. When you pull it, he jerks a cord that unlatches the door and you walk in and select any unoccupied room that suits you — meanwhile disturbing several slumbering tenants in your search. At the end of the week you make your

own bill out for what you think you owe and pay it. You serve your own drinks and usually when you leave you find a large sticker on your suitcase proclaiming that you've stopped at the 'Hotel Majestic, San Julian, The World's Worst.' Its owner was once approached by some local magnates with seals and badges and a certificate from Buenos Aires appointing him to office as marine boiler inspector. He faithfully visited the first Anónima ship that called at the port and was led under the boiler through such clouds of dust that he nearly choked to death, and finally, after being nearly baked with the heat, signed a certificate of inspection for the ship's captain. When he applied to the government for his fees he found no one had ever heard of the office or the appointee and San Julian rang with laughter.

But the most successful joke pulled off in Patagonia had almost international repercussions. Some inventive genius from the oil town of Comodoro Rivadavia visited the region of Lago Buenos Aires in the most isolated part of the Cordillera. When he returned home he told a tale of seeing mysterious monsters rising from the lakes and of finding immense footprints in the new-fallen snow. Some of the men from the camp embellished the story further and finally, amid suppressed laughter of the old-timers, ambitious greenhorns organized an expedition to pursue and take the fabulous monsters. Their progress was followed by a ripple of laughter across the wind-swept pampas, and Patagonia sat down to enjoy its mirth, when suddenly it was struck dumb by a rumor that it could only half credit; men swallowed hard and tried to look solemn: a New York expedition was coming to hunt the monsters!

The reception committee is said to have been of unprecedented size, the expedition was greeted with the greatest courtesy and solemnity, the elephant guns were examined and praised, and the tall tales of the dinosaurs of the Andes were carefully extended and enlarged

upon. The expedition started to the wilds and the coast rang with Homeric laughter; men in the bars from Bahia Blanca to Rio Gallegos toasted the success of the expedition and writhed in helpless mirth. To have on one's fellow Patagonians was worth while, but to be able to pull the legs of these smart New Yorkers — ah, that was rare indeed. What the New Yorkers said about it is not in the record, but we can well imagine. After all, perhaps when they had seen the titanic beauty of Lago Buenos Aires they forgave the tellers of fables.

These people are a strange mixture — English, Welsh, Scotch, mixed with the Gaucho of the northern pampas. Hard riders, hard drinkers, hospitable, good friends, and among the healthiest of people I have seen in South America. Nowhere else do the children look so healthy. Nowhere else do men seem so robust. Yet no writer on Patagonia but has complained of the ceaseless wind and the squalor of life there, and no man that I have ever talked to who has lived in Patagonia but loves the land. Perhaps the explanation lies in a remark of Stefansson's, that only on the pathless plains are men free. After all, the breath of freedom is that which makes life worth living, whether it be to the Englishman on the distant sheep camp, the Gaucho riding up to the boliche with his knife in the back of his belt, or the Gallego driving a train of immense two-wheeled carts across the pampa.

As I look back at Patagonia I see the silver bow of a leaping trout in the Lona, the blue and green of the mountain lakes, the snow-capped peaks, the green of the glaciers, and the far varicolored steppes of the high pampas, the boliche behind its arrow of poplars, and above it all I hear the ceaseless laughter of the wind. The dust and the bitter cold vanish, for one loves a laughing land even if that laughter be at times sardonic. Yes, I have stained my mouth with the blue of the calafate berry and I shall return to a land of strange enchantment!

THE DISTEMPERS OF EUROPE

BY SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

I

THIS is written at Geneva. It is a holiday, and beneath my window the comfortable citizenry parade the waterfront with their children and dogs. Beyond them the blue-green lake narrows into the Rhone; beyond the lake the old town of Calvin climbs up to its great cathedral; beyond it again the Alps of Savoy fade away into the heat haze.

It is an outlook of changeless normality. Except for motors instead of horses, it is exactly as I first saw it when the century was young and we Europeans were as untroubled about the future as you Americans were during your post-war boom. Yet Switzerland lies in the middle of the danger zone. To the north is Germany, to the south Italy, and to the east are the enigmatic insecurities of Austria. Economically dependent on the outside world, Switzerland feels every change of the barometer of commerce and finance. She is, as during the Great War, a cockpit for the intrigues of her neighbors. Herr Hitler's agents talk fusion with her German population; Signor Mussolini tries to organize her Italians; her French cantons watch suspiciously the alleged Communists in their midst. Her government responds by preventive laws and by joining in the orgy of armament expenditure. But the solid citizenry beneath my window remain outwardly unmoved, and, like nature, follow the accustomed cycle of their ways.

The determination of the average man, of the small bourgeois, the peasant,

and the farmer, to maintain a life as intact as possible from the problems and pressures of the age is a salient feature of contemporary Europe. Everywhere it contrasts sharply with the immense confusions of politics and economics. We saw the contrast as we motored across France when the franc was sliding and the future of the government was uncertain. It was comforting, after reading in the Paris press of the hopelessness of things national and international, to find the farmer planting new vines for his children's wine. We saw it again in Italy, where the venomous press polemics against England has not contaminated the habitual Italian courtesy towards English people. We shall find it again in Germany unless there has been a great change since last year. The more the traveler sees of Europe, the more he feels that one of the strongest factors for sanity in its affairs is the determination of the literate masses to cling to the right of pursuing happiness for themselves and their families and to the advantages that nineteenth-century liberalism brought them.

One needs the encouragement of that belief. The outlook for the Old World is this summer as uncertain as ever. Better international trade and a measure of internal prosperity in most countries do not greatly brighten the outlook. The return of prosperity comes too largely from the race in armaments, the continued acceleration of which in itself reveals the political situation as funda-

mentally rotten. Already people are beginning anxiously to ask themselves what will happen if, when rearmament reaches its inevitable close, statesmanship has still failed to restore the normal economic processes and to relieve international strains.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, I stressed three characteristics of the European situation — first, the ominous return of the pre-war alignment of the great nations; secondly, the continual discomfiture of the diplomacy of the democracies at the hands of the dictatorships; thirdly, the controversy in England as to whether Great Britain should try to recapture the initiative for the democracies by reviving the League of Nations and by proclaiming that she would in the future be ready to play her part in the protection of peace by force, if necessary, wherever it might be threatened in Europe. Since then things have moved quickly. In England our duty towards the League and Europe continues on paper and on the platform, but has in practice ended in the definite defeat of those who wanted strong British participation in a strong League of Nations for Europe. Mr. Eden remains at the Foreign Office. He still, together with his colleagues of the British Cabinet, proclaims that the first plank in British foreign policy is faithfulness to League of Nations principles. The countries of the British Empire did the same at the end of the Imperial Conference held in London early in the summer. The colossal British rearmament programme, which has brought our income tax up to the war-emergency level of a basic 25 per cent, is justified by the necessity of making Great Britain better able to support the League. But all this deceives no one.

Millions of Englishmen and others who hoped that Mr. Eden would prove the effective champion of the younger but war-depleted generation, and would impose upon his elderly and less imaginative colleagues a vigorous and construc-

tive foreign policy, have been disappointed. What I called in my last article the Western European school have won hands down not only in the British Cabinet but also in the Imperial Conference. So far as can be judged from the vague utterances of the British Foreign Minister and other government spokesmen, Great Britain, while recognizing that a disturbance of the peace in Eastern Europe might well bring on a universal war as it did in 1914, is definitely unready to promise to do her share in the policing of the whole continent. In regard to Western Europe, she still hopes to persuade Germany to join a Western security pact to revive the guarantee of the Pact of Locarno against unprovoked aggression, and will if necessary fight to preserve the Rhone frontiers. But in regard to Eastern Europe she will judge each infraction or threatened infraction of the peace on its merits.

Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues have been influenced by the belief that British public opinion would not accept the enlarged responsibilities implied by the abandonment of the 'free hand' in Eastern Europe. The soundness of this belief is questionable: it is true that it is shared by a weighty conservative element which includes many authorities of anything but reactionary tendencies. On the other hand, the result of Lord Cecil's famous Peace Ballot, the immense majority of the National Government in the 1935 election when for a short time it was believed to favor a strong League of Nations, the fact that the Labor and Liberal Oppositions, which together command a large popular vote, put an effective League in the forefront of their foreign policy, all point in the other direction. In any case it can hardly be doubted that, if the National Government had during the past six years educated the voters as to the need of a strong European policy, Mr. Eden and his admirable aspirations would not have been forced into the background. But one of the worst handicaps that Euro-

pean democracy in general and British democracy in particular are under in their diplomatic passages with the dictatorships is that, whereas the dictatorships have only to push buttons to mobilize their policies, the democracies have to consult national opinions not yet adequately educated in the intricacies of foreign affairs.

II

Germany and Italy have been quick to take advantage of the weakening of the League, the indecisiveness of British foreign policy, and the domestic difficulties of France. In Spain as elsewhere they are playing the same policy as before the war, only on a more grandiose scale. They feel themselves hemmed in and frustrated. Germany sees herself encircled by France and Russia, with Great Britain supporting the encirclement in the background. Italy considers that Great Britain — and to a less extent France — blocks, or may block, the fulfillment of imperial aspirations which a cursory glance at the Italian press shows that the annexation of Ethiopia has left unsatisfied. Why, the Fascist propagandists ask their compatriots, should England, long since effete, be allowed to stand in the way of the resuscitation by modern Italy of the Empire of ancient Rome?

Urged by their encirclement complexes, the dictatorships are adapting to diplomacy the familiar maxim of mobile warfare: When outflanked, outflank in turn. Germany tries to encircle Russia by her Japanese Treaty of last fall; both, with Italy in the lead because the Mediterranean is her affair, — *mare nostrum*, in the patter of Fascism, — try to give Madrid a dictatorial government. They hope to kill two birds with one stone. The encirclement of France by Fascist Powers, except for Belgium, would have been completed; Great Britain's Mediterranean lines of communication would be more than ever at the mercy of Italy and her allies, and Fascism would have

its submarine and air bases on the Atlantic.

The desire to encircle their encirclers is naturally not the only motive that drives the dictatorships to power politics. It would certainly be unfair to accuse Herr Hitler and his lieutenants of planning a war in the sense that they are saying to each other that on such and such a date or in such and such circumstances they will fight so and so. It would probably be unfair to accuse Signor Mussolini of anything so cold-blooded, in spite of his bombast about bayonets and the dangerous doctrines of force triumphant with which he tries to infect his countrymen. But the emphasis which the dictators place respectively upon Aryan supremacy and the destiny of the new Rome cannot obscure the fact that the thesis of the 'haves' versus the 'have-nots' remains as true as it was when the late Mr. Frank Simonds expounded it in the *Atlantic*. Herr Hitler says in *Mein Kampf* that if Germany cannot feed her people, then, and then only, would she be justified in beating the ploughshare back into the sword, and it was Signor Mussolini who coined the phrase 'Expand or explode.' To judge from what one hears in Italy, it is still doubtful whether Ethiopia will provide a sufficient outlet and source of supply for Italy, while in Germany the demand for colonies and the clamor about sources of raw materials are unabated. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that, in pursuing their game of power politics, the dictatorships have their eye upon the possible necessity for wars of economic expansion and also upon the danger, never absent from the European mind, of some accident, some more than usually egregious diplomatic blunder, precipitating the ultimate catastrophe.

In the realm of pure politics the dictatorships continue to get the best of it in the balance-of-power game. The Franco-British nonintervention policy for Spain is, as this is written, in yet another of its periodical crises, and it is therefore im-

possible to pass final judgment upon it. All that can be said is that its efficacy, wisdom, and fairness are as much questioned in Europe as I found them to be in the United States last winter. Even Mr. Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, has admitted in the House of Commons that nonintervention has so far failed. It was meant to prevent foreigners interfering in Spain partly on grounds of humanity, but still more to reduce to a minimum the danger of the war spreading beyond the Pyrenees. It has not prevented foreigners from interfering in Spain, and, though it has not led to anything like warfare outside Spain, the action of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini in flouting it and in blandly helping General Franco how and when they have seen fit has greatly increased international tension. So have the French and other volunteers on the side of Madrid, to say nothing of more official Russian assistance to Madrid. And, last but not least, the failure of Madrid to assert itself hardly helps the policy of Paris or London — namely, opposition to the efforts of the dictators to increase their general influence.

What made France and Great Britain risk over Spain a rebuff from the dictatorships, a rebuff which threatens to be at least as damaging and as humiliating as that which they suffered over Ethiopia, unless their nonintervention policy can assert itself at the eleventh hour or, what is more likely, the dictatorships are prevented from establishing and consolidating the Francoists at Madrid by the resistance of the Spanish people? One answer is the political situation in France a year ago. M. Blum has wished to keep as aloof as possible from Spain, lest his own Fascists and anti-Fascists should be tempted to take sides and should come to blows in France. But that is only a partial answer. It does not sufficiently explain Mr. Eden's attitude. Why has he struggled so pertinaciously for the continuance of the Franco-British

nonintervention policy during all the months when it was so obviously helping General Franco? To judge from his utterances, he would seem — at the outset, at any rate — to have underestimated or ignored the balance-of-power aspects of the Fascist intervention.

The British Foreign Minister has been a principal proponent of the current doctrine of the 'ideological fronts.' There are, however, two versions of that doctrine. There is the version promulgated by Herr Hitler. 'It is impossible,' cried the *Führer*, in March 1936, 'to build a bridge between the Bolshevist revolution and neighboring states. Europe is divided into two parts — the area dominated by the national cultures of the Western world and the area of government by that intolerable Bolshevist doctrine which preaches destruction.' One has only to read his writings to realize the sincerity of Herr Hitler's anti-Bolshevist convictions. But they are also useful convictions from the propaganda point of view. The Russian menace is obviously the best of arguments to make the German people less loath to put their money into guns instead of butter, and less restive under the regimentation of the great Nazi national self-sufficiency campaign. Abroad, too, in Western Europe, the United States, and the British Empire, it helps Herr Hitler to have Germany advertised as the barrier between Bolshevism and our civilization.

Mr. Eden seems to have been impressed by this propaganda to the extent of believing, not that Fascism justifies itself as a bulwark against Communism, but that European democracy is in greater danger of being ground between the millstones of Fascism and Communism than it is from the power politics of the dictatorial hate-not nations. Confronted by what looked to him like the outbreak of a struggle between Fascism and Communism in Spain, alarmed by signs of dictatorial interference on the Fascist side, and discovering that

M. Blum feared the same ideological clash for rather different reasons, he joined France in the promulgation of the non-intervention policy.

III

One cannot travel far in Europe without realizing that the confrontation of democracy by dictatorship on the field of the balance of power is the ideological struggle that counts. The Communist-Fascist confrontation, on the other hand, impinges itself upon one's observation only when studying German and Italian propaganda literature or when talking to conservatives who are frightened of losing their money. Even Russia is no longer regarded, outside the propaganda offices of Fascism and the headquarters of stand-pat conservatism, primarily in terms of the Communist menace. So far as foreign policy goes, Stalin has become the heir of the Tsar rather than of Lenin. Russia is once more associated with the Western Powers as against the Central Powers because, like the Western Powers, she is afraid of the Central Powers.

Even in Italy and Germany there is now a tendency to sacrifice ideological prejudices to the realities of power politics. All the capitals of Europe know that the leaders of the German army are playing with the idea of a rapprochement with Moscow. The German soldiers want it because they believe, as Bismarck did, that good relations with Russia are essential for Germany if she wishes to dominate Europe, and the domination of Europe is an avowed and not unnatural Nazi aspiration. The discomfiture of the Italian arms in Spain this spring has fed their desire. The Italian connection is not popular in Germany. Germans have never forgotten or forgiven what they regard as the Italian betrayals of 1914 and 1915, and the war left them with little respect for Italian fighting qualities. Ethiopia did something to make them think better

of the Fascist army until the Italian reverses in Spain this spring.

Russia, too, would offer Germany, as a friend, economic and other advantages of which she is badly in need. The possibility of a German-Russian rapprochement is not, of course, imminent. Herr Hitler still, so far as anyone knows, sees red when he gazes towards Moscow. Nor does there seem any reason to doubt that Stalin killed the leaders of his army not only because they had played with Trotskyism, but also because they had listened to voices from Berlin. On the other hand, the Russian autocracy is now obviously less Communist than it was, and it must never be forgotten that from 1922 until the coming of Herr Hitler into power the liaison between Moscow and Berlin was very close indeed. Also Stalin's murderous savagery has palpably weakened the never comfortable association between Russia and the capitalist democracies of the West.

Nor is there much danger of the domestic affairs of the democracies being compromised by a clash between Fascism and Communism. The present state of Europe indeed encourages the conclusion that both brands of totalitarianism are to the body politic much what pneumonia is to the human body; that they attack it only when it has been prostrated by other causes. It is at any rate increasingly clear that they are as powerless with a healthy polity as pneumonia germs are with a healthy human. During the last year, since economic conditions began to pick up, Communism — never a serious menace since the immediate post-war period — has been on the downgrade, and Fascist movements have been collapsing in all directions. In England, Sir Oswald Mosley's handful of followers have been deprived by Parliament of their shirts; in Belgium, Rexism has been heavily set back; in Holland, local Fascism has had a similar rebuff; in Eastern Europe, where parliamentary government is at a discount, Communism has not advanced and Fascism is

feared or courted not as an ideology but as the symbol and instrument of the militant nationalisms of Germany and Italy.

The posture of the small countries of the Danubian basin affords, indeed, the best possible proof that it is power politics rather than ideologies that matters. It also shows that the political successes of the dictatorships are beginning to be compromised by their economic weakness. The eyes of the Danubian countries are turned towards Germany and Italy and Great Britain and France. The strength of the two former, their relations to each other, the prospect that the Western Powers may still be able to do something constructive for appeasement, are continually and anxiously canvassed. A short time ago the economic and political domination of one or both of the Central Powers was principally feared; now the tendency is rather to wonder whether, if the present economic constrictions are not relieved, they may not try some desperate throw in the hope of recouping themselves by conquest.

In recent months this fear has grown, and not only in the Danubian capitals. The rise in prices threatens to check the profitable trade which the dictatorships worked up in Central Europe during the depression, when they could drive profitable bargains with the small countries unable to sell their surplus products. They bought from those countries and paid in their own manufactures. Latterly the rise in prices has enabled the small countries to sell elsewhere for real money, and has at the same time made the raw-material situation of the dictatorships more difficult.

Germany and Italy are ill prepared to stand the loss with which this change threatens them. The success of their diplomacy and the ebullience of their propaganda fail to hide their growing doubts about the ultimate efficacy of economic nationalism and about the feasibility of economic self-sufficiency.

Visitors to Berlin this summer have been impressed by the nervousness of the business world and by its evident dissatisfaction with the regimentation of industry. Skepticism is becoming noticeable as to the ability of the dictatorships indefinitely to stand the strain of competition in armaments with Great Britain, Russia, and even France. In Germany the workers are said to be losing their first enthusiasm for the employment-giving capacity of the Nazi régime. Their hours increase and their wages do not keep pace with the rise in the cost of living, and are drastically reduced by so-called voluntary contributions. Behind the drive and efficiency of the Nazi régime a growing disquiet as to the future can be sensed.

It is the same in Italy. Superficially the new Italy is a wonderful achievement. Its roads are the best in Europe. Great stretches of them are reserved for motor traffic and are carried over or under rivers, railroads, and other roads. They are often bordered by flowers; their grass edges are carefully groomed. The farmlands they traverse have been improved beyond recognition. The great plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, for instance, combine the richness of Indiana or Iowa with the neatness of England. The large towns have during the last ten years had the same outbreak — on a smaller scale, of course — of opulent and artistic stations, new avenues, apartment houses, office buildings, and so on, as visited the United States in the twenties.

But beneath the surface there is the same questioning as in Germany, the same distrust of currency and trade returns, the same doubts about the future, the same dislike of isolation from the rest of the world, and the same lurking fear that, if embarrassments grow, their leaders may plunge them into the desperate gamble of war. This danger cannot be overlooked. Luckily there are good reasons for believing that anything like an economic collapse of the dictatorships is still distant.

When it comes to the question of war, there is also in both countries the restraining influence of the fear of their populations of cataclysmic changes, and above all of another war. In Germany the extent of this influence is demonstrated by the well-known fact that one of the strongest factors for peace is the German army. That is one of the great differences between the Reich of Herr Hitler and the Reich of the Kaiser. In the old days the army was a privileged class and was not against the adventure of war. Now it has been largely democratized, is regarded by the people as part of themselves, and shares their desire for peace. In Italy the unpopularity of Signor Mussolini's Spanish venture and also of the Ethiopian venture until Great Britain stepped in with sanctions and made its success a matter of patriotic pride teaches the same lesson. Only incredible bad luck, in fact, is likely to bring Europe to war in anything like the immediate future.

IV

The democracies have still time to recapture the leadership of Europe. And, as is beginning to be recognized from one end of the continent to the other, President Roosevelt and Mr. Hull have given them the opportunity to do so. Two years ago, and even last year, the United States was outside the European picture. One might occasionally be asked whether she still expected to collect her war debts, but that was all. Now, thanks to Mr. Hull's speeches, to Mr. Runciman's visit to President Roosevelt last winter and the subsequent visit of M. Van Zeeland, the Belgian Prime Minister, and thanks also to the Franco-British-American currency agreement, everybody is discussing the possibility of a concerted economic attack upon the ills of the world, since the direct political attack has so clearly failed. It is realized, however, that even in regard to economic matters the United States cannot be ex-

pected to take the initiative or any serious measure of direct responsibility on her side of the Atlantic. The question, therefore, is whether Great Britain will do so after accepting Mr. Hull's offer of a closer economic relationship with herself and the rest of the Empire. It is noted that the British Government is continually stressing the necessity for freer trading. But it is at the same time remembered that it was equally eloquent on the subject of British belief in a strong League of Nations.

Europe consequently is watching for some indication of the progress of the Anglo-American negotiations for a trade treaty. If the treaty is concluded and a common front of economic endeavor is reached between the United States and the British Empire, then the democratic countries will begin to forget these disappointments with the divagations of Franco-British diplomacy, and even in the dictatorial countries large bodies of opinion will begin to hope for better things. In the meantime the activities of M. Van Zeeland and of his colleagues of the smaller countries are not being confined to propaganda and consultation. In the North, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, the so-called Oslo group, have taken the first steps towards the abolition of trade barriers. In the Southeast, under the leadership of Dr. Hodza, Czech Prime Minister, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Jugoslavia are trying — a difficult matter — to forget their differences and prejudices and lower their trade barriers.

If these efforts succeed, if, under the leadership of the United States and Great Britain, the great freer-trading areas of the Western Hemisphere and the British Empire, between which Canada is already a link, can come together, then there is a chance that Germany and Italy will take the line which the majority of their people would probably like them to follow and join their neighbors in the work of economic recon-

struction, and try to cure their economic difficulties by coöperation rather than by the desperate expedient of war or by joining up with Russia or by some other shift of balance-of-power politics. Then the continuation of the disarmament conference would again be feasible; the much-talked-of economic conference for the final laying of economic nationalism and for the settlement of the just grievances of the have-not countries could be held; and the League of Nations, with Germany again a member, might again function in Old World politics.

Such is the European dream of 1937. It will probably be some time before it is possible to appraise the chances of its realization. The negotiations for the Anglo-American trade treaty, the success of which Europe is right in deeming essential to an effective attack upon economic nationalism, are likely to go slowly. They hinge, as everyone knows, largely upon the ability of Great Britain to lower duties in favor of certain American primary products, which in turn depends upon the willingness of the Dominion Governments to allow the United States to share the advantages of imperial preference in the English mar-

ket, which again depends upon the ability of the Dominion Governments (all of whom, like the London Government, have enthusiastically accepted the Hull programme in principle) to persuade their voters to subordinate immediate material interests to the cause of world prosperity and peace. Nor, it must be confessed, was the necessity of making this sacrifice of the lesser to the greater altogether recognized by all the English interests concerned when I left London.

Delay, however, may have its advantages. The distempers of Europe are in a sense contributing to their own cure. In the dictatorial countries they are causing doubts as to the ultimate efficacy of power politics and ultra-nationalism; in the democratic countries they tend to counteract that static complacency which the return of relative prosperity is so apt to bring; and in all countries they work to increase popular resistance to policies and practices which make for disturbance, and it is doubtful whether, in a modern literate community, even the strongest of dictators can indefinitely put himself athwart the instincts of the mass of his countrymen.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SCHOOL

MR. BANCOCK flattened the theme on his desk and ran his thumb down the fold. 'My Ideal Girl,' he announced, and cleared his throat.

Then he proceeded to read with dignity accompanied nevertheless by a certain gusto, as if he were determined not to betray by his voice any opinion that here was not literature of the highest order. "' . . . I do not say that she should understand Einstein,'" he read. He jumped up, and the paper went skidding across the desk.

'There's no earthly reason why you should n't understand Einstein's theory,' he said, going to the blackboard and grabbing a nub of chalk. 'There's nothing on earth more cramping to you than to feel there's a realm of knowledge you can't enter.' Books closed here and there in the room. Mr. Bancock was off.

He marked a long streak across the board, drew a tiny circle at each end of it, and labeled them 'Earth' and 'Planet.' He had sat up three nights ago until two o'clock multiplying parentheses and figuring out what he called a theory, which had carried him leaping and plunging through space, so that even after his light had been out for hours he had not been able to sleep. The next day found him saintly as after some debauch, but ready at the smallest opening to let fly the whole night's figures at someone. But no opening had come. Now a student had had the folly to write that her ideal girl need not understand Einstein.

'How many miles does light travel in a second?' Mr. Bancock asked, and looked from face to face. There were realms of knowledge into which these young women had never seen, let alone gone, and it was Mr. Bancock's curse that he must notice how they kept in good flesh. He answered his own question: 'One hundred eighty-six thousand three hundred miles, about.' He went on, 'Where do you think, then, the light that left the earth at the time of Jesus is now?' He found himself growing excited again as he

had Wednesday night in his bedroom, and he lowered his voice.

'Well, farther away, of course, than that number you just said — I don't remember what it was,' someone ventured. 'I suppose,' said Miss Rappaport from the front row, 'that you multiply that number by the seconds in the years between then and now.' 'Inevitably,' said Mr. Bancock. He hurried to the board and strung out a row of parentheses under his swooping line that spanned the ether. 'Yes,' he said, 'one hundred eighty-six thousand three hundred, times sixty for minutes, times sixty for hours, times twenty-four for days, times three hundred sixty-five for years, times one thousand nine hundred thirty-seven for the era, and you have the place fixed at which the light that left the earth at the birth of Jesus — if you could see that far, and if anyone were there to see it — could at this minute be witnessed.'

Mr. Bancock wondered for a moment if using the birth of Jesus was not a cheap trick somehow of lower quality than using the rule of Hadrian. 'The birth of Jesus' rolled out so easily, with an effect so dramatic, that Mr. Bancock distrusted but used it.

He had already lost more than half his class to shorthand. The rest watched him with eyes long used to such performances. But he did not notice now. He walked up and down, shaking an end of chalk about in the cup of his hand, and seeing himself sitting out on a planet in utter space watching the Nativity through the light-years. He went on, 'If we came catapulting from that distant planet toward the earth at the rate of light, traveling against the light stream, it would take us one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven years to get here; and it would, of course, be the year 3874. We should have seen more than three thousand years in somewhat over half that time. We should have dipped as far into the past as we dipped into the future.' He stopped for a minute and looked about him, but not at his students. 'Everything would have seemed to go on at twice normal speed,' he said, 'because you

would have been meeting the light from it head on.'

A late November fly that had been battering itself against the pane at the back swooped the length of the room and struck Mr. Bancock's forehead.

'Travel fast enough,' he jerked out, 'from your planet to the earth, and you could see the whole Christian era in one year. You would have to go about a thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven times as fast as light, and the only trouble is that the mind is so slow that even now it misses most of what happens; then it probably would n't be able to take in anything.' He stopped for a minute to think, then went on, 'What you'd think would drive you insane would probably only put you to sleep.'

Two young women, while they were not exactly asleep, were sitting in that suspended state in which the soul is said to go walking. Mr. Bancock looked at them as if a little troubled, and hesitated. 'If traveling against the light stream makes time speed,' he continued quickly, 'then of course traveling with it will slow it down, since a ray of light will thus have difficulty in getting away from you. You could even make one second —' He groped for a word, then said, 'Eternal. By flying at its side, you understand, out into space at the rate of light.

'Don't suppose,' he said suddenly, walking up and down, still shaking the chalk in his hand, 'that light from the earth goes like an arrow to one point alone in the universe. It must, of course, radiate in every direction at once, so that the light from Jesus' birth, to go back to that, must be surrounding the earth in a great sphere with its radius equal to the product of those parentheses.' He pointed at the board behind him.

'Sound,' he said, 'must fly out and encircle the earth in the same way, only much more slowly, so that when something happens the sight of it rushes away ahead of the sound of it, and the aspects of the happening become scattered, so that it would require the omnipresence of a spirit to see it whole again.' Here he laughed a little nervously. 'To use the Nativity again,' he said, 'the attending cattle can be still seen only thousands of light-years in space, but they are still mooing fairly near the earth.'

The silence was complete. Mr. Bancock looked at his watch and saw that it lacked a minute of being time for the bell. He put it

back. 'All that, however,' he said, 'is not scientifically sound.' Miss Rappaport said with an easy grace, 'But Mr. Bancock, how would you interpret it?' He looked at her in a fright and said, 'Not at all.' Then he looked about the class and back to Miss Rappaport again and said, 'Not at all.' The silence fell in again. The fly continued to circle the room. Someone asked, 'Was there anything you wanted us to do for next time?'

Then Mr. Bancock snatched up his book. 'Versification,' he said. 'Especially rhyme. What does rhyme consist of? The last accented vowels are identical, everything that comes after them is identical, everything before them is different.' The bell rang. But he had noticed the gentleness implied in the girl's use of the past tense.

Ten years ago in this same room he had set out to interest some girls in the Pejorative Un, and, guided by their deeper wisdom, had come to see the negligible earning power of the prefix. Now while he was piling up his books to go he tried to feel a little sorry about the triumph of clay over the spirit. Then he muttered 'Paranoid' to himself, piled the books in the crook of his arm, and went out into the corridor rhyming, 'Rhomboid, ethnoid, adenoid, Ernest Boyd, celluloid.' The bell for the next class rang.

END OF THE SEASON

'VIE DE NATURE AU BORD DE LA MER. MODERN INN.' This sign, painted on canvas with blue paint, still decorates the front of a wooden shack on the beach of Kamakura. Within, the blue-painted chairs and tables, once of the Latin Quarter, with checked red and white tablecloths, are piled ignominiously upside down in complete confusion. Sand has drifted deep over the wooden floor, although this, the smartest teahouse on the beach, is raised on six-foot piles.

This Modern Inn is deserted. The few remaining banners hang tattered and lifeless. The kitchen is empty. There is a worse disaster. The inn, which was a bit of Old France, was decorated with a mural in which nude pink ladies and gentlemen struck attitudes against a baby-blue sea after the best tradition of the Picasso period. They were all drinking Karpis, which is the most popular Japanese summer drink, a scientific blend of

sour milk and lemon. These pictured people were making the most of it, although in somewhat tortured poses. The painting had been done by a young artist employed by the Karpis company, which pays him a salary and sends him about to decorate its tea-houses. He obviously got his technique on the boulevards. But it was an admirable work, and I bargained with the shopkeeper for it.

What I should do with it I had not worked out, as the ladies were more than life-size and the whole thing covered a wall space six and one-half feet by twenty.

This morning, in the interval between showers on the fifth day of rain following a typhoon that ripped the roofs off the less substantial beach houses, I ran down to see if the mural was safe. It had been taken down in the midst of the storm for protection, and now, although the place was deserted, it was back again on the wall. I took a long breath of relief and, righting one of the blue chairs, sat down before it to permit art to restore an equilibrium badly disturbed by the protracted rain. The panels of the painting were in place, uninjured by the storm. But whoever had replaced them had evidently been bewildered by so many pink limbs. There were five panels in all and they had been put up helter-skelter, so that a Botticellian head was sprouting from an oval breast like some enameled Brancusi, a gentleman's thigh had become a lady's shoulder blade, and glasses of Karpis, completely disembodied, quenched imagined thirsts in a mirage without hope. It was a surrealist's vision so complete that thereafter all chaos would seem sensible.

There is no sadder thing than a seaside resort at the enforced early conclusion of a season. All the summer folk have sensibly accepted the approach of autumn and fled back to the crowded comfort of city life. But the vendors of tea or entertainment, taken unaware, unwilling to admit defeat, hang on, yet half-heartedly, not really even keeping up appearances. The sand is not swept away. Beach umbrellas folded in canvas cases make untidy piles; charcoal braziers give small cheer. A few lingering visitors sadly walk the beach looking for small shellfish. A solitary bather battles through the heavy surf. The

last banners, soggy and torn, hang with the limpness of a soiled dishcloth. The sand is dirty; the Horywood Belt deserted. It is very melancholy. All you can hope for is a good typhoon to sweep it all clean, leaving the beach to the fishermen whose late boats are there, disappearing in the mist.

We will go too. The fleas will die. The radios are silenced; no longer will the Major summon us at 6 A.M. to join our neighbors on the beach for morning calisthenics. No longer will the continual repetition of 'Mary' drive us to denounce Japanese taste in music. The West is vanquished. The wooden shacks, weather-beaten, half demolished, acquiesce to the passing of another summer. Now is the time to enjoy Kamakura, to let its quiet charm, its peaceful temples, its ruined monuments, give us the message of the eternal East.

It is painfully quiet. The melancholy is overwhelming. We will go too. Back to Tokyo, where crowds make a kaleidoscopic turmoil on the streets, and the radios clamor at six o'clock in the morning.

NOTATION ON IMMORTALITY

WE sat debating many things together,
Old Rover drowsy on the floor, and then,
Watching him hunt in dreams, we argued
whether

A dog will live again.

Searching the Scriptures, 'perish as a beast'
We could recall, and, in another place,
'Without are dogs' . . . in all the scroll no
least

Promise for Rover's race.

Lean and unkempt beside his owner's chair
He sprawled. We could not clearly picture
him

Ranging around with sheep-burrs in his hair
Among the seraphim.

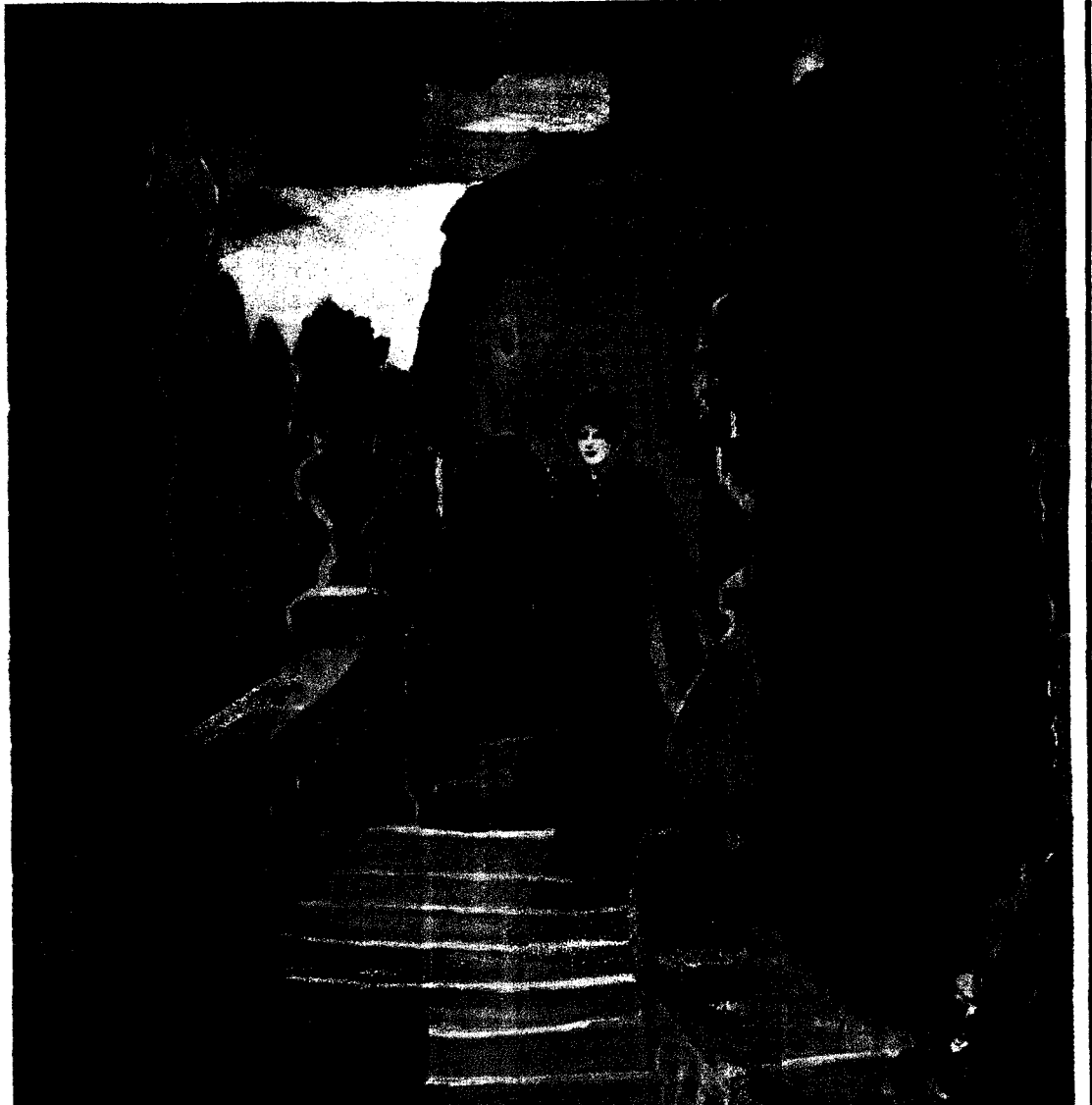
The fire went out, the hall clock struck
eleven.

Stretching, he sighed, and edged a little way
Nearer his master's foot — already in heaven
And asking but to stay.

NANCY BYRD TURNER

The Atlantic NOVEL

FIRST 8 CHAPTERS



Enchanter's Nightshade

by ANN BRIDGE AUTHOR OF "ILLYRIAN SPRING"



ANN BRIDGE

ANN BRIDGE is the wife of an official in the British Foreign Office. She was brought up in England, educated at home, and later took a Diploma in Social Science and Administration at the London School of Economics.

Much of her mature life has been spent abroad and she speaks French, German, Italian, and Chinese, with a smattering of Gaelic and Romansch. She has the English zest for mountaineering and horses; she swims well and is a devoted amateur botanist. Skiing is perhaps her major hobby; she was an intimate friend of George Mallory, who was killed on Everest, and did a lot of climbing with him.

As the wife of a diplomat and the mother of three grown children (a son and a daughter were at Oxford this past year), she must needs follow Trollope's example by doing her writing in the very early morning.

HER BOOKS

THERE was considerable speculation in the Atlantic editorial office back in 1932 when *Peking Picnic* by Ann Bridge had clearly demonstrated its claims to the Atlantic Prize of \$10,000. Rumor from England told us that this was a first novel (which was hard to believe) and that the author, a cultivated Englishwoman of many travels, had been compelled to adopt a nom de plume because of her husband's position in the Foreign Office. Be that as it may, with *Peking Picnic* Ann Bridge stepped full-fledged into the upper rank of contemporary fiction writers here and in England.

The scene of *The Ginger Griffin*, Ann Bridge's second book, was again laid on the China Coast and the style was again silk-smooth. But in her characterization the editors found sure evidence of an advancing skill.

Then came *Illyrian Spring* — the book that gave Ann Bridge a larger audience than she had ever had before. Here was a story of a unique love affair, told with such perfection of detail that it literally transported readers to the wild and remote shore of the Adriatic.

Her fourth and latest novel, *Enchanter's Nightshade*, is in the opinion of the Atlantic editors her best. As a young girl, she occasionally visited her Italian relations in the north of Italy, and from those serene days she recaptured the mise en scène of *Enchanter's Nightshade*. It is a novel about the provincial Italian nobility in their great country houses — urbane and intricate families they were, with the manners and morals of the eighteenth century. Into their midst in the year 1907 comes an innocent, flaxen-haired English governess — and so the trouble begins.

Ellery Sedgwick wrote to the author as follows: "I asked for your manuscript — and rich was my reward! The archaeology is perfect. I knew something of that society at first hand, for a cousin of mine was in the Guardia Nobile of the Vatican, and his mother's drawing-room was full of prelates in cardinal and violet and little run-down remnants of an eighteenth-century aristocracy. But the minutiae — how did you get them? — wine, food, dresses, even the nurses from Padova rather than from Venice! The truth is, I was absorbed from first to last. I do, indeed, congratulate you."

Now with each twelve months of the Atlantic

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

BY ANN BRIDGE

I

FRÄULEIN ROSA GELSICHER was sitting on a low stool, wrapped in a thick dressing gown of purple flannel, cutting her corns after her bath, in the apartment of Count Carlo di Castellone in Gardone. But in spite of her apparent absorption in her feet, Fräulein Gelsicher was really thinking very hard about several other things at the same time. She had come into the Castellone family twelve years before as governess to Elena, Count Carlo's daughter, then a little girl of six. When Elena was twelve the Countess died, and since her death Fräulein Gelsicher had gradually assumed a position very different from that of the ordinary governess. The whole administration of the household had come, bit by bit, into her competent Swiss hands; her shrewd Swiss common sense had made her the Count's valued consultant and adviser on matters extending far beyond the household and the health and morals of Elena and Giulio, Count Carlo's only son, three years older than Elena. The Count both valued her and liked her — he had nicknamed her 'La Gelosia' (Jealousy) at the outset, partly because he never could either remember or pronounce foreign names, partly out of a whimsical pleasure in giving her a name which he recognized as being completely foreign to her character.

La Signorina Gelosia's preoccupations, that morning, were mainly domestic in character. The family was about to make its usual spring migration from

Gardone, where they spent the winter, to Odredo, the Count's property in the country some eighteen miles away. As a rule Anna the cook was sent out there in advance with a team of underlings, to prepare the house for their reception; but this year Anna had strained her ankle, and it was a problem whom to send in her place. Fräulein Gelsicher would really have liked to go herself for a couple of nights; but it was of course unthinkable in Italy, thirty years ago, that a girl of Elena's age should be left for forty-eight hours without more adequate chaperonage than that of her father and her brother. She supposed they would have to send Umberto, though it was most inconvenient to do without him here.

Then she must send round word quickly to Mme. Joséphine about Elena's dress for the opera to-night. It had not arrived according to promise yesterday evening, and the child would be so disappointed.

Mme. Joséphine was an important element in the life of the province. Every autumn and every spring she arrived from Paris with her models from the 'great houses,' and with two assistants took up her quarters in a small apartment in Gardone, where she showed frocks, produced materials, advised, cut out, fitted, and made, for a few hurried weeks. Except for one or two families, who were either politically or socially important, the provincial nobility did not go to Rome for the winter — but

neither did they remain in their large, rambling, unheated, and unheatable country houses. No, they moved in, ten, twelve, fifteen, or twenty miles, in their broughams, victorias, and wagnettes, followed by long, narrow farm carts containing their plate and linen, to Gardone, where each family had either its own town house or an apartment. Various members of the same family would establish themselves, each with his household, under the roof which bore their common name. So the Castellone house in the Via Vittoria contained at this moment, besides Count Carlo and his establishment on the first and second floors, Countess Livia di Castellone, the widow of the eldest son, on the ground floor; the third floor would normally have been occupied by Ernest Castellone, son of Count Carlo's younger brother — but Ernest had married a smart rich Belgian wife who insisted on going to Rome or Paris for the winter, so the *terzo piano* was empty; finally, on the fourth floor, in the smaller and lower rooms, lived two spinster cousins of Count Carlo, the Countesses Aspasia and Roma di Castellone.

Fräulein Gelsicher's self-communings on the subject of Mme. Joséphine and the green dress were interrupted by a knock on the door.

'Who is there?'

'Me!' called a girl's voice, and without waiting for further permission Elena di Castellone ran into the room. She too was not yet dressed, but was wearing a cambric dressing jacket over her petticoat; her black hair, however, was perfectly arranged in a large pompadour roll above her glowing complexion, with a thick twisted chignon, like a teapot handle, on the top of her head. Her mouth was already open in laughter as she came into the room, showing irregular but deliciously white teeth; her brown eyes were sparkling with mischief; she carried two envelopes in her hand.

'Gela cara, such news!' she began. 'Zia Suzy is coming back! This very

next week, to Vill' Alta! And listen! Marietta is to have a governess!'

Fräulein Gelsicher took this information very quietly. 'What sort of a governess?'

'English! An English governess! She will have thick boots and flat hair and tweeds and spectacles, and will teach Marietta algebra! She will be much older and sterner than our Gelosia, and will make Marietta much cleverer than me!'

'The good God has already made Marietta that,' observed Fräulein Gelsicher serenely. '*Senti*, who tells you all this?'

'Marietta! I have a letter just now. Princess Asquini has recommended the governess to Zia Suzy, and they have written, and it is all arranged. And they will be here on Tuesday.'

Fräulein Gelsicher heard this piece of news with rather mixed feelings. She always felt more comfortable, breathed more freely, when the Marchesa di Vill' Alta, whom Elena referred to as Zia Suzy, was out of the province. Although Elena called her 'aunt,' the relationship was in reality less close — through a Vill' Alta-Castellone marriage two generations before, Count Carlo and the Marchese Francesco di Vill' Alta, Suzy's husband, were second cousins. But in this case, as the Castello di Vill' Alta happened to be barely a couple of miles from Odredo, the two families lived on terms of close intimacy, and Elena and Marietta had been brought up almost together, with much more cousinly feeling than often obtains between real first cousins. Still, there the relationship was, and in Fräulein Gelsicher's opinion it made the relations between Elena's father and Marietta's mother even more deplorable than she would have thought them otherwise. She had been deeply attached to Elena's mother, and knew Count Carlo to have been really devoted to her too. But the Count was weak and, viticulture apart, silly — it had not been difficult for that Circe of a woman, who could not leave

one human being within her reach unpossessed, the governess often thought bitterly, to play upon his weakness, his sorrow, and his loneliness, and so to enslave him. Disapproving profoundly his part in the affair, she nevertheless understood.

But now, really, it was time that it should come to an end. Elena was eighteen, she was getting more and more observant; it was shocking and unseemly to a degree that the slightest risk should be run of her recognizing for what it was the state of affairs between her father and the woman whom she spoke of and treated as an aunt. She had picked up, as it was, the nickname by which the Marchesa Suzy was known in the entire province — 'the Enchantress'; she laughed her bubbling ready laugh, clear as water, over any fresh instance of some unlucky male falling under the Enchantress's spell. And now, after several months' absence, with Elena by that much older and sharper, they were coming back from Rome, that whole party, a full two months earlier than usual, to trouble the peace of the province of Gardone. Something ought to be done about it.

The only person who would be likely to have the courage to tackle such a thorny business, or the wisdom to do it with any hope of success, was Suzy's mother-in-law, the aged Marchesa di Vill' Alta, known everywhere in affectionate respect as 'La Vecchia Marchesa.' The old Marchesa was very, very old — ninety-nine; if she lived till next September she would see her century out. And she showed every sign of doing that and more. Her powers of mind and body were unimpaired to an extraordinary degree. Her brilliant black eyes, untinged by rheum, saw everything; she heard whatever she wanted to hear, but quenched unwelcome statements by a sudden and arbitrary deafness; she remembered what she wished to, and ignored the rest; her mind still moved like a rapier among such affairs as she

deigned to take an interest in — a rather limited category which included her own relations, high Italian society, German royal houses, old lace, diplomatic memoirs, and French novels, but which excluded all social and political movements since the Republic, Americans, religious thought, and modern inventions of every kind. If La Vecchia Marchesa chose, she could probably deal with the situation — if not through Suzy, through Count Carlo. But who or what was to move La Vecchia Marchesa to such a choice? She must have seen, long since, what was going on, since at Vill' Alta she lived always in her son's house; certainly she was not deceived, yet she held her ancient, wrinkled, bediamonded, but still distinguished hand. How then on earth could she be persuaded to move? There was no record, in the long chronicles of provincial gossip, of anything but La Vecchia Marchesa's own initiative having ever moved her in any direction whatever.

All this passed through Fräulein Gelsicher's mind as Elena laid before her one of the two letters she had brought in, beseeching her, with an impish giggle, to read it.

Fräulein Gelsicher took up the letter — it was unstamped and unsealed, and addressed to Marietta di Vill' Alta. She knew the writing — it was that of the younger of the Count's two unmarried cousins who occupied the top floor in the house, the Contessa Roma di Castellone.

'What is this? It is Marietta's. I am to read it?' she asked, puzzled.

'*Ma sì! Ma sì!* You have the writer's permission!' Elena answered, almost suffocated with laughter. 'Read it out, Gela.'

Fräulein Gelsicher did as her pupil bade her. Countess Roma was a foolish woman; like her sister, Countess Aspasia, an impassioned gossip, but without the self-restraint which restricted the latter lady's communications to the affairs of others, Roma liked to talk

about her own uninteresting concerns and doings, and nothing was more likely than that she should wish both Elena and Fräulein Gelsicher to read a letter in which she took an ill-founded pride.

MY DEAREST MARIETTA! Your cousin Aspasia and I have both learned with *fondness* pleasure the good news of your educational future. A great opportunity opens before you now, of forming your mind, adding to your accomplishments, and improving your character. I hope that in everything you will show docility to your new instructress. The English are a race of considerable learning, I believe, and no doubt your dear mother has chosen for you a woman worthy of your deepest respect. It is to be hoped that you will not fail to profit by such a chance. Your cousin Aspasia and I have often felt that you have lacked, in the past, both those full opportunities for study which young girls should have, and any steady model at hand on which to mould yourself. Your mother's household is so social! But you will in all probability *not* inherit those qualities which make her what she is, and you may well expect your life, for that reason, to be different from hers. Indeed I dare almost say that I hope this will be the case! Beauty is a dangerous possession!!

I embrace you warmly, Marietta *cara*.

ROMA CASTELLONE

P.S. Your cousin Elena is going to the opera to-night — she has a most expensive dress from Joséphine. I should not have thought this extravagance necessary for a *young girl*, but no doubt Signorina Gelsicher knows what she is about.

A faint flush of annoyance tinged the governess's worn face as she put the letter back in its envelope, but, 'Very characteristic,' was all she said, rather dryly. Elena exploded with laughter.

'Is n't it? Oh, Gela, I have caught you too! Is n't it perfect? Won't it vex Marietta beautifully?'

The governess wheeled round on her stool to face the young girl.

'Elena! You have n't been doing *that* again? No, that is too naughty! You promised me you would give up that silly trick,' she said reproachfully.

'For six months! I only promised for six months, and I have n't done *one* since

Giulio's last October! But what does it matter? I can write to Marietta to-morrow, before she has time to answer it — she never answers letters for days and days!' Elena answered airily. 'Don't spoil sport, Gela darling. Is n't it good? "I should not have thought this extravagance necessary,"' she read out, and giggled again. 'Gela, you were quite hurt! But you know it is just what they would say, the old cats!'

'You will get into serious trouble one of these days, if you go on with this,' Fräulein Gelsicher said repressively. One of her pupil's few, and more disconcerting, talents was a quite brilliant gift for forgery. She could imitate any handwriting if she had it before her for a few hours, in the most completely convincing fashion — and, as now, she was equally successful at reproducing the epistolary style of people she knew. For years this gift had been a source of anxiety and annoyance to Fräulein Gelsicher, perhaps the only serious cause of annoyance her charge had ever given her, and she made ceaseless struggles to force or persuade the child to give it up.

On this occasion Fräulein Gelsicher triumphed over Elena, using the green taffeta dress to drive a bargain about the suppression of the letter to Marietta. She put it away in the black Russia leather bag, topped with silver, which hung from a silver hook attached to the belt that marked the junction between her skirt and her blouse, along with the household keys, her handkerchief, her silver bottle of digestive pills, and a slip with memoranda for the day written on it. There was a sentence in the letter which had vaguely worried her, and she wished to read it again. What was it that Elena had written about Marietta's mother, and the tone of that household? As a statement by Countess Roma it had seemed natural enough — from Elena, if she remembered it aright, it was extremely disconcerting. She had no time now, but later she must reread it and consider it.

II

The same spring sun which had illuminated Fräulein Gelsicher's purple dressing gown and curling pins was pouring, on that May morning, into another room in the Casa Castellone, where Giulio di Castellone sat by the window reading Croce's *Estetica*. There was a look of eager peaceful concentration about him as he read, flicking the pages over with one hand, pushing back his hair when it fell into his eyes with the other — absorbed, satisfied; turning back now to reread a passage, then turning forward again. Giulio was tasting one of the purest of human satisfactions — the taking in of a new intellectual conception which, though unfamiliar, is instantly sympathetic to the mind receiving it. He felt that this was right, this conception of the spiritual faculty in man as fourfold: the æsthetic, that which seeks for beauty; the logical, that which seeks for knowledge; the practical or economic, where will passes into action; the ethical, which strives towards righteousness in action and involves the whole idea of duty and obligation. Yes — and these four, though distinct, were yet one, and of an equal validity; a series, and yet a circle. And how profound too Croce's contention that that series develops in individuals as in races, in a certain sequence — first the æsthetic, then the logical or intellectual, only last the ethical.

But how splendid, how satisfying, the sweep and range of Croce's vision, setting the facts of a small individual experience in relation to a mighty whole; how fortifying to find his, Giulio's, own hatreds and prejudices, as well as his most dear and secret aspirations, given the sanction of clear philosophic expression. Putting down his book, leaning forward to the open window to breathe in the fresh spring air, he propped his head on his hand and thought, carefully relating his own instinctive feelings and ideas to this new theory, as young think-

ers do. He suddenly remembered how as a little boy of eleven he had once protested against going into the *salone* to see Zia Suzy, and when pressed for a reason had mumbled: 'She's so ugly.' He had been scolded and derided — what a silly boy! Everyone knew how beautiful she was. 'To me, she is ugly!' he had insisted stubbornly. Then he had not in the least formulated his dislike of his aunt, but now — he tapped the open book — here it was! Spiritual ugliness — greediness, selfishness.

Austere, unpractical, absorbed in his books, Giulio was wont to pay very little heed to the proceedings of Suzy di Vill' Alta; the gossip of the province hardly entered his careless ears, and if he heard it, he forgot it — he was very far from assessing her relationship to his father, or to anyone else, with any exactitude; indeed he thought about her as little as possible. But he had been aware of a vague feeling, lately, that there was a point at which something morally disagreeable really touched his life. That is it, he thought now — at least there is moral ugliness there somewhere, and that is why I can't stand her. But suddenly he felt that he had read enough; he must get out into the wind and sun, walk and clear his head — these patches and scraps of ideas were not good! Banging the door behind him, he went out.

Down at the great arched doorway, through which a coach could be — and often had been — driven into the inner courtyard, he met the Countess Livia emerging from her apartment on the ground floor. Though Livia di Castellone had been a widow for six years, her tall slight figure was still perpetually clothed in sweeping black, with hints of crape here and there; her face, once beautiful, now rather pinched and worn, looked out from the austere backward-sweeping lines of a widow's bonnet; there was a curious mixture of resignation and discontent about the expression of her eyes and mouth, a sort of rigid refinement breathed from her whole person. She

greeted her nephew with a conscientious show of affection. Giulio kissed her hand perfunctorily, and said 'Good morning, Zia Livia. Are you going to Mass?' He did not want to know, he wished he had not met her, but one had to say *something* to people. It was not that Giulio particularly objected to his Aunt Livia, but when he was about to go anywhere or do anything he had a nervous dislike of meeting anyone, for fear of being hindered or stopped. People talked to you, involved you — he never could think quickly enough of the decided word which would set him free; and was likely to get carried off, from sheer irresolution and incompetence, on some horrible enterprise of other people's. Or they asked him questions, to which he never knew the answers!

This morning, as usual, he failed at the questionnaire.

'How unfortunate about dear Elena's dress. Will Joséphine really have it ready for to-night?' the Countess began, laying a detaining hand, delicate and small in its black kid glove, on his arm. 'Dear child — it would be such a pity for her to be disappointed, would it not?'

Giulio ran his free hand through his hair. 'Zia Livia, Elena has already too many dresses!' he said, his voice harsh with nervousness. 'I cannot keep up with them! Pardon me — I must leave you' — and he bent over her hand again, to kiss it in farewell.

'Your hat! Giulio, you are not going out without a hat!' the Countess exclaimed, as he straightened himself and took a step towards the doorway.

'*Dio mio!* What does it matter? *Scusi*, Zia Livia,' he jerked out, and fairly ran through the great arch and out into the street. Oh, Holy Virgin, what a world to live in! 'Dresses! Hats!' he exclaimed loudly, as he passed with his rapid stride out of the Via Vittoria and into the broad boulevard, with its clipped avenues of horse chestnuts on either side, which led out of the town towards the north.

The province of Gardone forms part of the great plain of North Italy which stretches, roughly, from the Gulf of Genoa to the Adriatic, under the mighty rampart of the Alps. Most of the province, like the rest of the plain, is flat as a board; but a few kilometres north of Gardone the earth, approaching the mountains, begins to ruffle and crumple into small hills and eminences, with wide spaces between. Out in this direction lay Oredro, Castellone, and Vill' Alta, each with its formality of white walls, ilexes, and cypresses crowning some dominating ridge; but Giulio, striding out of the town that morning, still found himself in the characteristic flatness of the plain when he at last checked his pace and began to look about him.

He sauntered on, more quietly now; the fit of acute nervous irritation engendered by the impact of Countess Livia's world on Croce's had worn off, and he was able to enjoy what he saw. The monotonous simplicity and familiarity of the landscape soothed him — he knew this road so well, it was one of his constant winter walks. It was pleasant to see it in this spring dress. But it had also, for Giulio, this road, its special associated idea, and this idea entered his mind now, unsummoned, as he walked along. It was essential that he should go away and study seriously somewhere, for a couple of years. This reading alone was not enough — at his age one needed lectures, criticism, teaching, the disciplined life of thought. Somehow his father must be made to see the necessity of it.

A couple of years at the Sorbonne, or three years at Oxford — that was what he wanted. It would not cost much; he could manage on a very small allowance — less than a third of what would gladly be allotted him the moment he decided to marry. Marriage! He jerked back his head, in a sort of angry disgust — yes, *that* his father would think perfectly sensible, that would seem to him well worth while, for his son to marry and breed yet more Castellones!

If only his English were better, he thought, pursuing his idea, Oxford would really be the best. He could read English easily enough; but speaking it, and understanding it when spoken — that was difficult. How those two young Englishmen, Roffredo's friends, who had stayed at Castellone last year, had laughed at his English when he tried to talk to them — laughed in fits!

Roffredo's name, coming into his mind, again deflected the current of his thoughts. Roffredo was his cousin, Countess Livia's only child, and some five years older than himself — and with his name his image stood up in Giulio's mind: his broad shoulders, his flaming red head, his good healthy mouth, opened in frequent laughter, the air of careless easy dominance that he carried about with him wherever he went. Giulio's own face softened curiously as the thought of Roffredo came to him. He had for this cousin of his the devotion, inexplicable but so common, of the complicated intellectual for the athletic and simple-minded type, which is also physically splendid and morally robust. Mentally the two had nothing in common — Roffredo Castellone never opened a book that was not concerned with engineering, and seldom indulged in the process of thought at all, unless in connection with the internal-combustion engine, now in process of considerable development in Italy. On such matters he was no fool; he had had one minor invention accepted by a firm in Milan, and was wrestling with another now. But he accepted with unquestioning readiness and even enjoyment those aspects of everyday life which seemed to Giulio so incomprehensible; and the relative beauty or ugliness of people's souls troubled him not at all. Of faces and figures, yes! — very much so; but minds didn't interest him.

How much better Roffredo had managed his life, Giulio thought now, as he wandered along between the looped vines and the formal mulberry trees, than

he himself. He had, apparently without any particular trouble, forced the Countess Livia to let him become an engineer, and to make him a handsome allowance; he lived a completely independent life, and had just spent the whole winter in Paris studying the latest developments in four-cylinder engines. He had a car — one of the only two in the province; it was just a one-cylinder car, but it had chugged triumphantly about the roads last summer, raising clouds of dust, and terrifying every horse and bullock team that it met. Roffredo — how homesick Giulio was for his face and voice, after all these months! — Roffredo was doing the thing he was made for, and doing it well.

Giulio pulled out his watch. It was past twelve o'clock — then he would be wildly late for *colazione*, he thought, with irritated resignation. Well, there were more important things than meals. But for all that he set out with hurried strides towards the town.

Colazione, leisurely meal though it was, was more than half over when Giulio returned. The Count, handsome, urban, and urbane in a spring suit of light gray, sat at the head of the table — Fräulein Gelsicher at the foot, Elena on her father's right. Giulio, coming in, stood beside his father, bowed, made a formal apology to him and to Fräulein Gelsicher, and was waved to his seat by the Count with a fine gesture.

The Count, his napkin tucked carefully in under his splendid iron-gray beard, masticating salad, at once resumed a long monologue on a theory of root-pruning of vines which he had culled from a new French volume; Elena saluted this theme with a minute wink at her brother. He did not, however, make the response she expected, and after enduring the vines for a few moments she interrupted her father's scientific flow gayly and brusquely with, '*Senti, Paparut*', do let the vines grow in peace for one moment! Giulio has not heard one word about Marietta.'

Elena could take almost any liberties with her father, especially when she called him by the local dialect word for a father, *paparuto*; the Count, amused, said benignly, 'Speak, then, on this great theme!'

Elena, thus unleashed, bubbled out her news.

'*Dunque*, Marietta is to have a governess! And *senti*, it is an English-woman.'

Giulio was interested. An English-woman in the province might really help his plans. He interrupted Elena's elaborations on the probable appearance of the governess by asking: —

'When does she come?'

'Tuesday — they all come on Tuesday to Vill' Alta.'

'But the governess?'

'Oh, I don't know — soon — perhaps they meet her in Gardone. But in any case very soon. Will it not be nice for Gela?'

'That depends on whether she is a nice person,' said the Count.

'Papa! Marietta says Zia Suzy says Princess Asquini says she knows the family, and they are very *comme il faut*; and the governess is very learned — she has been at Oxford!'

'How at Oxford? Women don't go to Oxford.'

'Yes they do! In England now they do since many years! They learn like men. Marietta will end by knowing everything.'

Giulio was considerably exhilarated by Elena's news. If this new governess of Marietta's really was an educated woman, had really studied at Oxford, — magical word! — there was no telling what might not come of it. At least he could take regular English lessons with her. His imagination lit up: he saw himself on his bicycle flying over daily to Vill' Alta, to spend long industrious hours with a learned woman in spectacles, who would introduce him to the English philosophers, to Locke and Hume and Bentham; coming back laden

with books to write English essays, and above all *talking* with the Englishwoman, till his English would be good enough to go to Oxford. He came down out of the clouds when they moved into the *salone*, which looked on to the courtyard, for coffee, and began to cross-examine Elena as to the academic qualifications of the new governess. Elena could tell him little more — she had shot her bolt of information at once, as she usually did. There remained only speculation, in which, when the Count went off to his study, they indulged delightfully.

III

A few days after Giulio and Elena di Castellone, out in Gardone, were so gayly discussing their cousin's future governess, that personage herself, in her bedroom in England, was occupied in packing, while her younger sister May looked on.

'I think we'd better begin on the hats,' Almina said to May. 'Mother does n't seem to be coming, and I must get on. But she won't want to see *them*.' May agreed, and both girls bent considerably over the hatbox. After some thought — 'I should put the green at the bottom,' said May.

'Right. Hand it out, will you?' said Almina. May opened the door of the hat cupboard, and pulled out the green hat, a huge thing of drooping silky horsehair, the crown smothered in yellow and white roses. She held it up. 'It is *lovely*,' she said, gazing at it with envy. 'Do stick it on, Al, just for a second, and let me see.'

Almina, taking the hat, moved to the dressing table. It was obvious before she put it on that it would suit her very well. She was small and rather pale, with a great deal of very fine soft hair almost the color of raw silk — what we now call 'ashen blonde' and admire greatly, but which was then called 'flaxen' and considered rather dull. In addition she had a neat straight little nose, a neat firm little chin, rather a large pale mouth, and

large grayish eyes set very far apart under eyebrows much darker than her hair. To-day these things would make her the envy of all her acquaintances, but Almina was not considered in the least pretty by her family — not nearly so pretty as May, who in spite of rather rough-and-tumble features had a bright color, vivid blue eyes, a red mouth, and proper golden hair, which curled by itself.

Almina's lack of the accepted standard of prettiness did not trouble her quite as much as it would have done most of her contemporaries. She had been to Oxford for three years, and had there become serious-minded and slightly dowdy; she had taken a first in Modern Languages, which had given her a good deal of self-confidence independently of her appearance; she had become ambitious, had views on the economic independence of women, and hoped to have a career. It is true that she did occasionally study her face in the glass, half critically and half wistfully — she usually decided privately that her features were really rather good, except for her mouth, and that if her hair *was n't* as curly and golden as it might have been, at least it was very fine and silky, and there was a great deal of it. And anyhow there were more important things than looks. But now, when she combed up the fine pale stuff before the glass and placed the big green hat on her head, she could not resist a little tremor of pleasure at the image which confronted her. And when she swung round to face May, that young person gazed at her with most flattering astonishment before she said, 'Al, it *does* suit you! You really look quite —'

'Quite what?' Almina asked, pleased, and anxious for more.

'Well, nearly beautiful.'

'It will go with a lot of things,' said Almina, turning to look into the glass again; 'the green, and the white, and the white and yellow.'

'Are they very smart, these people? I

suppose they are,' said May, 'if she's a marchioness.'

'She is n't a marchioness — she's only a *marchesa* — it does n't mean the same abroad,' said Almina, with fine British depreciation of foreign titles. 'But I expect they are very smart — foreigners always are. The Princess told Mother they entertained a lot.'

'P'raps you'll marry an Italian count,' May was beginning, — her mind always ran to the social aspect of things, — when the door opened and her mother came in.

At the sound of the door opening Almina turned round on the chair towards it; and, as May had been, Mrs. Prestwich was startled by her daughter's appearance. Certainly at that moment, in the hat, Almina looked extraordinarily pretty. Since by the time she went to Italy it would be several months since her father died, and as black in summer was so hot, and presented such difficulties with dust, and moreover as she was to be in the country, Mrs. Prestwich had rather brusquely decided that it would be best to let her daughter go out of mourning, and get an outfit at once which would last a couple of years. But after the months of seeing her in black or black and white, which killed her delicate coloring, leaving it cold and crude, the picture now before Mrs. Prestwich was startling. It flashed into her mind that Almina had improved, that after all she might, in the right clothes, be going to be a very pretty girl — and with the thought came a vague disquiet. Tacitly and affectionately, Almina had always been allowed to believe herself plain; if now she was going to be pretty, might not she be rather unprepared for the consequences — for admiration, for advances? Mrs. Prestwich, sending her daughter alone, at twenty-two, among strangers and foreigners, had had some natural anxiety; but she had banked on the girl's plainness as much as on her upbringing to see her safely through. And if one of these bulwarks were removed, it

would be disquieting. However, she reflected later in the day, it was too late to do anything about it now — you could n't make a girl believe herself pretty all in a minute. And her upbringing would remain.

At the moment, all she said was: 'How nice that looks, my child. But had n't you better pack it? Have you got everything ready?'

'Yes, Mother. I was waiting for you. It's all here.' She took off the hat and laid it on a chair.

There began the careful process of 'going through' Almina's things. Mrs. Prestwich, with a certain enterprising practicality which always characterized her actions, had felt it right and worth while to lay out a good deal of money on Almina's outfit, to give her a fair start — a policy to which the green hat bore eloquent witness. She passed her daughter's frocks in review, seeing her in her mind in each garment; wondering if they were, after all, exactly what she would need, and of the sort to give her the reassurance of being 'right' in new and alarming surroundings. She handled every one, giving a little discourse on the sort of occasion on which it should, in her opinion, be worn; now and then she sighed and said: 'I hope it *will* do' — about some particular garment. Almina listened with admirable patience. Neither of them, she felt in her heart, knew in the least if the clothes would be suitable or not; but she was sufficiently nervous herself about the whole enterprise not to be antagonized by her mother's fussing. Her family's attitude to her appearance had never led her to take an excessive interest in her clothes, and at Oxford the prevailing concern with higher matters had made her more indifferent than ever; but she was prepared to believe that in this new sphere they would matter, and therefore she accepted her mother's outlook, and even shared it. At all costs, she was determined to make a success of this governing job — save money, pay back her

mother for her wardrobe, and even perhaps put by enough to keep herself while she worked at some research later. Her independence beckoned and gleamed ahead of her.

And the moment had its emotional quality, too. She was leaving her home to enter an unknown world, and her mother was doing the last thing she could to equip her for it; exercising for the last time, for who knew how long, that gentle protecting care which had been like sheltering arms round her girlhood. Perhaps for the first time in her life Almina consciously realized the love behind this care, and what it had meant to her; and each time that she said, 'Yes, Mother, I will remember,' in her dutiful quiet voice, her heart within her was crying, 'Darling Mother, I will be what you want, do all you wish. I won't fail you or disappoint you.' At the last she did say a little of what she meant. She threw her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her worn gentle face. 'I will do my best,' she murmured, her face hidden. 'I really will.'

'I'm sure you will, my darling,' Mrs. Prestwich answered, moved in her turn. Holding her eldest daughter, her good trustworthy learned child, in her arms, she felt suddenly that she ought to give her a word of advice, of warning, before sending her off to the Continent alone. She sought in her mind for the right thing to say — these things were so difficult. At last — 'My child, you will be prudent, won't you?' she said with some embarrassment. 'I mean —' she paused. 'Always remember to behave like a lady, and you will be all right.'

'Yes, Mother,' said Almina, aware of her mother's embarrassment, which communicated itself to her. But she knew only dimly what her mother meant.

IV

La Vecchia Marchesa was making her usual morning progress down on to the terrace at Vill' Alta. She always

emerged, if the weather was fine, soon after eleven, and took her accustomed seat in a high-backed wicker chair under the great ilex, with its thick triple trunk — close enough to the low terrace parapet to be able to use it as a table on which to place her book, her lorgnette for reading, her ivory paper knife, and the wineglass containing a raw egg beaten up with a dash of maraschino which Roberto, her manservant, invariably brought out to her when she was settled. Her progress was very slow and extremely dignified, as befitted an old lady of ninety-nine. For her age she walked surprisingly strongly, once she reached level ground — just steadying herself on an ebony stick, with a plain smooth ball of ivory for its head. Roberto flung open both the study doors, and announced, 'La Marchesa di Vill' Alta,' more as if he were proclaiming her arrival at Court than in her son's sitting room; while the small figure, bent awkwardly at the hips but still beautifully upright at the shoulders, passed across the tiled floor.

On this, as on all other mornings, Francesco di Vill' Alta rose to greet his mother, pushing back his chair; he bowed over her hand, kissed it, and asked how she did, with as much formality as if she were a total stranger.

'Well; well,' the old lady replied, with a hint of impatience. 'I am always well.'

'You slept well?' the son further asked, solicitously.

'Sufficiently. Sleep is for the young!' the old lady answered, with a tiny laugh that was as frail as the ring of fine glass. 'And what are you painting this morning, my son?'

'Pipo has sent me this from Brioni' — the Marchese indicated a rather ugly purplish flower in a specimen glass. 'I am making a sketch of it before it fades. I have revived it with aspirin, but it will not last.'

The old lady glanced at the plant. 'And what is it?'

The Marchese Francesco, peering

through thick-lensed spectacles, took up a small gray paper-covered magazine, opened it at the place where a slip of paper protruded from the pages, and showed a very delicate and precise reproduction of the flower on the table. '*Hyacinthus comosus*,' he said triumphantly. 'I am sure it is that.'

'Giacinta! My glass!' the old lady said. The gray-haired maid, an elderly woman with a sour faithful face, hurried into the room and handed a lorgnette with a long tortoise-shell handle to her mistress; the old Marchesa raised it to her eyes and examined the illustration. 'It resembles it,' she said. 'And where and how does it grow?'

The Marchese Francesco shook his head regretfully, and tapped the page. 'It is all in English,' he said. 'I cannot read it. I must get Giulio to come over and tell me what it says.'

The Marchesa laughed her tiny thin laugh again. '*Figlio caro*, you need not do that any more — Marietta's *anglaise* comes to-day; she can translate it for you.'

The Marchese Francesco's face brightened. 'I had forgotten,' he said. 'Excellent! She will be able to translate the whole series to me.'

But the old Marchesa was now examining her son's own drawing through her lorgnette. 'What do you think of it?' he asked, rather wistfully.

'*Molto bene!* But why do you spend the whole morning making a drawing, when you have such a good one here already?' She touched the gray magazine.

'But Mama, you know that I am making my own collection of sketches,' the Marchese protested. His mother always tormented him in this way, and after nearly seventy years of it he was still always caught, always hurt; always reassured when, as now, she laughed at him.

'But yes — I know! Francesco, it is charming. Finish it! Giacinta! Take my glass!' And resuming her stick, the

old lady, very slowly and carefully, moved back across the room and out towards the terrace.

The Marchese Francesco di Vill' Alta was the eldest of his mother's fourteen children. He was a tall thin man, with hair already snow-white, and more of a stoop than his mother. He had spent his life as Italian noblemen were very wont to spend their lives, half in society in Rome, half in giving a vague attention to his very considerable property in Gardone. At one time he had ornamented the diplomatic service, and an appointment in a Northern capital had brought him into contact with his wife, the daughter of a Danish financier and an American mother.

Francesco di Vill' Alta might really have been quite a good botanist but for his weak eyes. These, even with the strongest lenses, prevented him from ever being much good at discovering for himself the smaller and rarer plants; he was obliged to rely on others for that. But people who found a plant which aroused their curiosity either sent it to him, as his brother Pipo had sent the purple grape hyacinth from Brioni, or took him to see it grow. For a second-hand botanist, as one might say, his knowledge was considerable; and whatever he found he drew — delicate, slightly mannered drawings, accurately and carefully colored; he had albums full of them. People really meant so much less to him than his flowers, which he worshiped with the singular passion of a man who has been, on the whole, a failure with human beings. He was not incapable of affection, or even of devotion — it was just that Life had gradually taught him that *his* affection and *his* devotion were somehow not much good; did not bring in, as it were, the dividend which he vaguely realized that other people got on theirs. Now, when his mother had left the room, he drew his kitchen chair up again to the deal table; adjusted his spectacles, dipped a fine brush into the jug of stained water,

and went on with his exquisite coloring of the tasseled grape hyacinth, an expression of supreme and blissful contentment on his gentle, intelligent face.

The old Marchesa, meanwhile, went out on to the terrace. Very old people only really see what immediately concerns them — so the old Marchesa never noticed, as she passed across the terrace, how the shape of the triple ilex cut like a great dark green balloon into the clear pale tones of the view away to the north-east; what she did notice, immediately, was whether her chair had been placed exactly right or not, and whether the rugs and footstool were properly arranged. She also noticed Suzy's empty hammock — a brightly striped gaudy affair with hanging fringes, slung under the tree — with amused disapproval; she thought lounging in hammocks both feeble and slightly undignified. All the same, she made Roberto shift her chair a few inches, so that she could see the hammock without turning her head — she liked being able to look at her daughter-in-law. A decorative creature, Suzy! It was really small wonder, she thought, that Suzy should — well, should interest herself! It was not only that Francesco was thirty-five years older than she — at no age would he have been the man for Suzy. He had n't enough vitality. Suzy was all vitality — it was what one enjoyed about her. The old lady was actually waiting, in a little pleasant stir of anticipation, for the younger woman to come, to warm her with her swiftness of life, merely by lying near her in the hammock. Her relations with her daughter-in-law were curious. When Suzy began to interest herself elsewhere, La Vecchia Marchesa watched with dispassionate attention. If there had been any serious *inconvenance* she would have disapproved profoundly, would have taken whatever steps she thought appropriate. But there was not — Suzy was very clever. She had done no injury to the family, or to the traditions which it upheld — there was no

overt ugliness or roughness, nothing was damaged, there was no fuss. The old Marchesa hated fuss. How much better Suzy managed than Pipo's wife, tiresome creature, who was making all this outcry about Pipo's affair with Livia Panelli. She had had a most tiresome letter from her only this morning. She was a Russian, though, and they had so little self-control!

Out through the doors on to the terrace came, at last, Suzy di Vill' Alta. She was a true Nordic blonde, with *céndré*-fair hair, immense gray eyes, and a thick opaque skin of a tone more tender than white, unvarying all over. Her figure was beautiful, rising to a queenly magnificence of bust and shoulders, above a rounded slenderness below; all her movements had the finished grace of extreme sophistication. It was difficult to decide whether her face was really beautiful or not, and few people bothered to try — it had, in any case, the quality which makes beauty itself interesting. What was at once arresting about her was the whole impression of finished charm, of a completed work of art, from the elaboration of puffs and rolls of her coiffure down to the small cream-colored kid shoes that appeared below her soft pale dress.

She came over to her mother-in-law, stooped to give her an affectionate kiss, and said, 'Good morning, Bonne-Mama. How well you look,' in her warm, caressing, contralto voice.

'So do you, my dear Suzy,' said the old lady, pleased. Suzy never bothered one with tiresome inquiries about one's health; she assumed that one was well, she said so, and at once one *felt* well.

'Have you had any amusing letters?' the young Marchesa asked, seating herself gracefully on the parapet.

'I have had one extremely unamusing one from Nadia,' replied the old Marchesa.

'What does Nadia say now?'

'Oh, such folly! That she knows that Livia is in Brioni with Pipo, and that

if such public humiliation goes on, she will leave him! Public humiliation, indeed! No one but she need know it. Brioni is not Rome or Paris.'

'She would do much better not to know it herself,' said Suzy tranquilly, taking a gold cigarette case out of a large gold-mesh bag, and opening it. 'Bonne-Mama, *vous permettez?*' And receiving a bow and wave of permission, she lit a minute Russian cigarette and went on: 'But no doubt she has made every effort to find out. Poor Nadia!' She spoke the last words in a tone of real sympathy.

'Do you like her?' the old Marchesa asked, a little surprised.

'Yes, Bonne-Mama, I do — very much. She is *simpatica*, and she is generous and intelligent.'

'Intelligent!'

'Yes, Bonne-Mama, very intelligent, even. It is only that she has no *savoir-faire*. And she is full of idealism — she wanted a perfect marriage, and thought that to give Pipo everything was the way to get it. That was silly of her. But she is not stupid.'

'It was a ridiculous marriage,' said the old lady impatiently. 'Pipo would have done far better to take my advice.'

'Poor Bonne-Mama! All your sons will marry foreigners, won't they?' Suzy said, smiling. 'But you know, *mariages de convenance* are going out, even here. People want to arrange these things for themselves nowadays.'

'Yes, my dear Suzy, and only look at the *mariages d'inconvenance* they arrange for themselves! But Nadia cannot leave Pipo like that. It would make a scandal.'

'No, it would be unwise. But she is in pain, and people are unwise then.'

'In pain! What of it? Is she the first woman whose husband has a *liaison*? And what did she expect? *Ça arrive, enfin!* But she writes quite wildly. Let me show you her letter.' She fumbled in a little bag, very much like the Signorina Gelsicher's, attached to the middle of

her person, and produced a thick-looking envelope. Suzy di Vill' Alta took it, and read through the many thin sheets, attentively, a charming wrinkle of concentration between her fine darkened eyebrows; the old lady watched her, and at the end said, 'Well?'

'I am sorry she bothers you with all this, but she is right to,' the younger woman said smoothly. 'She is very wretched.'

'My dear Suzy, I cannot stop her being wretched!'

'Perhaps not. I think you could advise her wisely, though. I wonder if we should not have her here.'

'You really think so?'

'I believe it might be wise. And Bonne-Mama, Pipo is also stupid! This is partly his fault, you know. I think he must be scolded! After all, he need not —' she broke off, with a faint expression of irritation. '*Ecco Marietta*,' she said.

Unlike the very old, when one is fifteen one sees all sorts of things which do not personally concern one — indeed at that age impersonal things have an importance, a power to stir and move the heart, which very few human beings then possess. Marietta di Vill' Alta, pausing for a moment at the door leading on to the terrace, just registered the picture of her mother and her grandmother sitting there, the pale figure on the wall, the black figure in the chair; but what she really saw, with eyes and heart, was what neither of the other two had noticed — the picture formed by the terrace as a whole. As she stood for a moment, looking at it, she drew in a long breath, as if to inhale its beauty; then, shaking her head, she skipped down the steps, and ran forward to greet her elders.

She made her two little curtsies, offered her two little kisses, with her warm red mouth in her thin colorless face. If you have seen any of Donatello's youthful St. John the Baptists, you have seen Marietta di Vill' Alta — the thin

young neck, the eyes wide apart, the sensitive down-drawing of the upper lip, the soft uncertain fall of hair about a forehead too big and too nobly mature for the rest of the face. The old Marchesa took the child's hand, as she kissed her, and retained it; Suzy was young, but Marietta was younger, too young still to have developed any of those adult perversities which were so annoying, those perversities with which she watched people muddling and spoiling their lives — had watched them, with impatient disapproval, for over half a century. Free as the old woman was from so many of the customary weaknesses of great age, of this one she was not free — of its instinctive tender delight in the warmth of simple affection, such as the very young alone give. She held Marietta's small thin hand, the characterless hand of a very young girl, while she talked to her. Marietta perched on the wall, close to her grandmother's chair.

Suzy moved slowly over and arranged herself in the gay striped affair, her full skirts flowing over the edge, showing hints of filmy lace petticoat, her little cream shoes poised above the fringe.

'Well, child, and how are you?' the old lady asked.

'Oh, Bonne-Mama, I am so impatient for Miss Prestwich to come!'

'You are always impatient, Marietta, and your mother never — at least never before lunch!' said the old lady, with a touch of mischief. Suzy laughed, but with a slight effort: she always found it easier to get on with her mother-in-law when Marietta was not there — the old Marchesa doted quite absurdly on the child, would have spoilt her utterly, left to herself.

'Yes, I *am* impatient about her,' the girl said eagerly. 'I want to see her. I look forward so to having a governess! I shall learn so much.'

'Senta, Suzy,' the old Marchesa asked, 'of what age is this Miss Prestwich?'

'I have no idea, Bonne-Mama. Whatever age governesses are,' replied Suzy

casually, putting down a foot and making the hammock swing a little. 'Lydia Asquini wrote that she was in every way suitable, and I asked no more. She has studied at Oxford, so she must be very well educated.'

The old Marchesa disapproved of women going to college to be educated, and said so. Governesses at home, masters and classes, perhaps, in Rome, were all that was required for the most ample female education. Marietta and the Marchesa Suzy had to listen to a long account of various accomplished women whom the old Marchesa had known. Suzy hardly heard. She lay smoking another tiny Russian cigarette, and thinking about Nadia, Pipo's wife, and her troubles. Marietta listened politely, but with one ear open for sounds of a carriage on the road behind the house. She would have liked to look at her watch, but that would not have been polite. It was with a sense of release that she caught sight of two figures coming round the eastern wing of the house. 'There are Elena and Giulio!' she exclaimed, and sprang up to meet them.

V

La Vecchia Marchesa watched the three cousins benevolently as they came strolling along the terrace, Marietta and Elena arm-in-arm and chattering like birds, Giulio looking quite animated. Suzy observed him with raised eyebrows and an air of indolent amusement. She knew quite well that he disliked her, but though this surprised her a little, she never bothered as to the reason, and she was both too lazy and too good-tempered to dislike him in return. The ill opinion of a bookish boy did no harm to anyone. She was, however, quite prepared to tease him.

'Well, Giulio, this is an unwonted pleasure,' she observed, holding out a white and much-ringed hand to be kissed as he approached her. 'I thought you always studied all the morning.'

'Not always, Zia Suzy,' Giulio replied, obediently kissing the hand. '*Come sta?*'

'He's come to catch sight of Marietta's governess, Zia Suzy,' Elena observed mischievously. 'Because she has been at Oxford, where the philosophers come from, he hopes she will be a philosopher too!'

'She will be a rather unusual governess if she is,' Suzy said.

'On the contrary, my dear Suzy, I think governesses are a race of philosophers — they certainly need to be,' said the old Marchesa.

'He wants her to teach him English,' Elena chattered on, while Giulio fetched a couple of chairs from under the ilex — she was in tearing spirits, as usual. 'Shall you mind if he does lessons with Marietta, Zia Suzy? Because that is his idea!'

Giulio was at once upset by this unveiling of his secret plans. 'Idiot!' he muttered to his sister as he set down the chairs. 'Zia Suzy, I hope you do not believe —' he began, and paused, at a loss how to finish, since this was so very like what he did wish.

'My dear Giulio, if Miss Prestwich can be of any service to you in her spare time, of course I shall be delighted,' the young Marchesa said smoothly.

Marietta intervened. She saw that Giulio was vexed, and she hated him to be vexed. 'Giulio, come round to the *torrino* and let us watch for the carriage,' she said. 'Come on.'

The *torrino* was a small stone turret, once a part of the earlier castle, which had occupied a site far larger than the present house — it stood some hundred yards away from it, on the opposite side of the building, beyond the eastern wing. The broken masonry had been repaired, a roof put on, and stone seats placed inside, making a sort of small summerhouse. It overhung the road, which wound up the hill some sixty feet below; to reach the front door the visitor must either ascend several long

flights of stone steps, flanked by cypresses, which rose up from a small gate with a wrought-iron grille in the wall at the foot of the slope, or else follow the road round the shoulder of the hill right up into the village of Vill' Alta itself, with its gaudy-fronted white church and ancient elm tree — and from there double back along the level, through the great entrance gates.

Walking up to the summerhouse to watch for the carriage, still irritated by Elena's indiscretion, Giulio turned his mind with relief to the picture he had formed of the woman whom the carriage was bringing — the governess, middle-aged and wise, in whom the female principle was subordinated to learning and goodness, as it was in Fräulein Gelsicher. Only with more learning than Gelosia had. She would be restful and helpful, as such women alone were.

Marietta followed him. So far Marietta had two great loves in her life — Vill' Alta and her cousin Giulio. She loved, with a child's wistful passion, all the external aspects of her home, clinging to them with youth's haunting desire for permanence; any alteration was agony to her — she mourned a tree cut down as women mourn a lost child. All the winter, in Rome, where the bright golden light beat on the warm golden buildings, she was homesick for Vill' Alta; walking in the Pincio gardens, she looked wistfully at the unfamiliar beautiful ilexes and stone pines, and longed for the known identifiable shapes of the trees at home — the triple ilex on the northern terrace, the irregular rising ranks of the cypresses beside the southern steps, the gnarled olives round the *torrino*, the squat umbrella pines on the grassy ridge along which one walked to Odredo.

Within the last year her feeling for Giulio had become less a rival to than an extension of this passion — the two were linked, since it was only at Vill' Alta that she saw Giulio. It is hardly possible to find words to put down secretly and delicately enough the first stirring of love

in a young girl — grave, distant, shy, and yet intense; a selfless strange enchantment, fed on music, on poetry, on the shape and name of beauty, asking nothing but its own secret life of memory and anticipation; as moving and as remote from actualities as the song of birds. Then, to be spoken to is to be honored; to serve, a rapturous privilege; to be alone in his company a silencing delight.

Marietta, however, knew Giulio too well to be readily silenced by his presence, and at the moment her desire to soothe him was stronger than any other feeling. Sitting in the *torrino*, hanging out over the road to watch for the carriage, she said: —

'Elena is a tease. But you heard what Mama said.'

'Elena is idiotic!' Giulio returned, kicking his heels moodily against the stone wall. 'She has no idea of what will go and what won't.'

'But Mama did n't mind. She said you could work with her. So that is all right, Giulio. It is arranged!' she said earnestly, pushing her grave little face forward to gaze into his, willing him to be reassured and happy. 'I shall not do so many lessons, and I shall explain to Miss Prestwich about you.'

'She may have her own ideas about your lessons! But teachers usually like to teach,' he said, thoughtfully, 'and perhaps Gela could coax Papa to let her have a fee, if she does much. I wonder what books she will bring?'

They discussed, in an ignorance as complete as hers about them, what books the unknown Miss Prestwich was likely to bring, and gradually Giulio's spirits rose again, and he began to talk of his ambitions and his difficulties.

While he talked the girl sat in supreme contentment, her elbow on the back of the stone seat, her chin cupped in her hand, staring out with absent eyes over the flatter country to the south, which was becoming steadily more colorless and indistinct in the noonday heat

and haze — nodding her head now and then in emphatic comprehension. She had actually forgotten about the new governess, so absorbed was she in Giulio's ideas and plans, and when a cloud of white dust began to boil up through the trees at the foot of the hill, where the road wound round the corner, it was a moment or two before she paid any attention to it. Down there the trees hid the road itself, but below them it became visible; noticing the dust at last, Marietta twisted round and craned out over the parapet of the *torrino*, to catch the first glimpse of the advancing vehicle. Yes, there were the fat white horses, with yellow sweat stains down their necks and flanks, and the straw Homburg hat of Tommaso, the equally fat coachman, foreshortened by the angle from which she saw him. 'Giulio! Here she is!' the girl said, in a low excited tone. 'Here is the carriage!'

Giulio came and craned out too, over her shoulder. There was little to reward his scrutiny. Tommaso had thoughtfully taken one of the driving sunshades, a plain affair of natural Shantung silk lined with green, and Miss Prestwich had put it up; the summer carriage rug, of striped green and fawn linen, with fringed ends, was spread over her knees — so that all that the watchers from the *torrino* could see was a circle of fawn above a patch of stripes, with one dark blue arm, and a hand in a brown suède glove, projecting on to the striped lap. Nevertheless, they watched the carriage in its slow progress up the hill with grave attention. Giulio, who had a natural gift for the portentous, spoke at last. 'There goes someone who is going to make a great difference to our lives, yours and mine, Marietta,' he said solemnly. Marietta nodded in silence. The solemn remark was truer than either of them knew.

But Marietta, even at the most solemn moments, had always an eye to the practical. 'Giulio! Should we not go down to meet her at the little gate, and

bring her up? It is prettier that way — and it will be more welcoming, no?'

Giulio too straightened himself. 'Yes, but quick, or we shan't be in time.' They set off along a little path, took a short cut through the bushes, cascaded together down the long flights of steps under the cypresses like two dogs chasing the same ball, and reached the small gate just as the carriage drew level with it. So it happened that Almina Prestwich, who, ever since Tommaso pointed out the rather grim bulk of Vill' Alta among its cypresses on the hill, had been sitting under the sunshade in the corner of the victoria, hot, thirsty, and nervous, bracing herself to encounter a majestic Marchesa, as gray and grim as the house, now found herself confronted by a boy and girl, flushed, laughing, breathless, and extremely untidy, who tugged together at a small wrought-iron gate in a wall. '*Ecco la signorina inglese!*' said Tommaso, beaming, by way of introduction. But at the sight of the figure in the carriage, small and slight, in a navy-blue coat and skirt and a broad-brimmed sailor hat, the two eager creatures checked, in the plainest astonishment. Only for a moment — then the girl sprang forward, made a little quick curtsy, and, seizing Almina by the hand, cried: 'Oh, you are young! But that is lovely! I expect I should have loved you anyhow, as Elena does Gela; but now that you are young, of course I shall!'

A little overwhelmed by the warmth of this greeting, Almina suffered herself to be taken out of the carriage and led through the gate. Up the steps, flight after flight, they went, her new pupil chattering all the way in voluble explanations, which to Almina's confused mind explained very little. But Giulio walked silent behind them, in an astonishment that was tinged both with disappointment and with some other feeling. This a governess? This small creature in the youthful clothes and hat? And her hair! Clouds of it, like sunshine

— and those great blue eyes — she was like a child! Could anyone so young know anything, teach anything? This was not the sober counterpart of Gela that he had been looking forward to. But her eyes and mouth were grave, — when Marietta made some reference to him, and she turned and looked in his direction, — and her forehead broad and calm. She might after all be wise, for all her air of simplicity and innocence. They went on up the steps.

Out on the northern terrace, La Vecchia Marchesa still sat in her chair, Suzy lolled in her hammock, Elena sat holding a skein of silk which the old lady was plaiting with her fine wrinkled hands. As she approached the group, and during the introductions which followed, Almina studied these strangers with whom she was to live with curiosity tinged with anxiety. Sitting rather stiffly on her chair, she started slightly when the very old lady tapped her with an ivory paper knife and said, 'You speak very good Italian. Where did you learn it?'

'At Oxford,' Almina replied.

'How old are you?'

'Twenty-two,' Almina replied, readily enough.

'Hm! Are you serious?' the old lady next inquired.

Almina was rather taken aback. 'I have always thought so —' she began gravely.

The young Marchesa exploded with laughter. 'Oh, Bonne-Mama!' she said, going over and kissing the old lady. 'Come, Miss Prestwich, come to your room. You will want to wash before luncheon.'

She swept her off. On the way upstairs she was all charm and kindness, explaining the party: 'Elena and Giulio are my niece and nephew — they live next door to us, at Odredo. — My mother-in-law is wonderful, is n't she? Do you know that if she lives till September, she will be a hundred?' The kindness, the charm, the being 'taken

into' things a little, fell like balm on Almina's spirit, tired, nervous, and bewildered as she was. In the immense room to which she was finally conducted, she turned to her hostess, in reply to a hope that she would be really comfortable, and said fervently, 'I am *sure* I shall. Thank you so much.' Suzy smiled a little to herself as she closed the door and went downstairs. It would be all right about the little governess — she would be devoted, there would be no trouble with her.

'Well, Bonne-Mama, what do you think of her?' Suzy asked, as she returned to the terrace. 'Marietta, go and get tidy for lunch, my child. Your hair is a sight and your blouse is *so* dirty.' Marietta went. 'Well?' Suzy continued, still looking amused and lighting a cigarette.

'She looks very well-bred, but as a governess, the thing is ridiculous!' the old lady pronounced.

Suzy burst out laughing again. Her laughter was enchanting — rather high, but with a warm quality of mirth in it. The old Marchesa, as if reluctantly, gave a faint chuckle too, as she listened to her daughter-in-law.

'Oh, Bonne-Mama *cara*, I think she will do quite well. I know about English girls. They *are* very serious.'

'Her hair is lovely,' Elena here put in. 'Nearly the color of yours, Zia Suzy.'

'Yes — if she could do it,' Suzy said, looking slightly less amused.

'I might teach her to,' said Elena.

'It is *her* business to teach,' said the old lady, rather tartly. 'Governesses need not have fashionably dressed hair.'

'We will get Gela to give her some lessons in coiffure, then,' said Elena, irrepressibly, 'and teach her how to look like a governess. Zia Suzy, we must go, or we shall be late for lunch.'

VI

That first day at Vill' Alta seemed as long as an ordinary week to Almina

Prestwich — it was so crammed with new impressions, new people, and new things as to be very exciting and exhausting. Her room, in which the Marchesa had left her, telling her that luncheon would be in three quarters of an hour, was highly novel, to begin with. Left alone, she looked round it. There was a large bed, with a high pointed back of carved and painted wood and a rich lace coverlet, a writing table, a high-backed couch, a tall chest of drawers, a cheval glass, three armchairs, and several quite large tables — but there was no dressing table, washstand, or wardrobe. Except for the bed and the cheval glass, it was like a large and richly furnished boudoir. Moreover, it had three doors in the three corners of the room, besides the one by which she had entered.

Cautiously, she went and opened one of them and stood in surprise. The door led into a very small square room, arranged as an oratory, with a crucifix, *prie-dieu*, flowers, and a variety of holy statues and pictures. Almina, whose sober Low-Church upbringing had been modified at Oxford into the fashionable High-Church tendency, was charmed with the oratory. She shut the door gently, and tried another. Ah, this was better. Here was the *cabinet de toilette*, with washstand, dressing table, commode, and a hip bath painted white propped against the wall. She noticed with admiration the exquisite quality of the linen on the towel horse, the vast monograms — S. d. V. A. — on the face towels and even on the bath towel, with a coronet above. Thinking that this was rather like Bluebeard's palace, Almina opened the third door. There in a third little corner room, fitted up all round with hanging cupboards with sliding doors, and a glorious array of shelves, was her luggage. She carried her dressing case into the *cabinet de toilette*, got out her things, and washed; hurried back to the clothes cupboard, opened her new and exciting suitcase, in which she had prudently put a dress for emergencies,

and pulled it out — a bolero and skirt of pale yellow embroidered linen, with a soft white *broderie anglaise* blouse to go with it. She did her hair and then changed into these garments, wishing, as she did so, that she had got some white suède shoes like Elena di Castellone's. However, her new black *glacé*-kid ones were very nice, and she put them on. Now, even if there was a lunch party, she would do, she thought, glancing at herself in the cheval glass.

She looked round her room, so luxurious, formal, and pretty, with a sort of startled pleasure — really, this did seem a nice place. But before she went downstairs she slipped for a moment into the oratory, and, kneeling at the *prie-dieu*, prayed with real earnestness that she might not be led away by fashion and luxury, but might serve her employer faithfully, and be of real use to her pupil.

There was no luncheon party. But it seemed almost like one to Almina when they sat down in the great dining room with its high painted ceiling — the old Marchesa, the young Marchesa, herself, Marietta, and the Marchese Francesco. Two menservants in white cotton gloves moved round the room, handling food which was all strange, and by no means all of it nice, Almina thought.

Even more disconcerting were the table manners of some of her companions. The old lady, the young Marchesa, and Marietta ate normally enough, except that the old Marchesa, who belonged to an age before table napkins came into fashion, ignored the fine lace-bordered object by her plate and wiped her fingers, daintily as a bird cleaning its beak, on the tablecloth. But the Marchese! He tucked his napkin into his collar at the beginning of the meal, a sensible foreign habit which, being unfamiliar, seemed to the English girl rather ill-bred; she failed to perceive the skill, the really brilliant technique, which underlay his manipulation of the spaghetti, that deft movement of the fork by which a lump the size of a duck's egg

was coiled round the implement and thrust into the mouth; she only observed, with dismay, the subsequent process of collecting the stragglers by suction. At dessert the Marchese Francesco, who, apart from asking his mother as each dish was offered her if it was what she liked, had made no contribution to the conversation, asked Almina if she could translate a paragraph from an English book for him. He seemed surprised when she said that she could, and relapsed into silence.

But when they had taken coffee, out on the terrace under the ilex, he rose and asked Marietta to bring the *signorina* into his room to look at the book. Escorted by Marietta, — Almina only realized later that it would not have been strictly *comme il faut* for her to enter his study alone, — she was introduced to the little paper-covered volume and the picture of the tasseled grape hyacinth. He set a chair for her, and stood listening gravely while, after a moment's pause, she read out the whole paragraph in clear Italian. Then he rubbed his hands with pleasure. That was famous! Would she write it down for him? With pleasure, Almina said. With some trouble a space was cleared among the litter on the table, and with a quill pen Almina wrote out the translation. The Marchese held the sheet up close to his thick spectacles and read it — he thanked her with the delighted expression of a child.

Almina asked if the tasseled grape hyacinth grew near Vill' Alta. 'Alas, no — in Brioni. The *signorina* is interested in wild flowers?' Very, Almina said: her mother was rather a good botanist, and she collected wild flowers herself. 'Dunque, Papa, now you will have some-one to find flowers for you! That is marvelous!' Marietta said. 'Papa is mad about botany,' she confided to Almina as they left the room, 'but he is so blind he can find nothing for himself, and I am too ignorant to know what is worth picking. But with you, I shall learn. Will you teach me?' Almina

gladly promised, thinking with satisfaction and gratitude how well it was that her mother had made her bring her Bentham and Hooker. To teach this eager-faced nice pupil to know the wild flowers would be a charming occupation on their walks.

Indeed her first concern now was to have a talk with the young Marchesa; to find out what was expected of her, and to organize her own and her pupil's day. But this was not so easy. When she and Marietta went out on to the terrace again, the old Marchesa had retired to take her afternoon nap, and a tall handsome man with grizzled hair and beard was sitting beside the hammock where the Marchesa Suzy lay, talking to her with great animation. Marietta checked on the steps. 'Oh! Zio Carlo has come,' she said, hesitating; 'then perhaps we had better not disturb Mama.'

'Who is Zio Carlo?' Almina asked.

'He is Elena's and Giulio's father. He is very amiable, but rather silly,' said Marietta, with startling candor.

'Then he is your mother's brother?'

'Oh dear no!' Marietta replied, laughing — the idea seemed to amuse her. 'He is n't really an uncle at all. Bonne-Mama's husband's mother, my great-grandmother, was a Castellone, so Papa and Zio Carlo are cousins. But we call him "Uncle," because it is more suitable — and Elena and Giulio call Mama "Zia Suzy." We call all the Castellones "Uncle" and "Aunt" — Zia Livia, Roffredo's mother, and' — she giggled again — 'the Sorellone. You will see them all very soon, especially the Sorellone. They are great gossips and very curious — they will come to see you at once.'

Almina felt that this fresh lot of names might safely be left till their appearance to be unraveled. 'Well, since I cannot see your mother now, I think I will go and unpack,' she said.

'Yes indeed — shall I come with you and help?' Marietta said. Almina would rather have been alone, but she felt that

this was a good opportunity of making friends with her pupil, and agreed. As they went upstairs, the young Marchesa's clear pealing laugh rang out from the terrace.

The reason for the young Marchesa's laughter had been Count Carlo's incurable habit of getting names wrong. When the two girls came out on to the steps above the terrace he noticed them and said, 'Who is the pretty creature with Marietta, Suzy?'

'That is her new English governess, Miss Prestwich,' Suzy responded.

The Count put up an eyeglass on a riband, and gazed. '*Cara*, anything less like a governess I never saw,' he then observed, turning back to Suzy again. 'She has the appearance of being exactly eighteen.'

'She's twenty-two, my dear Carlo, and has a university degree,' Suzy said, half amused and half impatient — she was already becoming a little bored with the inevitable comments on Almina's youthful appearance.

'*Tiens!* Well, she is charming — that hair is delicious,' the Count now said. 'What do you say her name is?'

'Prestwich — and it is not very ingratiating of you to praise her hair to me, lovely as it is,' said Suzy, with lazy coquetry.

'*Cara e bella!* You know that I see no one but you,' the Count protested — from long practice he played this particular game with considerable skill and great satisfaction. 'Suzy, will it not be — inconvenient — having this young girl here?' he asked, in a different tone. 'At that age they see everything, and I am told that the English have no — *ma*, no comprehension, no *savoir-faire*. And if this little Postiche is like the rest —'

It was then that Suzy's laughter had pealed out. 'Prestwich, my poor Carlo — her name is Prestwich.'

He mouthed at it. 'Prestveech. It is impossible to say — it is a foolish name,' he pronounced. 'I shall call her the Signorina Postiche. She will get used to

it, as Gelosia has done. But now, *cara*, tell me — you think this will be all right?'

'Quite all right,' Suzy assured him — she would arrange everything. And the conversation went off on to viticulture.

The afternoon seemed very long to Almina. She hoped for a summons to tea, but none came. When they had finished the clothes they arranged the books, in neat rows on one of the large tables — lesson books, some solid biographies, English poets, and a few novels: E. F. Benson, Robert Hichens, Mrs. Humphry Ward. Almina showed Marietta the two volumes of Bentham and Hooker, one with illustrations and one with the text, and explained how to use them. Marietta was delighted. At last — 'Where shall we work?' Almina asked, when all was done, and they were sitting on the couch, resting after their labors.

'Oh, but in the schoolroom. I will show you,' and she led her off to a pretty room on the same floor, reached by passing through Marietta's bedroom, which was next to Almina's. Almina duly admired the schoolroom.

'Yes. It is to the south, so we may find it a little hot,' said Marietta, 'but there was no very convenient room on the north, Mama thought.' (In fact, the Marchesa Suzy had been very careful not to install the schoolroom party in a room overlooking the terrace, where her afternoon sessions with Count Carlo took place.) 'But if we are hot, we can work out of doors, in the shade, no?' Then she passed on to the subject that was uppermost in her thoughts.

'Miss Prestwich, I have something very important to ask you.'

'What is it?' Almina asked, surprised and amused at her grave face.

'It is about Giulio, my cousin, whom you saw this morning. Giulio is *molto serio*; he is learned; he wants to be a philosopher — he reads such books! And he wishes to go and study at Oxford. But his English is so bad — if he went as

he is, he could not understand the lectures, or read the books. And so, while you are here, he is most anxious to study with you also — just English; to read it and to speak it. Not while you work with me, but at some other time. Do you think this could be arranged? Would you be willing? It means so *much* to him!’ she said, clasping her hands and looking at Almina with intense gravity.

‘I think it might perhaps be possible,’ she said rather doubtfully, ‘but I can’t really say until I have talked to your mother, Marietta. You see we have not arranged your own work yet — and that must come first.’

‘Of course, of course. But Mama has already said yes. And I know she will leave you to arrange my lessons as you like! So *do* say you will do it.’ Then, seeing Almina still hesitate, the astonishing child went on: ‘And you need not be afraid that Giulio will begin a flirt with you, because he hates girls! He is not like Roffredo. I think he is horrified that you are young — I saw his face when you came! He was hoping that you would be like Gela!’ She laughed.

‘Who is Gela?’ Almina asked.

‘Gela is Elena’s governess — her real name is Fräulein Gelsicher — at least she was,’ Marietta explained, not very grammatically. ‘Elena does no lessons now, of course — she is just beginning to be in society. But Gela is still with them — they could not live without her! She does everything. And she keeps my uncle in order too, as much as she can!’ Marietta said, with a giggle.

Almina listened to this account of another governess with far more interest than she had to Marietta’s versions of her various relations. From the young girl’s odd, lively expressions, and still more from her tone of voice, she gathered a deep impression of the respect and love which the Swiss woman had earned from all about her. If she could do the same it would make this job of governing something worthy of her very best efforts. Inwardly she resolved to do her

utmost for this nice child beside her, for the pretty charming woman who was her mother.

‘And you will see Gela to-morrow,’ Marietta ran on, ‘for we are to lunch at Odredo. So then, if you are willing, we can settle with Giulio about his lesson. He will be dying with anxiety about it.’

And, after further pressure, Almina eventually agreed that, subject to the Marchesa’s formal approval, she would be willing to coach Giulio for an hour a day.

Marietta proved to be perfectly right in her prediction that the matter of lessons would be left mainly to Almina’s discretion. When the girls eventually went downstairs, Almina managed to catch the young Marchesa, and in Suzy’s boudoir attempted to find out what her employer’s educational views were. It was not very successful. ‘Oh, my dear Miss Prestwich, I leave all that to you,’ Suzy said.

‘How much work do you want her to do?’ Almina asked. ‘Six hours a day, about?’

‘*O Dio mio*, no! Poor child, she must not be driven like a slave,’ Suzy said. Three hours in the morning, perhaps, proved to be the young Marchesa’s idea, and a little light reading in the evenings.

This view of her duties slightly discouraged Almina. But she turned to the next point, with her usual conscientious steadiness.

‘There is one other thing, Marchesa,’ she said. ‘Marietta says that your nephew, Count Giulio di Castellone, is most anxious to improve his English and to do a little work with me. I told her that I could not arrange anything till I had spoken to you about it. Have you any objection? Provided, of course, that I do not let it interfere in any way with Marietta’s work? Naturally, I only want to do exactly what you wish about this.’

The young Marchesa laughed a little. ‘Poor Giulio!’ she said. ‘He is so ambitious, and so bored, here in the province.

No, Miss Prestwich, I have no objection — pray help him if you have the time. Only he must come *here* for his lessons,' said Suzy, suddenly alert; 'otherwise it will take too long. But the children all live in one another's pockets anyhow, in the summer.' Then she looked very kindly at the young girl. 'You look tired,' she said, with pleasant concern — and then a thought struck her.

'Tea!' she exclaimed suddenly, looking at her watch. 'Of course, you want tea! And it is after five o'clock!' She rang a bell, and gave an order to the servant. 'You and Marietta shall always have tea,' she said, 'in the school-room. I know the English cannot live without it.'

Much restored by the tea, and more charmed than ever by the young Marchesa's thoughtful kindness, Almina's spirits had risen a little when Marietta took her out afterwards to see the grounds. They went out through the olives, came on to the ridge that led towards Odredo, and Marietta pointed out a long building, standing up in the foreground. 'That is Castellone, where Zia Livia lives.'

'Why is one end of it red, and all the rest white?' Almina asked.

'Ah — that is the story! Long ago, one branch of the Castellones had a quarrel with the Vill' Altas, but the rest of the family had not. And they made war on one another. But so that the Vill' Altas should only shoot and bombard at the right part of the castle, those Castellones painted their own part red, so that it should be clear what was theirs and what not. And it has been kept painted red ever since.' She paused and laughed. 'The Sorellone — Aspasia and Roma Castellone — live in it now. They are the two I told you about. They will come to look at you very soon.'

She was right. When the two girls returned to Vill' Alta to dress for dinner, they saw a small pony carriage drawn up by the front door. Marietta checked at the sight.

'*Per carità!* There they are!' she said in a whisper.

'Who?'

'The Sorellone. Now they will stay to dinner — you will see! That is why they have called so late.'

Again she was right. On descending to the great *salone* where the family assembled before dinner, Almina found two strange middle-aged ladies added to the party. Countess Aspasia was tall and thin, with something martial about her appearance; Countess Roma shorter and very stout, with a rather foolish face and a frequent needless laugh. And they fully lived up to Marietta's rather unpromising account of them. They were full of information, and their frequent and direct questions showed how they obtained it. There was a great deal about Roffredo, whose name Marietta had also mentioned.

'And *sentà, cara* Suzy, Roffredo is coming back almost at once; did you know?' This was Roma.

'And he has taken this small villa that stood empty so long, on the Pisignacco road — so that he can work more freely.'

'He is setting up for himself,' giggled Roma.

'I advised it,' Aspasia said magisterially. 'Indeed, I urged it on Livia. He is of an age to be — *enfin*, to be alone, to have some freedom!'

'Old Alba is to be his cook and look after him,' Roma added, 'and he is bringing a chauffeur person, who will also be his manservant.'

Presently Countess Aspasia inquired of the Marchese Francesco how his painting was getting on — he went off and fetched the sketch of the tasseled grape hyacinth to show her.

'And where does that grow?' she inquired.

'In Brioni — Pipò sent it me.'

'Ah. Pipò is in Brioni? Roma, do you hear that? And is dear Nadia there too?' the Countess Aspasia asked.

'No, Nadia is in Rome. She is not

very well, and is having some treatment,' interposed Suzy smoothly.

'And Pipo is all alone in Brioni? But why should he go *there*?' Roma asked.

La Vecchia Marchesa here took a hand. '*Cara Contessa*, when my sons reach the age of thirty, I cease asking why they do anything,' she said trenchantly. 'I regard their lives then as their own concern. Pipo,' she added, 'is forty-nine.'

Almina, watching all these manœuvres, felt with dismay that one would have to be very clever and very ready to live successfully in such surroundings. She also thought with relief, when the sisters had packed themselves into their little pony carriage and driven off through the warm dusk, that with them, at any rate, she need have little to do. But here she was wrong.

VII

Fräulein Gelsicher, after some days of careful observation, was inclined to bestow a tempered approbation on the new régime at Vill' Alta. Like everyone else, she had been staggered at first by Almina's youth, and by what — among the dark Italian hair and complexions — counted as an almost dazzling prettiness; also she was inclined to feel that the becoming clothes of Mrs. Prestwich's careful providing erred on the side of fashion, for a governess. But she did not let any of these things bias her natural just and kindly judgment; she approved of the neat table of hours and subjects pinned to the schoolroom wall, of Almina's routine of work from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty, walks or tennis in the afternoon, and an hour or more of preparation before dinner, during which time Giulio Castellone had his lesson; and she applauded her young colleague's resolute insistence that her pupil should present herself for work in the morning fully dressed, and not in a dressing jacket or wrapper. She decided that Miss Prestwich was, in fact, 'serious,' and

told Count Carlo so, roundly, when he started some rather crude witticisms about the beauty of 'the little Postiche.' She saw, far more clearly than Almina herself, how difficult the girl's position might easily become if she relaxed for a moment that wise discretion which she had so far displayed; she took occasion, once or twice, to praise her quietly, when she had observed her refusing the pressing invitations of some of the young men of the province, who, ignorant of her exact position, had wished her to join them in a set of tennis or a game of croquet. And to the old Marchesa, who rapped out at her one day, 'What do you think of Suzy's idea of a governess, eh, Signorina Gelsicher?' she answered with perfect sincerity that she thought the young Marchesa had been extremely fortunate in her choice.

'*Tiens!* Well, I trust your opinion,' said the old lady. 'I am glad. I wish Marietta to be in good hands. All the same, she is a great deal too pretty. Governesses should not be pretty!' she said, with an amiable chuckle. 'Giulio or someone will be falling in love with her.'

'I think she is discreet,' Fräulein Gelsicher replied.

'Hm! Well, she can't do more,' said La Vecchia Marchesa.

One afternoon when Almina had been at Vill' Alta nearly a fortnight, she and Fräulein Gelsicher, with Elena and Marietta, undertook a walk to the village of Macerbo, whose churchyard, set high on a hill, commanded an unusually wide and lovely view — from it, Marietta said, you could look right into the bed of the river Serpiglione, flowing south-westwards across the plain from the mountains. They walked at first by pleasant paths across pastures or through the maize fields, but for the last part of the way they had to take to the road, which wound, white and dusty, up the slope of the hill on which Macerbo stood. Another road, coming in from the west from the direction of Verona,

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

met theirs in the square at the top. Along this second road, as they climbed, they saw a white cloud of dust rising, hurtling along at a surprising speed.

'It must be a motor car,' said Elena. 'I wonder if it is Roffredo?'

When they reached the village, the question as to the ownership of the car was soon settled. In the open *piazza* before the church a small crowd had gathered about a motor and some object on the ground; as the party approached, an old woman, with loud screechings, raised the object, revealing it as the corpse of a turkey. Her screeches — it was clear that she was the owner of the bird — were directed partly to the late lamented, partly at a tall, vigorous-looking young man with Titian-red hair, wearing a long pale dust coat like an umpire's, who stood, lighting a cigarette and looking enormously amused, and occasionally remonstrating very good-naturedly with the old woman under the title of 'Grandmother.' At sight of him, both the cousins cried 'Roffredo!' and ran forward. Almina and Fräulein Gelsicher, following, saw him greet them with a sort of careless pleasure; then he turned in their direction, saying, 'And La Gelosia —' and checked in mid-sentence. 'Who is *that*?' he muttered to Elena, looking at Almina.

'That's my new governess, Miss Prestwich,' Marietta said.

'She's not your *governess*?' the young man said, incredulous.

'*Ma sì. E così cara*,' she whispered to him.

'*E così bella!*' he returned, in an undertone, as he allowed himself to be led over towards the two governesses. He greeted Fräulein Gelsicher and suffered the introduction to Miss Prestwich with the same careless ease; then, the matter of the turkey having been liquidated for a few lire, the whole party went into the churchyard. There, sure enough, about half a mile away was the Serpiglione, its broad bed cut deeply into the green landscape, with blue threads of water

twining through the bare white expanse of stones. The party strung out along the parapet, the three cousins calling observations to one another; Almina stood a little apart, looking at the view.

Then a flower caught her eye, growing among the stones of the parapet in small trailing tufts of green, starred with mauve. She stooped and picked a piece and examined it; it was the creeping *Linaria*. And at that moment Roffredo di Castellone strolled over and addressed her.

'And what is that?' he asked, touching the flower in her hand.

'*Linaria cymbalaria*,' she answered.

'*Corpo di Bacco!* You are a real botanist! What a boon you will be to my Uncle Francesco,' he said, with a laugh which showed a set of very strong white teeth. Easy and assured, he let his blue eyes rest on her in a glance of very direct appraisal. 'You do not look like a learned person, you know, *mademoiselle*,' he said.

Almina, disconcerted, blushed a little. 'All the same, I am; learning is my profession,' she said. And to turn the conversation, 'Signor Conte, what is the name of that mountain?' she asked in Italian, indicating the big peak with the blunt summit.

'The Monte Canone. It is a very good climb by the western ridge,' he said, still talking English. 'Do you climb?'

'No, I never had the chance.'

'Ah, you should. There is nothing like it.' He pointed out various peaks to her, telling her their names; presently he said, 'And do you see that lump of hill at the entrance to the gorge, there where the river comes out?'

'Yes.'

'Can you see that there is a building on it? It is clear to-day — you should.'

'Yes, I can.'

'That is a fortress — it was built by my great-grandfather, another Roffredo di Castellone,' he said. 'You see it was by that valley that the Austrians were

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always coming in, to harry our poor Italy. So he built that fortress — it is a huge place, really — to defend this entrance; he did it entirely at his own — what is the word? — *frais*.'

'Expense,' Almina said.

'*Si* — at his own expense. *Dunque*, the government was very grateful, and offered him all sorts of titles and rewards, but his answer was that he only wanted one reward.'

'And what was that?' Almina asked.

'That when he was dead, they should build him into the northern wall, upright, and facing Austria!' the young man said, with a sudden ring in his voice. 'So that was done, and there he is, to this day. *È bello*, no?' he said, looking at her.

'Yes, *rather!*' said Almina with enthusiasm, using the idiom of her day.

The others now came up and joined them — it was time to return. Roffredo offered to drive them back to Vill' Alta in his car, but Fräulein Gelsicher declared cheerfully that nothing would induce her to enter it. 'I have no mind to go about murdering fowls,' she said. Almina thought it expedient to follow her example, and as the two girls could not go unescorted, the plan fell through. The car was laboriously ground and started; they watched it chugging dustily and noisily off along the Castellone road, and then set out on their return walk. And on the way Almina found herself thinking a good deal about that patriotic and romantic figure, the builder of the fortress. He cast a certain glamour over his descendants — he was, she thought, a most satisfactory ancestor to have.

Roffredo turned up to call the next day at Vill' Alta; when Miss Prestwich and Marietta returned from tennis at Odredo they found him sitting on the terrace with Suzy and the old Marchesa, drinking Madeira. His manner to the old lady was very attractive, courteous and attentive; to the young Marchesa he was gallant, with the rather artificial and blatant gallantry which Almina was

gradually becoming accustomed to see handed out to her employer and Elena by their compatriots. At dinner the talk was of him. 'It is pleasant to have Roffredo here again,' the old Marchesa said to her son. 'We missed him last summer.'

'He is improved,' said Suzy. 'He has more manner.'

'He always had a good manner — and how working in a motor factory can improve it, I can't think,' said the old lady. 'But he is certainly none the worse. He is a very fine young man.'

'How are his inventions going?' the Marchese wanted to know.

'So-so, I think,' Suzy said indifferently.

'He has one — it is something to do with the ignition of the petrol, I think — that is being tested now,' Marietta put in eagerly. 'It is something to do with the position of the little points that make the spark, and the metal you use. And if it goes well, it may be that the N.S.A. will take it. They are trying it; they are interested.'

'And how do you know all this?' her father asked her fondly.

'He explained it to Giulio, and Giulio told me.'

'I did not think Giulio was able to understand such things; his head is always in the clouds,' said Suzy lazily, peeling a fig.

'Mama! Giulio has a very good brain,' said Marietta, with slight indignation. 'Has n't he, Miss Prestwich?'

The old Marchesa fixed her black eyes on Miss Prestwich at this point — the girl was aware of her glance, and knew that she was waiting to see how she would deal with the situation in which Marietta had put her.

'I think he has a gift for languages,' she said quietly; 'that is all I have had the opportunity of judging, so far.'

The old lady gave a tiny nod, and Almina knew that she had passed. She constantly had the sense, with the old Marchesa, of being given a test question



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in an examination; it was a little unnerving, but rather to her own surprise she did not mind it much. Without knowing why, she found herself both liking and trusting the old woman.

A few days later there was a further addition to the collection of relations which was gradually gathering for the summer, as usual, in the province. This was the Marchesa Nadia di Vill' Alta. Suzy had carried her point with her mother-in-law, and had invited Nadia to come for a visit, to see whether something could not be done to improve the situation between her and her husband, the Marchese Pipo. The old lady, while agreeing that it was the right thing to do, — how often, she reflected, it was the women like Suzy, and not the rigidly virtuous ones, who saw the right thing to do, and bestirred themselves to do it, — dreaded the visit a good deal; her Russian daughter-in-law, with her intensity of emotion, was always fatiguing to her, and in this crisis she was certain to be very difficult. On the day of Nadia's arrival she was restless and a little irritable — her egg nog was not right; her shawls were too hot; she did not get her nap in the afternoon, being too fretted to sleep.

The Marchesa Nadia appeared that night at dinner, a tall graceful creature, beautifully built, with black hair parted close and smoothly off one of those square white Russian faces, and immense eyes of a curious pale blue, like glass; she wore the length of her hair in a great plait, pinned round her head like a tiara. This severe coiffure, among the puffs and chignons then prevalent, gave her an archaic look, like a queen out of the past, Almina thought. She was very beautiful. Her hands were beautiful too — long and white; she did not use them for conversational purposes, as her in-laws did, but left them lying, in her lap or on the table, as though they hardly belonged to her — but Almina noticed that they trembled a little, sometimes, even while she talked with a rather fever-

ish animation to the Marchese Francesco. Suzy noticed it too, and sighed to herself — '*Dio mio*, she is in a bad state,' she thought. 'I must warn her that she must really control herself when she talks to Bonne-Mama; Bonne-Mama is n't as strong as I thought. We can't have her upset.' Like all the rest of the family, Suzy attached enormous importance to La Vecchia Marchesa's reaching her hundredth birthday safely. It was now early June, and the birthday was in mid-September — only three and a half months to go.

The old Marchesa's talk with Nadia took place next morning in the former's sitting room, before she went downstairs. This was by Suzy's wise arrangement. She realized that both were dreading the interview, and decided that it would upset the old woman least in the morning, when she had most strength, and would give her longer to get over it before night, and a better chance to sleep. La Vecchia Marchesa was sitting, fully dressed, in one of the upright chairs she preferred when her daughter-in-law came in; after the usual greetings she motioned her to another chair and said without any beating about the bush, 'Now, my dear, let us have a talk about Pipo.'

'Yes, Marchesa. I shall be glad of your advice,' Nadia said dutifully.

'That is well — usually advice is more easily given than taken,' the old lady said. 'Well, I have had your letters, Nadia, and I think I understand the situation. Pipo does not want to give up this liaison at present, I take it?'

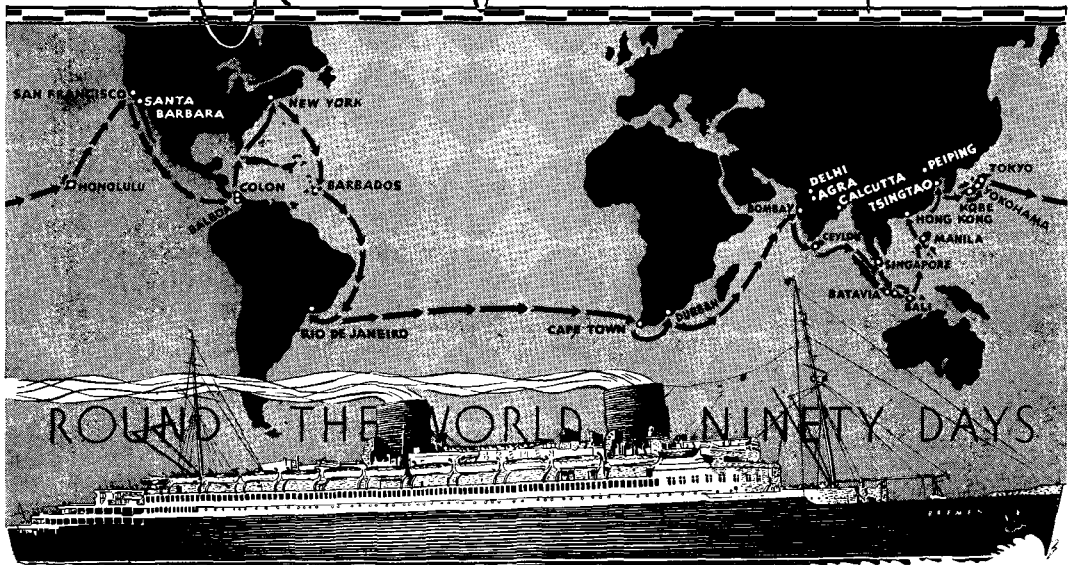
The Russian bowed her head in assent.

'But when you are together in Bologna he behaves well — accompanies you everywhere, is properly attentive?'

'Yes — but all that is such a mockery,' Nadia said, lifting her head and looking now at the old woman.

'A very useful mockery,' the old Marchesa said dryly. 'Very well, my dear, then it seems to me that the only thing for you to do is to have patience. These affairs do not last.'

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

'Marchesa, I cannot! I have been patient for a whole year, and I am *à bout*,' the younger woman said, with a sort of weary desperation.

The old Marchesa stretched out one of her fine frail hands and put it on the other's knee. 'Nadia, will you listen to me?' she said. 'You may as well, since you have come all this way to see me,' she added, with a little laugh. And as the Russian again bent her head in assent with a slow grave gesture, she went on: '*Figlia mia*, I think you are looking at this thing in the wrong way. You think it more important than it is. All men, or nearly all, do this from time to time — many women do it too. But the point is that it does not really matter.'

'Not matter? That one's husband ceases to love one, gives all his thought elsewhere — this does not matter?' Nadia said, still slowly, still quietly.

'No — it does n't — not for our purpose,' the old Marchesa said firmly. 'We are talking of your *marriage*, Nadia. Marriage is one thing — love is another. They may exist together, but that is a happy accident. Love does not last, not often; marriage does. What matters is that one's marriage should be conducted with courtesy, with amiability — *ma, con decenza!* That *is* of importance. It may be that this affair of Pipo's will pass. I think so, myself. They are not really *volages*, the Vill' Altas — they have a strong family sense. But even if you do not regain his love, — and that seldom happens, — his friendship and his companionship and his respect you can keep, if you will be sensible.'

'What do you think I should do, then?' Nadia asked.

'Be patient. Keep quiet. Be amiable, when he is with you,' the old lady replied unhesitatingly.

'Let this go on? Make no protest?'

'You have protested, have you not? And has it done any good?' the old woman asked. And as the Russian again made her beautiful weary gesture of agreement — 'Of course not,' the old

Marchesa went on. 'It never does. You would have done far better to ignore the whole thing.'

'But that would be such utter hypocrisy,' the young woman protested. 'I could not live a lie to him, when he once loved me.'

'You call it hypocrisy — I call it common sense,' the old lady retorted. 'What is your own idea?'

'I thought we might separate,' the Russian said. 'At least, then, I should not be in his house, be with him — always reminded of what is gone!' she said, in a low tone.

'And will that bring him back to you, to separate? Nadia, this is utter folly,' the old woman said. 'You will make a scandal, destroy your marriage, and injure the child's prospects — and for nothing! That will not help you in the least. No — do as I say — be patient, be cheerful, be a little indifferent. Know as little about it as you can. Above all, say nothing more. I will write to Pipo myself, and tell him to be prudent, considerate — there need be no scandal. Will you do this?'

Nadia sat looking at her hands, which lay, so detached, in her lap. At length, without raising her eyes, she said, 'I will consider it, Marchesa. And I am grateful to you for all the trouble you have taken.'

'If you take my advice, when it is all over you will be grateful for it,' the old woman said, as the other rose. 'Ring for Giacinta, will you, my dear? I want my eggnog.'

VIII

'Well, how did it go?' Suzy said to La Vecchia Marchesa before lunch, when the old lady, fortified by her eggnog, had installed herself on the terrace.

'She was at least quite quiet,' the old Marchesa replied. 'That was something to be thankful for. She said she would think it over. But she is full of most

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

strange ideas — when I asked her if Pipo was attentive, *enfin*, behaved *convenablement*, when he *is* at home with her, she said that it was hypocrisy that he should do so!

'Poor Nadia!' Suzy said, with a little sigh.

'We, I think, are also to be pitied,' La Vecchia said, 'to have anyone so unreasonable in the family.'

'Ah, Bonne-Mama, you must not be too hard on her. Her ideas of marriage are quite different to ours,' Suzy said. 'I am half American, so I understand all that — Americans think the same about these things.'

The old lady gave her a shrewd look. 'Well, my dear Suzy, your *americanismo* has not prevented you from fitting very satisfactorily into our Italian way of living,' she said, 'and very acceptably,' she added, with a little smile.

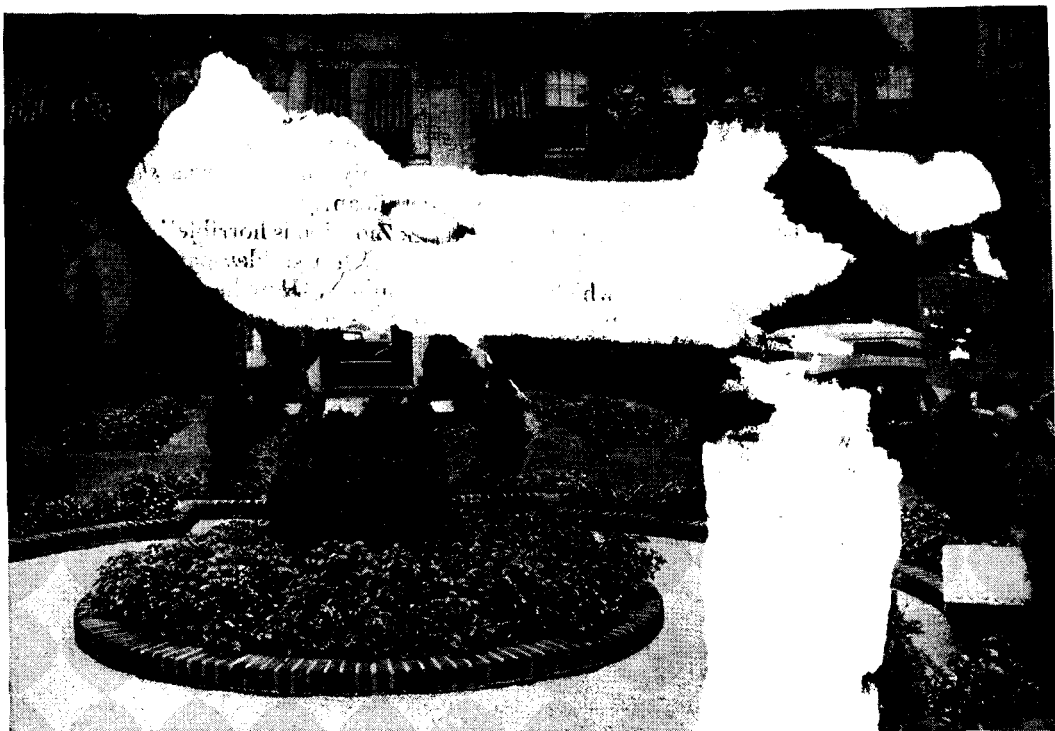
The trouble, of course, about all these discussions between the Marchesa Nadia and her husband's relations was that they were actually talking about two different conventions of marriage. Nadia, brought up by an English governess in one of the nicest of the old-fashioned Russian country families, held it as axiomatic (as indeed it is generally held in England) that the only respect-worthy basis for marriage is not suitability, or general or private convenience, or a high probability of a comfortable union, but romantic love. The Vill' Altas took a quite different view. In the society in which they moved, *mariages de convenance*, though becoming less frequent, still often occurred; and even where the marriage was a matter of choice between the young people themselves, they regarded it, once made, as not wholly their own affair: they accepted unquestioningly the claim of their relations that every marriage in a family was to some extent the whole family's concern; they recognized a certain responsibility, not only to one another, but to their whole circle of relatives.

Now the disadvantage of the English

convention of marriage is that it puts a premium on personal feelings. If these alter, the stability of the marriage is threatened; its accepted basis, romantic love, has failed, and the unhappy participants are almost bound in consequence to regard the whole venture as a failure. They are probably wrong — looked at biologically, or as a part of the social structure, the marriage is very likely perfectly adequate or even an undoubted success; an Italian wife, bred up in a saner and more practical theory, would complacently regard it as such, and be a better and a more cheerful wife in consequence.

Another thing which tended to put the Italian woman in a stronger position than her English contemporaries was the accepted convention that women should go on being admired, treated with gallantry, and even courted after marriage. That shutting-down of all male attention but the husband's, once the vestry door has closed behind the bride, had — and has — no place in the Italian scheme of things; nor had the Germano-British tradition of the subservience of the wife. Her opinions were as much valued as those of her husband, and as freely expressed. This, and the further tradition of habitual courtesy, of being socially adequate and entertaining even within the family circle, added greatly to the pleasantness of marriage — Almina, accustomed to her father's brusque monosyllables, his lack of response to her mother's conversational openings, had already noted with surprise, and reported in a letter home, that the Marchese Francesco treated his wife 'like a visitor.'

Life in Gardone was full of these minor surprises for Miss Prestwich. And she had another, and a rather more severe one, in connection with the visit of the Marchesa Nadia. In England thirty years ago the bare possibility of difficulties or disasters in marriage was as far as possible concealed from girls; divorces occurred only among 'people one



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

did n't know,' unfaithfulness only, and but rarely, in novels, and in the sort of novel one was not supposed to read at that. But that day at Odrado, when she and Marietta and Elena were sitting out under the stone pine after lunch, having coffee at the big square stone table which stood under it, Almina was suddenly and painfully enlightened. The three girls were alone, and because they were alone were sewing their underclothes. One carried such work about in large silk bags with hoop handles, or in round flattish sewing baskets of scented grass, into which the slightly *risqué* objects could be thrust at the advent of a male relation. The stone table was covered with scraps of lace and embroidery, the resinous shade under the great umbrella pine was full of the hum of insects, broken by fragments of talk and little clear peals of laughter. Presently Elena asked, 'And how is Zia Nadia, Marietta? Does she seem depressed?'

'Not particularly,' Marietta replied, looking a little conscious.

'There is no sign of Zio Pipo, I suppose?' Elena went on, with a mischievous glance.

'Elena, of course not! You know he is in Brioni,' Marietta said, in a tone of faint protest. 'He would hardly come just now, besides.'

'No, hardly — and leave his *cara amorosetta*! Well, and what are they all doing? Discussing it, up and down?'

'Zia Nadia and Bonne-Mama had a long talk this morning, but naturally I don't know what they said,' Marietta replied.

'I wonder how they will settle it,' Elena said. 'Aspidistra was telling Gela the other day that she believes Zia Nadia means to leave him.' (Aspidistra was the cousins' impertinent name for the Countess Aspasia.)

'Surely she could not do that?' Marietta said, looking startled.

'Oh yes, she could. It would make a great scandal, of course, but it can be done. The Tito Serbellonis had a sepa-

ration — there was a *consiglio di famiglia* and all sorts of fuss, but they got one in the end! Only there, it was *she*,' said Elena significantly.

'But Zio Pipo is horrible!' Marietta burst out, with a sudden passion which startled Almina. 'How he can make Zia Nadia so unhappy! She is so kind, and clever, and beautiful — such a darling; and she used to be so gay! It is hateful of him, I think.'

Almina's conscientious scruples told her at this point that she ought to intervene in this most unsuitable conversation. She knew, of course, nothing about the Marchesa Nadia's affairs, and was greatly shocked by Elena's revelations; casual and elliptical as they were, she could not fail to gather the gist of them — and she was scandalized at the open way in which the two girls were discussing a situation which at home would have been a matter for hushed voices and dark hints, even among her elders. However, before she had found a suitable phrase of remonstrance, there was an interruption. 'The Three Graces! And all at needlework!' exclaimed a loud cheerful voice — looking round, they saw Roffredo di Castellone bearing down upon them.

'Buon giorno! Buon giorno!' he said generally, approaching the table. 'You too diligent, Elena? What is it? No, let me see!' he said, grasping the shred of cambric, and laughing at her.

'It is two pocket handkerchiefs,' Elena said gayly, as he spread it out — the little garment was indeed, in its untrimmed state, sufficiently non-committal.

'Where is my uncle?' the young man now asked, seating himself.

'He is gone to Meden with Gela,' Elena said, 'but Giulio is indoors. Did you want Papa?'

'I did. Is Ospedi about?'

'No, he is gone too. We are to grow French wine soon at Meden!' Elena said. 'I will fetch Giulio,' and she ran off to find her brother.



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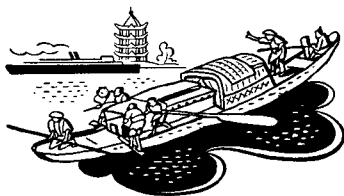
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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

'Well, *signorina*, have you found any more rare flowers?' the young Count asked, turning to Almina.

'We are going to find some to-day,' Marietta put in. 'All sorts of things grow out by the Monte Sant' Antonio, and we are going there to see what we can find.'

'What, where old Trino lives? Is he still alive?' Roffredo asked.

'Very much so. He is Zio Carlo's bird catcher, you know,' she explained to Almina.

Almina, who had never heard of the profession of bird catcher, asked if she meant a keeper.

'*Cacciatore*? No — not that. He snares the small birds for the table. You had better take Miss Prestwich to see Trino, Marietta, while you are out there. It might amuse her.'

But when Giulio came down, joyful at the sight of his cousin, and suggested a game of tennis to him, rather to everyone's surprise the young man said abruptly that it was on the whole too hot, and proposed that they should accompany the girls on their walk. 'I should like to see old Trino again,' he said. So the whole party set out, down through the park which lay to the north of the house. They made a pretty group, the young people, as they strolled along, the young men in their white flannels, the girls in their pale summer dresses and shady flowery hats. Almina's hat was a broad-brimmed thing of white straw, with floating green ribbons — it suited her extraordinarily well, and Elena noticed with sly amusement that Roffredo kept his eyes firmly fixed on it and its owner. Passing through a little wood, Miss Prestwich suddenly darted aside, with a cry of pleasure, to pick a flower — it was the white butterfly orchis, with its delicate straggling blossoms, writhing like small white limbs.

'Does it smell?' Roffredo asked her, and took it from her hand. 'No, it does not,' he said, giving it back.

'Not now, but it does at dusk. If you

came here in the evening, the whole wood would be sweet with them,' she told him.

'Then will you bring me here one evening, so that I may smell it? Then I shall believe you,' he said, standing still and smiling down at her; it occurred to him with sudden force that it would be delightful beyond words to wander through a scented copse at dusk with this delicious little creature, with her face as pale as the flower she held, her great gray eyes, and her hair like spring sunshine. And to engage her attention and keep it for himself, he began to pick every flower and weed he could find, and bring them to her to ask their names — common things like scarlet pimpernel, shepherd's-purse, and a small speedwell.

Presently they left the park, which was vaguely bounded, here by a broad weed-filled ditch, there by a straggling and indefinite hedge, and emerged on to open pastures; ahead of them rose a little hill, long, low, and green — the Monte Sant' Antonio. On the top of it they found the bird catcher's house, a rather tumble-down hovel of gray stone, with quite as much rags as glass in its small windows, and an earthen floor. Old Trino appeared, a small and rather bent old man, incredibly dirty in person, with brilliant black eyes peeping out of a face that was almost all gray hair and grime-filled wrinkles. He greeted the cousins with enthusiasm, and was delighted to show the English young lady his whole establishment.

Out at the back of the house was a square enclosure surrounded by high hornbeam hedges, clipped and trimmed with most un-Italian neatness; the hedges were double, with a four-foot space between, and Trino explained how he hung his nets between the hedges, and showed Almina the wires, cords, and pulleys by which, when the enclosure was full of birds, he could pull one large net along over the whole, through holes in the cottage wall, and then show him-



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

self and scare the little creatures into the surrounding nets, to be caught at his leisure.

He was not using the nets at the moment, he said; the crop of rape which was to lure the birds into the enclosure was not yet ripe — 'But the Signor Conte will be able to have *uccellini* tomorrow,' he said triumphantly to Elena. 'I am using my lime.' And he led them off to a bushy place on the eastward slope of the hill, where small grain was strewn on the ground among innocent-looking twigs. But the twigs had a dark glossy surface; they were covered with birdlime and firmly pegged to the ground — a hedge sparrow and a couple of chaffinches were entangled among them, fluttering and struggling, their desperate movements only exposing more of their feathers to the cruel clinging glue.

Almina, horrified, turned away — the piteous twitterings and helpless struggles of the little creatures made her feel sick. But the others took it quite calmly: Roffredo touched the lime to test its strength, went to wipe his finger on his handkerchief, and laughed when the linen stuck to his hand; while Elena, always inquisitive, made old Trino show her how he dipped the twigs in the bucket, and the rough brush of coarse grass which he used to spread the viscous stuff on the leaves of bushes where the birds were wont to roost. Trino presently caught the three minute creatures, and with a deft movement wrung their necks. Once all movement in those little bodies was stilled, Almina felt curiously relieved.

They walked back by the other side of the hill, Roffredo pointing out to the party the pink roof of his new villa, just to be seen in the distance through the trees. He was getting settled in, he told them, bit by bit — 'When I am properly *installé*, you must all come and have lunch with me. You will come too, and bring Marietta, won't you?' he said, turning his bright glance on to Almina. A little further on, at a cross path, he

left them, turning off eastward to his house, remarking that he should see them again that night, as he was dining at Vill' Alta — an announcement which caused Almina a sensation of pleasure and expectancy which rather startled her.

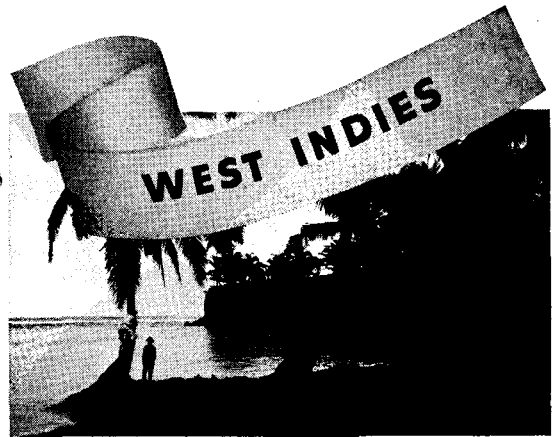
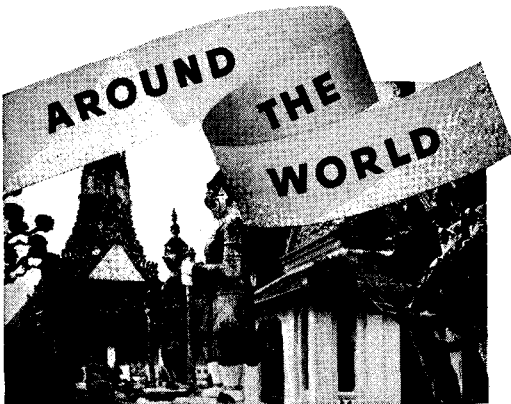
He came, looking more arrogant and handsome than ever in his evening clothes. But the evening brought Almina no special pleasure. Beyond a civil greeting on his arrival, he barely spoke to her. She told herself sensibly that this was only natural. She was the governess, and when his elders were present it was right and proper that his attention should all be given to them. But a slight sensation of discomfort persisted — he had been so *empresé* in his manner all the afternoon that the contrast was painful. And his conversation with his hostess went almost beyond the usual gallantry — in England, Almina thought, one would have called it a flirtation. The Marchesa Suzy did her share — she was lazily mocking, delicately provocative, and the young man reacted violently to this stimulus. It made Almina rather uncomfortable.

All the unpleasant impressions of the day came back to her as she sat in the high salon — the talk of the two girls about the Marchesa Nadia, which had distressed her more than she realized at the time, the struggles of the little birds among the limed twigs. All the rest of the day, she had not been able to get that picture out of her head — it thrust itself up between her and whatever she saw, unbidden; and now it returned to her with fresh force. She was glad when Marietta's bedtime came and she was able to escape with her. But her escape was not complete — our escapes seldom are. She went at once to bed, but only to dream all night of herself caught in a limed thicket, her plumage befouled by something horrible which held her fast, while Roffredo hovered over her, smiling his bright imperious smile, ready to wring her neck.

(To be continued)

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The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Who are the three greatest living stylists in English prose? The question has point at this moment when realism and the social consciousness of much contemporary literature tend to obscure the elements of fine style. Most discriminating readers, the editor believes, would nominate **Logan Pearsall Smith** (p. 409) as one of the trio. Mr. Smith is known for his fastidious pen wherever good writing is appreciated. Like A. E. Housman, his work is not voluminous; it is best to be seen in those deceptive-sounding titles, *Trivia* and *More Trivia*, vignettes of life written with humor, wisdom, and a delightful power of selection.

Logan Pearsall Smith was born in Philadelphia of Quaker antecedents. His father was a glass manufacturer and an amateur evangelist of compelling exuberance; his cousin was Marion Park of Bryn Mawr; his oldest sister was an eager student who eventually married Bernard Berenson. From this sister and an aged Camden neighbor, Walt Whitman, young Smith first learned the magic of words. Academic exposure at Haverford and Harvard left him unresolved; then, like that other American stylist, Henry James, he went to England, where he found a stimulus and a sympathy which were somehow lacking in the American air. Now from his English promontory he looks back to those early, mellow days in the Friendly City. Mr. Smith's autobiography will be continued in successive issues.

'We have admittedly become a nation of blindly trusting people. It is our tendency to trust anyone and everyone with something to sell, politically, economically, or over a counter. This tendency appears in an exaggerated form when we buy our consumer goods — and it is one of the most subtly dangerous and subversive factors in our national life. . . . Two points indicate the nature of the problem. One is the fact that consumers no longer see their merchandise made and must arbitrarily take it on trust of some sort. The other is the frequently unrecognized fact that there is no longer any such thing as a "best" in any generic field of production. A "best" at each price level,



MARGARET DANA

perhaps, but no dead-centre, static, definable "best" for all.'

So says **Margaret Dana** (p. 421), one of the most candid and courageous contributors to the *Atlantic*. As a merchandising counsel with headquarters in New York, it is her purpose to bring this country to a better set of commercial standards. She makes it clear that consumers are quite as much to blame as retailers for such shortcomings as now exist. Constant readers will remember her article, 'Fear the Facts and Fool the Women,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* last April.

Raoul de Roussy de Sales (p. 431) is a Frenchman who has learned to think, speak, and write in American. His linguistic ability, his fair-mindedness and penetration, to-day qualify him for a unique position: as New York correspondent for *Paris-soir* and as diplomatic correspondent for *Havas* it is his responsibility to explain the American democracy to the French — and vice versa. Recognition of his standing in both countries came to him following his visit to Paris this summer: he received the Strassburger Foundation prize of \$1000 (an American award) for writings considered to have served the interests of Franco-American friendship and he was made 'Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.'

Beginning novelists will do well to remember the record of that valiant Canadian, **Mazo de la Roche** (p. 440). For fifteen years she served an apprenticeship in Letters, and during that formative period she wrote novels, short stories, and plays. Christopher Morley was the first American critic on our side of the border to announce her 'discovery,' but, although other reviewers and editors followed suit, the reading public gave her only passing attention. Then in 1927 her novel, *Jalna*, was awarded the Atlantic Novel Prize of \$10,000 and Miss de la Roche stepped into the limelight. Little did she realize that that turbulent family, the Whiteoaks, were to occupy her waking and sleeping moments for the next ten years to come.

To-day Miss de la Roche lives happily in England with her two adopted children, Esmée and René Michael. Her literary offspring, the Whiteoaks, have come to dwell in half a million homes. They have been the subject of one of London's



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The COLUMN

most popular plays, and they live on in her outer consciousness when, as at the present, she closes the door of her mind against them in order to write short stories.

Manhattan born, **Robert I. Center** (p. 447) graduated from Columbia University in the class of 1925. His first job was with the *American Mercury* as head of the Statistical and Research Department (he was the only member of that department!). After serving a term as literary adviser, he joined the editorial staff of Dodd, Mead and Company, where he devotes much of his time to working with new authors. Back in



GERTRUDE STEIN

1928 Mr. Center formed and was the first president of the Detective Story Club, Inc., but he has not found in fiction anything to surpass the skill and cool determination of Prosecutor Dewey's attack on organized crime. Let no one think that such racketeering is confined to New York City,

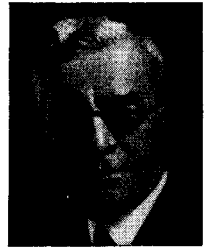
for actually it exists under cover in most metropolitan districts. And let no one think that racketeering can be abolished in one crusade: like wildfire it can be stamped out only by the concerted efforts of watchful citizens everywhere.

The poem by **Christopher Morley** (p. 458) is, as he says, 'a spark ejected by thinking on the legend of the Trojan War, which — founded on Chaucer's hyperglorious version — is the theme of my new novel, *The Trojan Horse*, to be published at Thanksgiving.' He wrote this poem for Ph.D.'s to answer while he was staying at the Crater Club in Essex County, New York. There he has been resting from his labors as novelist, critic, columnist, lecturer, and editor in chief of the Eleventh Edition of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*.

To see ourselves as others see us is always refreshing, though not always complimentary. **Gertrude Stein** (p. 459) once knew Baltimore, San Francisco, and Cambridge as intimately as the backyard of her birthplace in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. But Paris claimed her in the years before the war, and there for nearly a quarter of a century she made her headquarters, maintaining her friendship with artists and writers, carrying on the table talk for which she is noted, and gradually piecing together the books which first infuriated and then rewarded readers. In 1935 she and her inseparable companion, Alice B. Toklas, made a Prodigal's Return, being accorded that effervescent welcome which we usually re-

serve for foreign celebrities. It is easy — though no longer fashionable — to mimic Miss Stein. If those who wish to do so in this case will first read her paper aloud, they may be the wiser.

Champion of the Middle Ages and a Boston architect of international repute, **Ralph Adams Cram** (p. 469) has needed eighteen books in which to express his faith, artistic, religious, and political. His most recent volume, *My Life in Architecture*, appeared in 1936.



RALPH ADAMS CRAM

Curious, how novelists will devote pages to describing a snowstorm and yet give only three words to an apple pie. How many writers are able to cook up a meal in prose, so succulent that it makes your mouth water? You can count them on the fingers of one hand. The American Booksellers Association voted *The Country Kitchen* by **Della T. Lutes** (p. 473) 'the most unusual book published in 1936,' thereby indicating their appetite for her American food and her American characters. *Home Grown*, a new volume by Mrs. Lutes, will come from the press in November.

Author, teacher, and parent, **Marjorie Barstow Greenbie** (p. 477) knew from experience the grief that attends all youngsters who find it hard to read. She consulted with Dr. Samuel T. Orton in preparing her paper on reading disability. She knew that there were students now going happily through Harvard, Princeton, and Bennington whom he had rescued from failure and helped into college; she knew that certain schools have remedial teachers working under his direction. She knew that in 1935 Dr. Orton received the Salmon Memorial Award in recognition of his exploration in this troublesome field.

Graduate of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, the **Reverend Phillips Endecott Osgood** (p. 481) was ordained in 1908. He began his service as curate of the Church of the Ascension, and to Boston he has now returned, as rector of Emmanuel Church, after twelve years of notable achievement in the pastorate of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis.



NORA WALN

Nora Waln (p. 487), the author of *The House of Exile*, has exchanged her residence in China for a secluded spot in the Rhine Valley, where she broods over her next book and identifies herself with her German neighbors. To the editor she sent this charm-

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The COLUMN

ing note, written while on a visit to Czechoslovakia: —

Your letter written as you gazed at the sunny splendor of May on the Public Gardens of Boston has reached me in a yellow castle on the banks of the river Moravou. Your plans for adding thirty new pages to the *Atlantic* rouses my attention. As a reader, I have loved the *Atlantic* for a long time. The *Atlantic* belongs to my childhood. Dear and familiar, it has followed me into far places, always a sure and steady friend. Sitting here looking through cherry trees to a meadow where women in the bright costumes of Morava are forking the hay men scythed yesterday, I am anxious as to how my loved *Atlantic* will change. In memory I am back at the place where I sat to read the first letter you wrote to me. You told of your plans for the Atlantic Monthly Press and asked me to write a book. It was summer then on the Mongolian plateau and the book was the story of my China years. The camel rider who brought me that letter was curiously not unlike the sun-browned Czech who has handed me this one. Yes, I would like to be one of the three writers who fill the *Atlantic's* new pages in their first year. I appreciate your turning your thought toward me as you planned. This would be an opportunity for me to give back to young readers of to-day something of the treasure that past *Atlantic* writers have given to me.

'Shady Hill' is a school in Cambridge where the three R's are taught with a difference. Founded some twenty years ago by a group of Harvard professors, it has developed 'a learning process' highly individual and highly successful. It now numbers a capacity enrollment of 250 pupils between the ages of five and fifteen. Its apprentice teachers (college graduates serving as assistants with each grade), its double-grade system, its extraordinary collaboration of teacher and pupil, have earned the respect of educators the country over. The editor does not exaggerate when he says that Katharine Taylor (p. 496), the headmistress from the start, has done more than any other person to make it a lasting institution.

If Wilson Follett (p. 503) quarrels with the writing of contemporary English, he does so not as a pedagogue (although he once taught at Brown and at Dartmouth), but rather as a novelist, short-story writer, and critic, who lives by the pen and who can see nothing but verbal chaos if our present confusion continues.

A graduate of Rugby and Oxford, George Allen (p. 513) is an English poet whose studies — whether of people or of literature — have carried him to Hamburg University, Western Reserve, and Harvard. A free lance still under thirty with the world his open book, he spent last winter in the Potteries of England lecturing about current history and literature to working-class groups. 'It opened my eyes,' he says, 'to the dirty nature

of most post-War history and the darkness of the immediate future (which is now a bit brighter again), and also to the conditions in which most people live. I'm not any sort of a Marxist; but I think I see how some people have become Marxist. Incidentally, it was interesting to see how completely meaningless the so-called poets of the people are to the people.'

Paul Hutchinson (p. 514) is the editor of the *Christian Century* and a writer whose sympathies have been deeply aroused by the present religious crisis in Germany.

The editor firmly believes that *Enchanter's Nightshade* is the best novel that has yet come from the cosmopolitan pen of Ann Bridge (p. 525). As a young girl, the author occasionally visited her Italian relatives in the north of Italy, and to those serene days of 1905 and 1906 the present story is traceable. *Enchanter's Nightshade* is a novel about the provincial Italian nobility in their great country houses — urbane and intricate families they were, with the manners and morals of the eighteenth century. Into their midst comes an innocent, flaxen-haired English governess — and so the trouble begins.

Ann Bridge is the wife of an official in the British Foreign Office. Much of her mature life has been spent abroad and she speaks French, German, Italian, and Chinese, with a smattering of Gaelic and Romansch. As the wife of a diplomat and the mother of three grown children (a son and a daughter were at Oxford this past year), she must needs follow Trollope's example by doing her writing in the very early morning.

~ ~ ~

THE ENLARGED ATLANTIC

Twenty-four hours after the publication of our September issue, word began to reach us by telephone and postman of what our readers thought of the new format. Never in the history of the magazine have so many enlargements been effected in one issue. Such at least is the editorial view, and it is mighty gratifying to those in charge to hear that *Atlantic* subscribers are eager for more, rather than less, reading matter. We realize of course that certain details are still in need of further adjustment. The damp heat in which the September issue was printed affected the typography. And we were not wholly pleased with the colored reproduction of the jacket design for *Enchanter's Nightshade*. But these are minor matters.

Here then are characteristic comments from a poet, a teacher, a doctor, and a minister. Should other readers wish to speak up, their opinions will be welcome.

Somerville, Massachusetts

Dear Atlantic, —

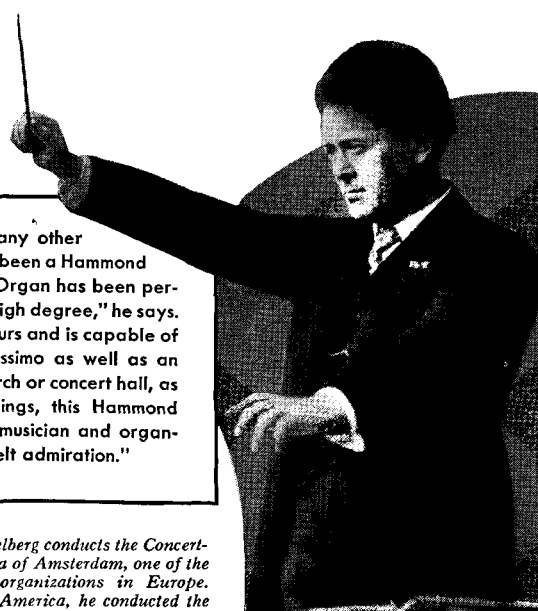
May I, as a reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, congratulate you on the appearance of the September



Willem Mengelberg

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The COLUMN

issue? It renews an enthusiasm I had naturally come by, which had lately abated somewhat, in spite of finding as a reader my own poems as a contributor. The magazine seems to promise something solid for a reader to look forward to each month now.

The shift of the Contributors' Column to the front pages is a happy change. I found myself reading it as a real introduction to the issue, and wish that it were longer and still more informative. I have always been in favor of a good resounding introduction to a magazine, and this position gives the editors an excellent chance. It seemed to me that some of the notes were skimpy; I would like to see the fullest possible entries, short of revealing content. I'm all for having the Column a big and very readable department. Give it everything. Make it an enthusiastic reception where readers, writers, and especially editors, come together. The *Atlantic* needs a room where the editors may be met.

The Bookshelf also seemed much improved to me, with a long-deserved typographical prominence, and pictures. Here again I feel that the brief and incisive *Atlantic* reviews ought to get more spotlight, and be more numerous.

The September contents as a whole are first-rate, and nicely distributed for reader interest. Especially I congratulate you on the poem by George Abbe, and urge you to seek out other contributors to *Trial Balances*, an anthology of college verse where he appeared two years ago. You featured one piece as good for reading aloud, but I found the Moody portrait excellent reading aloud, because it was so objective and close-packed. Why not promote by editorial suggestion and the provision of more material the lost art of reading aloud? Of course I applaud the series of portraits of which the Moody one is the first.

With this new insistence on a monthly magazine for readers, the *Atlantic* definitely takes first place in the country, and I feel that you should do everything possible to hold that place as a journal for the literate and the bookish, to use the latter word in its best sense. I wish you pointed up even the book advertising to make it seem to readers the most desirable thing in the world to buy and own books. I have long thought, from reading daily, weekly, and monthly the many periodicals for supposed readers and book buyers, that the one thing the publishers never stress is the pure joy of accumulating books, building a personal library, gazing at bookshelves slowly and pleasurably filled. Even the advertisements could be made to contribute to this feeling, and certainly editorial attitude could stimulate it.

Of course I liked Kathryn Worth's too brief piece on 'Poetry and the Child' about as well as anything in the issue — swiftly said and convincing, a really mature and civilized attitude. But I wish there had been one or two more essays on an aspect of literature, especially of poetry. The *Atlantic* is the place for them. I feel strongly that bound volumes of certain magazines of these years are going to be very dull items, and as long as the *Atlantic* persists in omitting these timeless subjects it is in danger of the same dullness. Let there be less proportionally on strictly contemporary affairs and more that will bear rereading a few years from now. For heaven's sake

trust people to appreciate this sort of thing. It is a very real duty of literate and gifted people in these days to keep on writing poems, literary essays, imaginative fiction, and criticism in order to maintain (just to keep abreast, like Alice) the civilization that many social workers and WPA teachers are fighting for on the war front. We must not drop this activity, or else we add mental and spiritual poverty to the material poverty that has darkened such areas of the country now. An editor's duty here is plain as selector and distributor, as conservator and insurer of all that is good in living literature. So let's have more literature, more interpretation of literature, more appreciation of literature. This is a thing that has to be done over again every few years. Let the *Atlantic* reevaluate and maintain and quicken the love of writing.

Yours most sincerely,
JOHN HOLMES

*Sherman's School
Mount Vernon, New York*

Dear *Atlantic*, —

Congratulations. After many years as a reader of your magazine, I opened my September number and enjoyed it even as a hungry man would a splendid dinner. Its change in style or format is altogether helpful.

The Hoover article is a thought-provoking one. The close-up of the great Evangelist Moody is delightful, but 'The Oxometer' is the cream of the number. I am a member of the Rotary Club, in fact Governor of the District. At the present time I am thinking of offering a resolution in my club to-day to purchase an oxometer.

I am a member of a bank board and at its executive committee meeting yesterday I told them about the oxometer, enough to excite their curiosity, but I did not tell them its purpose, and immediately two members of the board telephoned their offices to get a copy of the September number.

I have always maintained that I could tell the class in the world at large to which any man belonged, depending upon whether he had the *Atlantic Monthly* in his home. Only poverty will prevent me from continuing my subscription to the *Atlantic Monthly* after its present expiration.

Cordially yours,
C. F. SHERMAN

Falmouth, Massachusetts

Dear *Atlantic*, —

Your September number is certainly a huge success. Never have so many good articles appeared under one cover. Mr. Nock deserves the Nobel Prize for introducing the Oxometer. Though I have to scratch for a living, a tithe of my earnings would be devoted gladly towards purchase of machines for every Department in Washington, beginning at the White House. There would be enough saving at the Printing Office to pay the national debt.

LOMBARD CARTER JONES, M.D.

*Cathedral Rectory
Alltoona, Pennsylvania*

Dear *Atlantic*, —

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The COLUMN

offers to its readers. If my estimate is worth anything, I regard it, and I have been a devoted reader for years, as not only the old American magazines. Those highly. Long may it wave!

Very sincerely,

In response to Pierre Crabitès's fair warning regarding the future of Palestine (July *Atlantic*) have come numerous letters, some approving, others contesting his survey of the conflict.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

Involved in the building of the Jewish National Home are two promises, one to the Jewish people in the Balfour Declaration, and the other (the terms of which are not clear) to Arabs living in lands contiguous to the Promised Land.

In issuing the Balfour Declaration in 1917, it was made clear that these assurances of coöperation were based upon the historic association of Jews with the Holy Land. When the first discussions took place in Paris in 1919 at the Peace Conference between the representatives of the Allied nations and of Jews and Arabs, the attitude taken by Arab representatives toward the Balfour Declaration was not in accord with the views now being expressed by Arab leaders. The son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz, Prince Feisal, subsequently King of Iraq, did not regard the promises made to him as incompatible with the Balfour Declaration. It is interesting to contrast the letter written by Prince Feisal to Felix Frankfurter on March 3, 1919, with the tone and spirit of those who now speak on behalf of the Pan-Arabic empire. This is what Prince Feisal said of the relations between Jews and Arabs: —

‘We feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, have suffered similar oppressions at the hands of powers stronger than themselves, and by a happy coincidence have been able to take the first step towards the attainment of their national ideals together. We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with the deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best, in so far as we are concerned, to help them through; we will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.’

If Iraq, Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Transjordan are taken together, it will be found that the territory already assigned to Arabs as integrated Arab states represents at least 1,500,000 square miles, which could be made available for twenty times the population which now occupies it. On the other hand, the Land of Promise (Jewish National Home), against which a violent attack is made, includes not more than 9000 square miles, and, with the further dismemberment proposed by the British Royal Commission, is reduced to practical insignificance.

The Arabs never acquired a right to Palestine through work and sacrifice. When the Jews arrived

in Palestine before the war, they found it neglected, undeveloped, with large tracts of swamp land. They found it devoid of commerce and industry, lacking in the means of transportation, pursuing primitive agricultural methods, a land of epidemics and chronic diseases. They found a people in the lowest stages

of poverty. For decades, under the rule of the Turks, Jews have brought to Palestine what they have built up into a modern agricultural system of hospitals and clinics. They have reduced the mortality of Arabs and Jews. They have expatriated trachoma and malaria. They have developed whatever natural resources Palestine possessed, and they have made possible the building of the harbor at Haifa, which is destined to be the largest and the most thriving of all ports on the Mediterranean Sea. In other words, the Jewish people have brought many of the comforts and social advantages of Western lands into this fringe of the Oriental world.

LOUIS LIPSKY

American Member, World Zionist Executive

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

On behalf of the Arab National League of America, I wish to thank you for publishing the splendid article on Palestine by Judge Pierre Crabitès. The Judge, because of his unparalleled knowledge of the Near East, has dealt with this highly controversial subject fairly and courageously. In this day and age when we are nurtured on high-pressure propaganda by a powerful group, I can only say: ‘Thank God there is somebody left who has not bent his knee to Baal.’ Furthermore, since the Palestine problem may become an American problem, thanks to the efforts of a group of busybodies who wish to use the United States as a club over the head of England, it is important that the American public should know both sides of this question.

F. I. SHATARA

President, Arab National League

Why men ran at Bull Run.

Lambertville, New Jersey

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just finished ‘Men Running’ by Mr. James Gould Cozzens, in the July issue, and am delighted with the story for two reasons. In the first place, as a narrative it appealed to my taste more than anything else the *Atlantic* has published since ‘Bugle Ann.’

As to the second reason, my father served in the Third New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, which, like the Second of Mr. Cozzens's story, got to the field of Bull Run in time to take part in the running, although not in the fighting. I have often heard my father tell of that experience and know that from title to closing word ‘Men Running’ gives a remarkably correct impression of the character, point of view, and conduct of the three months' men from this State. In justice to my father, I must add that he, with a great number of men from the two companies that this small town sent out in response to Lincoln's first call, reenlisted in the field and spent a further three years in the great campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.

E. W. HUNT



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The COLUMN

My 'Discovery of America.'

Oxford, North Carolina

Dear Atlantic, —

Congratulations on the publication of that delightful fantasy, 'Discovery of America,' by Walter Brooks, which appeared in your August issue. It was indeed a rare combination of charm and satire. Although the tale contained more of the humorous and less of the biting qualities usually found in satires, few Cosmopolitans who have visited the Hinterland and stayed any length of time will fail to feel its impact.

I was a native New Yorker until a few years ago, when my profession as a history teacher took me to a small Southern town. I arrived at the station one hot afternoon equipped with two degrees; a definite concept regarding 'Intellectual honesty'; many lofty ideas of a noble and uplifting nature, including (must I confess it?) the donation of my services for a few lectures on art and history; and last but not least large quantities of my favorite toothpaste, soap, and hair shampoo. My 'Discovery of America' began en route to the hotel, where in several stores I saw all the latter articles prominently on display. The next day, I visited the Woman's Club and found it well equipped with reproductions of all the Great Masters and a Study Course in Art, which would have put me right in a class with poor Hubert. As for history, well, if I wish to be sure of a date, I can always verify it by going to see the town doctor.

GERTRUDE BRADFORD

And if the middle class makes room for the worker . . .

Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Atlantic, —

As a member of that much discussed section, the middle class, I was greatly interested in William Allen White's article in the August *Atlantic* in which, if I interpreted him correctly, he tells us we will have to move over and make room for the worker in the near future and wonders if we have the intelligence to do so gracefully. As I read the future in the light of the present, he is correct in his forecast, and as I read it in the light of the past I should prophesy that the workers will be genuinely welcome on this side of the fence IF —

The middle class in America, in spite of Sinclair Lewis, has been the breeding ground and the nursery of well-nigh every worth-while movement, whether religious, intellectual, or economic, that has enriched human lives in the past century. The middle class with all its faults, and they are legion, is composed mainly of generous, tolerant, intelligent human beings who have not only struggled to secure for themselves and families the worth-while things, but have extended a warm hand to suffering and struggling humanity when in need of help.

If 'the revolt of the masses' is only a 'belly revolt,' as one writer labels it, concerned only with a desire to live in better homes, wear better clothes, eat better food, they will be neither welcome nor comfortable on this side of the fence, but if they are willing to

join whole-heartedly in the middle-class programme of helping themselves, but not at the expense of others, they will find a ready and honest welcome among their neighbors on this side of the economic fence.

I have in mind a man in my town who to my knowledge has never risen above his early status as a skilled mechanic, but nevertheless has been a power in his community for well on to forty years. Uneducated in the academic sense of the word but exceptionally well read in the things that count, he has been accepted at the high standard at which he rates himself. He has been an intelligent and capable public officer, a leader in his aristocratic church, and his voice and services have always been on the side of the public good while at the same time he has been a trusted member and officer of his labor union. All that the middle class has ever asked of its members is to subscribe to its code of intelligence, honesty, charity, and tolerance. If it now is asked to find room for its neighbor, the worker, surely it is not too much to ask that the new member of the family live up to the family code.

Truly,

PAUL M. STRAIN

Anybody willing to help?

*32 Leckhampton Court
Dunedin, New Zealand*

Dear Atlantic, —

Can you put me in touch with any first-class, reliable, eugenic matrimonial agencies in any of your large cities and towns, especially those over a quarter of a million?

Thanking you kindly in anticipation, I am

Yours sincerely,

(MR.) W. S. DUNKERTON

More heroism and less tolerance.

Denver, Colorado

Dear Atlantic, —

I read Mr. Harold Nicolson's article on 'The Meaning of Prestige' with great interest and attention.

While it must be freely conceded that the English, like the French, 'possess a large colonial empire on which they maintain a high level of obedience without the display of overwhelming force,' still it is well to remember that 'in the beginning it was not so,' and neither India nor Ireland is without memory of bloody purges in the past.

It is reasonable to question whether 'obedience' rests on respect for national character and reputation, or whether it is rather a strong belief in the potentiality of overwhelming force which has been exercised before and may be invoked again. If the belief in England's material power is ever seriously shaken it will be time to consider whether 'the virtues of gentleness, honesty and objectivity' will suffice to hold the warring tribes together. Frankly, I doubt it.

And there is also the possibility that another set of virtues, more positive in character, are the need of the modern world. Perhaps we need more heroism and less tolerance.

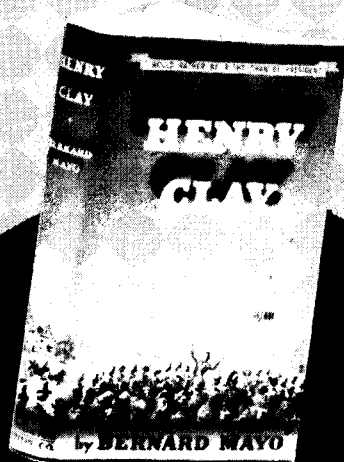
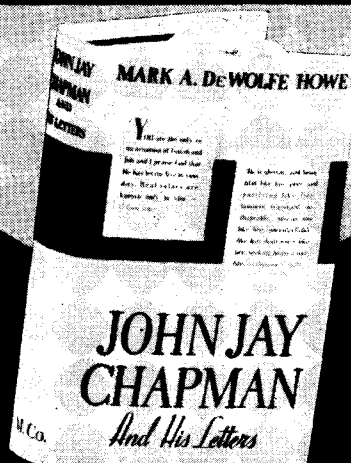
ELEANOR McALPIN

John Jay Chapman and his letters

By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

YOU ARE THE ONLY reincarnation of Isaiah and Job and I praise God that he has let me live in your day. Real values are known only to you." *William James*

BRILLIANT, funny, profound and evastatingly outspoken, these letters reveal the late John Jay Chapman as one of the most exciting personalities of the past generation—a man destined, somewhat like Henry Adams, for posthumous fame."—*Harper's Magazine* illustrated. \$4.00



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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

How many doctors in history have suddenly paused in mid-career, listened to the siren call of literature, and then put away their instruments in favor of pen and ink? The list cannot be large, and of those living none has made the transition with as much success as A. J. Cronin, the Scotch medico who, at the age of thirty-five, abandoned his practice and wrote *Hatter's Castle*. Now in his latest book, Dr. Cronin has chosen to write about that phase of life which he knows best.

THE CITADEL

by A. J. Cronin

[Little, Brown, \$2.50]

The doctor has been an increasingly common character in literature since the sixteenth century. Usually an incidental figure, he has been successively satirized, caricatured, sentimentalized, or made to appear impossibly heroic. Rarely, if we except *Middlemarch*, the fine old professor from Montpellier in *Madame Bovary*, and a few other examples, have writers succeeded in discerning and accurately portraying the development of the character of a young physician under the stress of professional experience, the moulding of personality by the anxiety of unshared responsibility, by the strain of tragic failure, and by pride in independently achieved success.

In our own day, in which the extraordinary velocity of medical discovery has lent it a popularizing value equaled only by love, atomic physics, and aviation, medicine has inevitably come in for its due share of attention from novelists, dramatists, and writers for the screen. Yet very few of the modern books and plays which deal with medical subjects have escaped distortion by inaccuracy and sensationalism or cheapening by heroics.

No one could have written as fine, honest, and moving a study of a young doctor as *The Citadel*

without possessing great literary taste and skill and, at the same time, an almost scientific conscientiousness in regard to accuracy of observation. Dr. Cronin's distinguished achievement is the restrained and almost impersonal manner in which he allows his characters to develop, naturally and logically, against the background of conditions and circumstances with which he is completely familiar in every detail. His Manson is neither a hero nor a genius. He is a reasonably well-trained, intelligent, and ambitious young doctor, intensely earnest about his calling, and instinctively impatient with the pretense and professional incompetence which still linger (diminishingly) here and there in medical practice.

Sympathetically portrayed, he is never the sentimentally ennobled lay figure so popular in most modern medical fiction. Outside of his professional work he is as ill-balanced as most other normal human beings. Keen in his work, he is amazingly ignorant of most other forms of knowledge. (We guess his general education from the fact that he had never heard of Trollope.) He is at his best when responsibility calls forth his courage and devotion. Success makes him boastful, failure embitters him, and under strain he is as dependent on Christine as though he had been her child.

He is, in short, one type of the hundreds of young men who enter the practice of medicine each year, as his friends are other types equally true to life. Together they represent, more accurately than we have ever seen it achieved, the reactions which the experiences of medical practice call forth in men of varied endowment of character and intelligence.



A. J. CRONIN

Although the book is entirely free of critical comments on the organization of medicine in England, one cannot read the earlier chapters which deal with the conditions prevailing among the 'company doctors' in the Welsh mining districts without some anxiety about the growing tendency toward similar organization in our own country.

Indeed, one of the striking characteristics of Mr. Cronin's story is its power to arouse thought as though from actual observation — not as though from something read in a book. One sees the world through the eyes of Dr. Manson and Christine; and they as well as many others — Dr. Abbey, Denny, young Hampton, and Dr. Page — linger in the mind as though they had been living people whom one had known and whose lives one had shared.

If these are the signs by which one can recognize a great novel, then Mr. Cronin has written one.

HANS ZINSSER

Oleander River

By G. B. STERN

New
Novels
8

With expert skill, the author of "*Monogram*," "*The Matriarch*," and other widely popular books, blends wit and humor, irony and tenderness in this brilliant, romantic novel. The scene is laid in Provence, among the hills that border the Mediterranean, where two English families—completely different in their ways—live as neighbors. A tangled romance develops among them, and the story grows steadily more dramatic until the disclosure at the end. \$2.50.

Robinson of England

By JOHN DRINKWATER

This happily told story of Robinson Dare, his nephew, and two nieces, and their explorations of England, is an epitome of all that his country meant to the noted author, who died shortly after completing the book. \$2.50

Claude

By GENEVIEVE FAUCONNIER

This superbly told story won the coveted French award, the *Prix Femina*. In it Claude, who grew up in a French provincial town, tells her own story—from her childhood through eighteen years of married life. Excellently translated by Lauren Ford. \$2.50

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Critics and poetry lovers alike have praised the beauty and excellent craftsmanship of Marya Zaturenska's work. Her first book, "*Threshold and Hearth*," received the Shelley Award for 1934. This new collection includes a group of poems which won the Guarantors' Prize awarded by *Poetry* in 1936, and other exquisite lyrics. \$1.50

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The BOOKSHELF

ANIMAL TREASURE

by Ivan T. Sanderson

[Viking, \$3.00]

MODERN books on African travel usually fall into one or other of two categories. In one group are those in which the author is so preoccupied in the verification of his statements that many years elapse before publication; when at last the book appears it has lost in vividness what it has gained in accuracy. Such a work is consulted by residents of the region with which it deals, and upon whose shelves it survives to an honorable old age. The other type consists of books based on first impressions — notoriously the most vivid — and sets forth the author's reactions to his new environment while incidents are fresh in his mind. Such books are usually the more readable and serve a larger public.

Animal Treasure falls naturally into the second category. In this well-illustrated volume, Sanderson records with facile pen the experiences of himself and two companions during nearly a year spent in the British Cameroons. Landing at Calabar, they proceeded to the zoologically little-known Mamfe district in search of mammals, frogs, and smaller fry. The virgin forests of this region are proverbially rich in wild life, and that the party's efforts were crowned with success we know from the scientific results already published.

In *Animal Treasure*, however, it is the everyday experiences of the collectors and the characteristics of their captures which are set forth with a wealth of dramatic detail. Many of the incidents are amusing in the extreme — as, for example, what resulted from the horsefly puncturing George when the latter, with both gunbarrels at full cock, had his attention riveted on the forest canopy; the shooting of a domestic cow, which collided with the cookhouse, under the impression that it was a dangerous bush buffalo. We are told how natives use chopped-up whiskers of leopards for eliminating their enemies, and how they entangle pieces of luminous centipedes in their wool to light their homeward way.

Very scornful is our author of the stay-at-home zoölogist, and only a little less so of certain field collectors. Du Chaillu comes in for a rich share of this censure, but, where that pioneer extracted his thrills from gorillas, Sanderson found them in spiders. Of one hairy species he writes that it is 'about the size of my two fists held together' and it took 'six-foot leaps . . . at anybody who approached it. . . . As it did so, I felt the most terrifying coldness come over me. In a flash I let out a scream of pure terror and fell sideways into the ditch. Luckily I moved to the left, for the giant spider just brushed by my right ear so that I felt

its loathsome furry coldness as it shot through the air to land beyond the ditch.' Then follows what might have happened. . . .

Unfortunately sweeping generalizations are by no means confined to biological speculations. While one can fully sympathize with the author in his regrets at the replacement of virgin forest by ugly townships, one cannot but deplore the uncharitable censure of 'the drab houses and grim workshops of the dull Europeans who have colonized Africa — as they call it — in order the better to raise their unwanted progeny.'

The African continent comprises eleven million square miles, but after ten months' experience of a very small area Sanderson feels fully qualified to agree with a chief that Christianity is 'the bane of present-day Africa.' And of another chief we are told that 'he soon observed . . . that I had almost as virulent a dislike of Christians as he had.' Perhaps, then, we are justified in concluding that prejudice rather than calm objective observations is responsible for his views, and that after all Livingstone, Schweitzer, and many another have not lived and labored in vain.

A. LOVERIDGE

THE THIRD REICH

by Henri Lichtenberger, tr. by Koppel S. Pinson

[Greystone Press, \$3.00]

BITTER irony and sparkling fireworks might well be expected in a book by a Frenchman on Hitler's Germany. But M. Lichtenberger, distinguished French interpreter of German literature and culture, has written the most fair-minded study of the ideas and feelings behind National-Socialist Germany which has yet come to hand. His treatment is free from the fanciful interpretations by which so many discussions of contemporary Germany are marred.

There prevails in France at the moment a rather unusual interest in the Nazi dictatorship. Though Lichtenberger does not touch upon it, the glories of the Napoleonic era are dimly reflected in Hitler's rising influence. But apart from such risky historical parallels an undercurrent of sympathetic comment on Hitler has appeared amongst right-wing Frenchmen. Lichtenberger himself says: 'Certain groups "oriented to the right" . . . have been seized with tenderness for the dictatorship established across the Rhine by Hitler.' The movement toward the left has profoundly disturbed French conservative circles, has threatened their sense of security even more than Hitler's Germany. These people have watched with deep distrust Blum's



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The BOOKSHELF

rapprochement with Soviet Russia, and his policy toward Spain.

While M. Lichtenberger is not personally identified with these groups, he is inclined toward their views. Of the proposal of neutrality in which France took the initiative he writes that the Germans were right in suspecting that this move was merely to cover up an attempt 'secretly to come to the aid of the Spanish *frente popular* with munitions, money and volunteers.' On the other hand, M. Lichtenberger is too well acquainted with Germany to believe Hitler's claim that he saved Germany from Communism, or that a similar method will have to be adopted at home. Nevertheless, he emphasizes how widespread this belief was at the time Hitler seized power. Who does not know that a similar belief in a Communist threat in France is spreading?

It is from this vantage point of French fears and apprehensions that the present volume can best be understood. Its generous desire to unfold the deeper ideological background of contemporary Germany is matched by its inclination to overestimate the achievements along political, economic, and military lines. The remark is very commonly heard at present that German Nazism is more firmly entrenched than ever. M. Lichtenberger does not commit himself in so unqualified a manner. He recognizes that 'many people are convinced that Hitlerism . . . might disappear one fine day as suddenly as it came upon the scene.' But he does seem to believe that Hitler has been 'able to rally behind him almost the entire German nation' (p. 291).

Yet, in other places, he disagrees with himself. There are many signs which support the conclusion that opposition is widespread, and M. Lichtenberger himself offers evidence in support of such a contention. His discussion of the religious issues, and of the problems in industry and agriculture, while by no means exhaustive, shows clearly that the number of malcontents must be considerable. For that reason he is profoundly right in saying, 'I feel . . . that the "eternal" Germany still lives under the brown shirt of Hitlerism as it did under the tinsel of the era of Wilhelm.' It renews one's faith in the tradition of spiritual comradeship which has been the lasting mortar of European civilization to hear a French thinker emphatically say so.

But what does this 'eternal' Germany, muzzled by the official propagandists, murmur at home and abroad? Scarcely that Hitler is a statesman, as M. Lichtenberger once or twice intimates. The Hitlerite version of idealism Babbittized and materialized into a faith in blood and race and military force, backing an insatiable striving for national aggrandizement, and forcing literature

and art and science to become the handmaidens of propaganda, is detested by those who believe in the 'eternal' Germany. Does M. Lichtenberger forget the countless acts of martyrdom that men and women have suffered during the last four years? Do they support the stereotype that the Germans love to follow authority, move in crowds, and so forth, and so forth?

M. Lichtenberger's difficulties arise wherever shrewd judgment and literary evaluation are not enough. As a student of literature, he fails to offer extensive factual support. Such evidence cannot always be gathered; indeed, on many of the most important problems it is utterly impossible to secure reliable information. What, for example, caused Hitler to make his pacific protestations in May 1933? No one can with assurance answer that crucial question even to-day. Still, we know enough to be quite sure that a gamut of devious diplomacy is connected with these declarations. Again, might we not question the figures of the popular plebiscites? What light do the Napoleonic plebiscites throw on them? These and many similar questions are treated rather inadequately.

These deficiencies must be pointed out, because the book comes to us under a general title. They do not detract from the brilliant and well-balanced discussion of the present ideological setting of Germany, and the exposition of its more apparent policies in foreign and domestic affairs. This volume certainly gives the best picture yet available of the beliefs current in contemporary Germany.

CARL J. FRIEDRICH

ON GILBERT HEAD: MAINE DAYS

by Elizabeth Etnier

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$2.50]

SURELY, of all the books on Maine none has caught so well the beauty of its coast, the glis-



ELIZABETH ETNIER

tening of sun and fog alike, the vital peace of it, as has this journal by young Elizabeth Etnier. Here is very poetry so artlessly devised that one can easily believe it was meant for no other audience than Mrs. Etnier's husband, and their two selves when they should be old and unsure of the loveliness they

once knew on Gilbert Head. Nor would she forget willingly the rigors and heartbreak they endured to fashion a habitable house from the wreck they bought. Mosquitoes whizzed through the rotten roof, the walls lurched from the jungle of the island, and there were times when they felt they had better forfeit the whole dream and return to the boat where they had spent the last good year and a half.

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The BOOKSHELF

But Maine rock was the dream stuff of Stephen and Betsy Etnier. With only the most casual natives to help them they rebuilt the house and cleared the land. Stephen made a dock to stand through the sternest storm that could roar down the Kennebec River or up from the sea, and Betsy, weeping with weariness, painted, sandpapered, mixed cement, and cut down the brutal alders. And gradually their home emerged. 'Instead of rejoicing in sunny warm corners out of the wind, I



DOUGLAS BUSH

stood on the outermost point of the plateau in front of the house and let the wind blow all through me. It most knocked me over. I reached my arms way up and cried out loud. It was wonderful.'

It is indeed. This girl's ecstatic love of living, her fine perception, her wise and sensitive discrimination of values, are very rare. Whatever she best might love found welcome on her island — gulls, pheasants, a squirrel, and those 'fat old gentlemen,' the seals. Her flowers defied marauding rodents. Her orchard yielded bountifully to her care. And the child she and Stephen desired most of all came in its season.

Stephen painted and prospered and Betsy loved him more at every breakfast, even with his pre-coffee meannesses. And she could understand perfectly how it was that she gathered the more wood, while he sought big 'he-man trees' to fell, or why, after reading Hemingway, he gulped a heroic whiskey and nearly drowned in his bath. He was 'so impressionable.' But among his many talents was the superlative one of friendship for tramps and Coast Guards, 'stray girls' and cooks, and every craftsman, so that even in November there were visitors of all good sorts who would cross the river mouth to their cordial fire.

There was a gold mine on the island, but they had no need of it for treasure. They had not merely youth, which is often a bitter thing; they had the exhilarant and sturdy vision which Mrs. Etnier has transmuted here, with all the sparkle of an October day on the clean Maine coast.

HASSOLDT DAVIS



THREE YOUNG POETS

Stand With Me Here, by Robert Francis (Macmillan, \$1.75), is a great deal more than a young man's first book of poems. It has the best sort of promise: a large measure of present achievement. The editor of the *Saturday Review* recently remarked that poetry nowadays is expected to do

anything except give pleasure. Robert Francis has been rash enough to depart from this rule. His poems, within their unassuming limits, give pleasure fully and completely, to the point of delight.

Already, on his first appearance, he has learned invaluable lessons; perhaps he did not have to learn them, so naturally and unaffectedly does he write. He is strong enough to be unpretentious, free from all suggestion of stridency. He knows the value of distinctness. His best poems are perfectly precise, each presenting its image or its little turn of idea with welcome wholeness and clearness. A few exceptions aside, Mr. Francis says his say, his complete say, simply and naturally, and no word more. He knows also another enviable and difficult point of the art: how to make a poem *all* poem. He does not need to philosophize or comment; all that he has to convey is contained in the poem as a product of art: the image, the rhythm, the specific scene do all the work, and there is nothing left over to demand the services of the expositor or moralist. Mr. Francis has perhaps acquired these virtues at such a precocious point in his career only by paying a price for them. Some readers will feel that he has bought his distinctness at the cost of being trivial. Certainly most of the poems in this volume are very slight. But profundity is not the only virtue, and it is notable that Mr. Francis already has his eye on qualities in human experience.



FREDERIC PROKOSCH

He has an exquisite sense of nature, but is not limited to the descriptive poetry by which so many novice versifiers are circumscribed. The question about him is, no doubt, how deeply can he penetrate into human life? How warmly can he feel it? The question can be left to subsequent proof without undue mistrust, for the more serious poems in *Stand With Me Here* are by no means discouraging on this point. Mr. Francis has summed up his present position with classical simplicity: —

Life the hound
 Equivocal
 Comes at a bound
 Either to rend me
 Or to befriend me.
 I cannot tell
 The hound's intent
 Till he has sprung
 At my bare hand
 With teeth or tongue.
 Meanwhile I stand
 And wait the event.

Another beginning poet who should be encouragingly received is Edward Weismiller. He is as yet predominantly descriptive, as the title of his



"Let your daily companions be who they will, not one of them will be better company or more endowed with contagious vitality than this 27 year old author"

ian T. Sanderson

urbane young scientist, is the subject of the above quotation from Dorothy Canfield's review of *Animal Treasure*. "Few



magic carpets take us farther away than this one, from the old worn, too-familiar limitations of our daily lives," she says of the delightful exploration he headed in successful search of strange creatures which scientists

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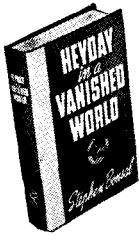
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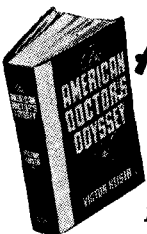
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book implies: *The Deer Come Down* (Yale
University Press, \$2.00, in the Yale Series of
Younger Poets). The volume is generously pop-
ulated with foxes, partridges, hawks, moles, rab-
bits, and other non-human poetical properties;
but the life of the senses amid nature is after all
one of the mid-tracks of poetry, and Mr. Weis-
miller brings to the observation of the countryside
an alert and discriminating sensorium, very
agreeable in its reports of wind and cloud and
grass. He also brings a good ear for versification,
although his diction will bear some strict pruning.

As yet he has extended himself only into the
moral qualities of experience that lie next door to
the sense-qualities, notably a sort of physical
imagination of death. But if his poetry can make
itself more various and more responsive to men
and women, its beginning among the concrete
realities of the senses will in no wise impair it.
And it must be admitted that descriptive lines are
sometimes sufficient in themselves for one level
of satisfaction:—

But after dark the hemlocks crowd around
Softly, trailing their long dark gusty sleeves;
And two by two the wary eyes come out
Above a thin cold rustling in the leaves.

The poems of **James Still**, perhaps even more
than those of Edward Weismiller, are given over
to impressions recorded on the responsive sen-
sorium of a young man. That James Still is a
writer of fine promise I have not the least doubt;
but I have seen one or two short stories of his that
considerably excel his poems in both maturity of
experience and mastery of literary form. *Hounds
on the Mountain* (Viking Press, \$2.00) contains
thirty-five short descriptive poems, all saturated
with the love of nature in Mr. Still's native re-
gion, often miraculously wild and fresh in phrase
and image, but advancing very little at any
point beyond the keenness of a young man's
senses and the internal vividness of his moods.
Mr. Still can write of a fox hunt in such terms as
these:—

... a swollen moon rides the sky-orchards.
The hills muffle the long crying, then suddenly clear
Over razor-back ridges comes a wild freshet of barking.

On any page the book will yield such images as
this, and very little else. Nothing could be better
in its way, and nothing could define more clearly
the limits of descriptive poetry.

Mr. Still's versification is as spontaneous and
impressionistic as his moods. But while it is often
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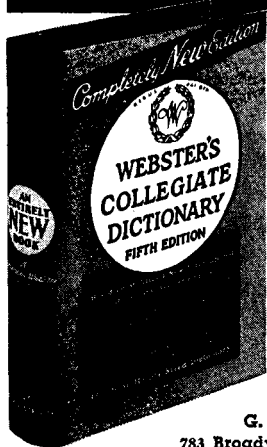


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RECAPTURE THE MOON

by Sylvia Thompson

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$2.50]

THOSE who read at its publication, years ago, Sylvia Thompson's first novel, *The Hounds of Spring*, must remember the curious sense of freshness and luminousness that was distilled from its pages — essentially tragic, though the book was, with the smashing tragedy of first youth. In *Recapture the Moon* the golden light is gone, but the effect of vitality and immediacy is the same. In this novel the author seems once more to have been, as it were, taken up and shaken by her theme — with the result of surpassing her work of the intervening years.

Like all good titles of fiction, the title of this book suggests but does not altogether reveal. Nor does it betray before the end whether or not it is ironic. The narrative opens with admirable suddenness. The emotional intensity of the novel is great. It is established within the first few pages, and is felt underneath and throughout the book, whether the author's theme is an individual agony or the mechanical gayety of a decadent post-war society. The portrayal of character, to the best of my recollection, is the author's keenest and most varied.

If there is less of the poet in the woman who has written *Recapture the Moon* than there was in the girl who wrote *The Hounds of Spring*, there is far more of the wit. The blade of Miss Thompson's maturer satire has never flashed faster, I think, than in this book, nor has its point been sharper. It would be difficult to believe that her report of Lady Cable's speech at the dedication of the village War Memorial, for example, is not written out of an ancient hate. It is not the purpose of this angry and compassionate book to decorate its design with poetry.

A good guarantee of vitality in a novel is that its author be more or less in love with a principal character. In *Recapture the Moon* this condition seems to me to be fulfilled. The elusive but conquering Louis Scheurer has conquered his creatrix thoroughly. In real life the attempt to impose one's own subjugations upon others is likely to be a lost struggle; but on paper Miss Thompson easily wins. She wins in spite of her dangerous insistence upon Louis's famous charm.

She wins justly; for she not only vouches for the charm but makes it felt. Broken-hearted Pagliaccio capering and screaming with laughter in his anguish has always been a popular figure. Louis Scheurer's civilized but often quite mad clowning — sometimes witty, sometimes the wildest buffoonery — has a sentimental appeal for the reader. For Louis, a high-strung, nerve-racked creature, an aviator with his brilliant service in the war not far behind him, is tormented almost to unbalance by the fact that his great wealth is the fruit of his father's manufacture of munitions.



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ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

MYTHOLOGY AND THE ROMANTIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH POETRY

by Douglas Bush

[Harvard University Press, \$5.00]

THE general reader, as well as the student and historian of literature, may well be cheered to find a book which is entrancing because rather than in spite of its length, footnotes, bibliography, and University Press imprint. Professor Douglas Bush modestly calls himself 'a mere historian,' but in *Mythology and the Romantic Tradition in English Poetry* he again proves himself more than that — a man who makes 'reading an experience as well as a scholarly pleasure.' His 'ewe-lamb of research' is a nimble but a thorough one, cropping so close the wide fields of English poetry (his first book, *Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry*, stopped at 1680; 'this one struggles up to 1935') that it is hard to see how any scholar could glean a blade thereafter.

Mr. Bush's thesis can be simply but adequately given in his own words — 'mythological poetry is alive when myths are re-created, when they carry modern implications, and . . . mythological poetry in which myths are merely retold is, if not dead, at least of a very inferior order.' It is illumined by a most careful and penetrating study of the mythology influencing and figuring in English poetry of the last three hundred years, major and minor, plus American. Equally exciting are the chapters in which Mr. Bush enables one to rediscover and reevaluate Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Arnold, the Pre-Raphaelites, Browning, and Meredith (to mention only some of his detailed studies), and those in which he approaches — on a road no scholar or critic has, to my knowledge, explored before — the modern poets.

The underbrush which envelops the foothills of Parnassus — and of that unnamed smaller hill of scholarship — Mr. Bush partially fagots in the Appendix and partly burns in the footnotes: —

'As evidence of scholarly conscientiousness I may say that I once read in all the translations of Ovid made during the period 1550–1800 which are in the British Museum, and even wrote extensive comparative notes on them. My regret for these youthful wild oats is greater than I can express, and the only proof I can give of increased discretion is the resolve to keep my knowledge to myself.'

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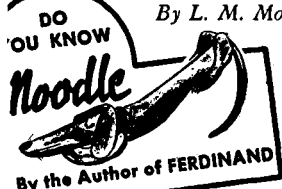
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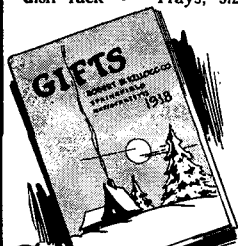


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This is indeed what John Livingston Lowes calls 'creative scholarship'; and it is the best of all kinds of reading — that which by its own infectious enthusiasm both whets and satisfies the thirst for the best that has been thought and said.

MILDRED BOIE

WILLIAM PENN, A TOPICAL BIOGRAPHY,

by William I. Hull

[Oxford University Press, \$5.00]

A book from the erudite pen of William Hull, Professor of History at Swarthmore College, is one to command respect. Dr. Hull is already the author of a number of monographs on Quaker subjects. One of them happens to be on the Eight First Biographies of William Penn in Seven Languages and Seven Lands. The material therein and that in all subsequent biographies of Penn has in this present work been sifted and traced to its source, many original sources have been quoted, and all has been gathered in one volume. The arrangement of a vast amount of facts under distinct main headings or topics makes the book one of the handiest for ready reference that could be imagined. Of 338 pages, some 220 are devoted to Penn's family antecedents, his Quaker activities, polemical and religious writings, and a résumé of the historical events of his period, the latter third of the book to the great experiment in colonization of his maturity, its reasons, its course and influence; it closes with sections on the appearance and character of Penn, and a final summary of his achievement. In this last a wealth of comments on Penn have been gathered from many sources, including Pepys, Burke, Jefferson, Macaulay, and Fiske.

The author, himself a Friend, estimates Penn's importance to Quakerism as equal to that of Fox himself, and his importance as a statesman as making him worthy of a high place among the most illustrious.

The large number of intricate details to be dealt with make it necessary in such space to sacrifice the picturesque. And the 'topical' treatment sometimes forces repetition of material, with some loss of imaginative reconstruction. For instance,

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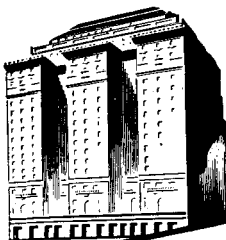
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it is noteworthy that Penn's only prolonged imprisonment, that in the Tower of London at the age of twenty-four, was occupied by the writing of *No Cross, No Crown*. But imprisonments are one topic and authorship another, so these facts are of necessity treated under both; and since authorship is treated first, the uninformed reader learns a good deal about *No Cross, No Crown* without realizing the background from which it sprung.

As a book of ready and accurate reference, this book can scarcely have a rival. It does not attempt a consecutive study of the life of Penn. But where more than one opinion is possible as to Penn's action, the author is at pains to give full evidence for both sides.

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JANET WHITNEY

THERE is all the difference in the world between reading with your feet up and reading with your feet down, between reading in a hammock and reading at an editorial desk. Once I am in a nearly horizontal position surrounded with quiet and insulated from interruption, I will extract from the printed word a substance and delight seldom attainable in traffic. This is why all editors do their decisive reading at home; this is, in fact, the best justification for that perfect luxury, reading in bed. Yet I know of only one publisher with a chaise longue in his office.

The conductor of these columns is about to close up shop for a brief vacation. He means to take with him more books than could comfortably be read in the fortnight, but this is deliberate, for he loves to tempt his appetite. For early morning, acquisitive reading he will have the proof sheets of *Japan over Asia*, by William Henry Chamberlin. For that post-prandial hour which Tennyson regarded as the peak of the day he will have *The Seven Who Fled*, by Frederic Prokosch, a book which has a flight of imagination and a beauty of words rare in any season. Harpers should be — and doubtlessly are — offering thanks for this romantic prize novelist. (I shall have more to say about Prokosch in November.) For that relaxation which comes after salt water and exercise he will be tempted with the theatrical *And So — Victoria*, by Vaughan Wilkins. For evening adventure he will turn to history; he will read the limited edition of *Northwest Passage*, by Kenneth Roberts, with its maps and documents, and as he peoples his dreams try to decide which half of the story he likes best. And for reading aloud, what could be more perfect than *Life with Mother*, by Clarence Day?

Edward Weeks